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THE
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR
AND
COMPANION.

VOL. XXII.—VOL. X., NEW SERIES.

LONDON:
JOSEPH H. ROBINSON,
EDITOR AND BOOK STEWARD,
METHODIST NEW CONNEXION BOOK ROOM,
4, LONDON HOUSE YARD, ST. PAUL'S.
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LONDON :
CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE WORKS,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



PREFACE.

WHEN the Editor of this Magazine was a little boy, he used to get halfpence given him by his friends; most of these he invested in such small books as he could get, and the rest in candies. The books were, he is ashamed to say, such as "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Mother Hubbard," "Goodie Two-Shoes," and the like. The candies were better than the books; and he is not sure but it would have been wiser to have spent all his halfpence on candies, and let the books alone.

But if the candies were sweet the books made him wonder, and that was some gain to a child; for wonder is the opening of the eyes to outward things, and without it there can be little food for the imagination or little motive to inquiry.

He believed in these books firmly, and hid his head under the blankets every night, for fear of the monsters and evil spirits of which they informed him. This was wrong; but what was he to do? There were no other or better children's books to be had in those days, and they could only read such books, or none.

Had he been able to procure a Magazine like the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, he could only have slept every other night for joy. Only a penny a month for all this good reading! The very thought of it would have made him dance for joy. Is there the same joy in the hearts of our young people now? They can have a Magazine every month that tells them something good, and that will do them good as long as they live! and all for one penny! We should have said, "No more candies; all our halfpence must go for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

Well, another year is gone—another volume is added to the number of volumes of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR already published. In one month from this date we shall commence the publication of the twenty-third volume of this useful work. We should be sorry to say “good-bye” to any of our young readers whose company we have had during the last year. We have tried to please and profit them, and we hope we have offended none of them.

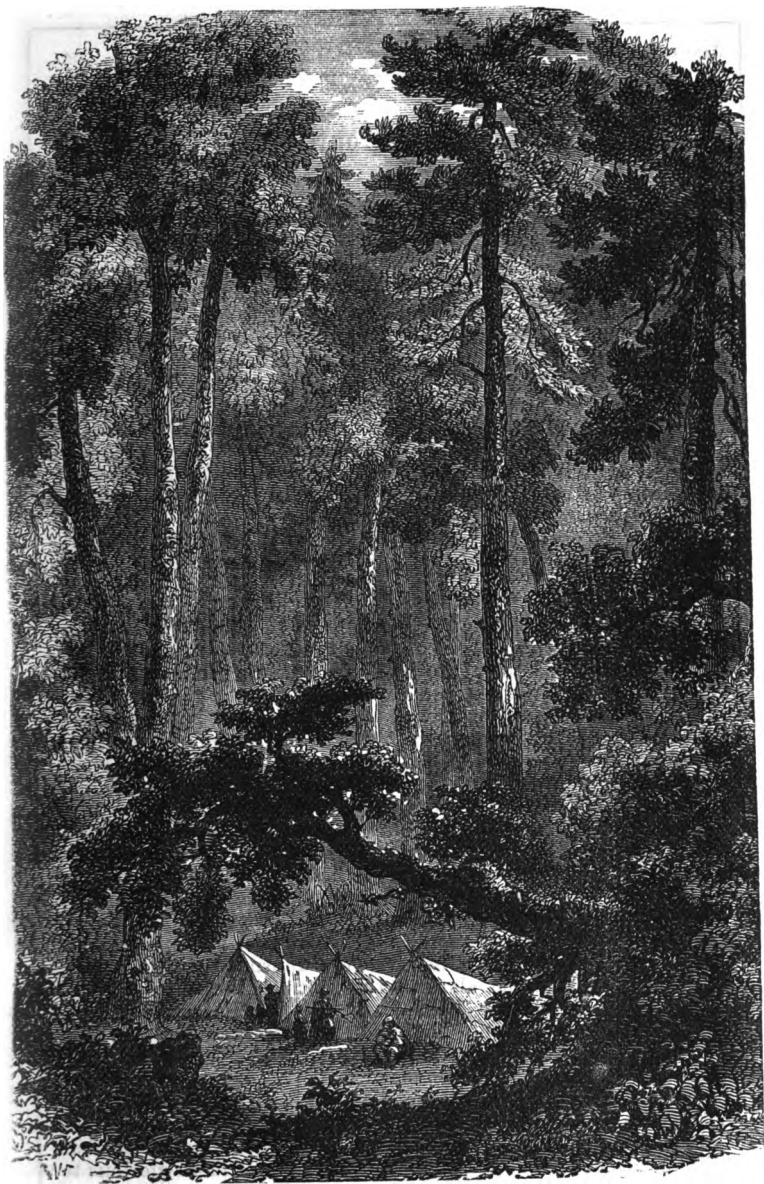
Next year we believe we may say there is as good a bill of fare as in any previous year. We are going to try the effect of a new and original serial story, which will be continued every month during the year. Other religious magazines have such stories: the children like them, and will have them and read them, and we cannot resist the spirit of the age. We must either find such matter as other people do for the young, and which the young so decidedly relish, or we must lose readers. The story is a trial; if it does not answer it can be abandoned at the end of the year.

We believe also that the other articles promised in our “programme” will be found highly interesting and attractive; and, altogether, we expect a year’s work that will be appreciated, and keep up the well-established reputation of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

We ask all our friends to lend a helping hand in promoting our circulation, so that the coming year may be the most prosperous we ever had.

THE EDITOR.

[*London, Dec. 1, 1871.*



CANADIAN FOREST.

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—I.

BY THE EDITOR.

"It was a pleasant autumn night, and the full lustrous stars of a northern firmament twinkled cheerfully down on the noble current of the St. Lawrence, as Wolfe quietly passed from ship to ship to make his final inspection, and utter his last words of encouragement. In a pure and gifted mind like his the solemn hour could scarcely fail of awakening befitting associations. He spoke of the poet Gray, and the beautiful legacy he had given to the world in his 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' 'I would prefer,' said he, 'being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow;' and while the cautious dip of the oars into the rippling current alone broke the stillness of the night, he repeated—

'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inexorable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

"About one o'clock in the morning of the 13th (Sept. 1759), the order to advance was given, and the flotilla dropped silently down with the receding tide, Wolfe commanding in person. He still continued his poetical musings, but his eye at the same time was keenly bent on the outline of the dark heights, beneath which he floated past. He recognized at length the appointed spot, and leaped ashore. Meantime, the current had carried a few boats lower down, which had on board the light company of the 78th Highlanders. These were the first troops to land; without a moment's hesitation they scrambled up the face of the wooded precipice, clinging to the roots and branches of trees. Half the ascent was already won, when for the first time the '*Qui vive?*' of the French sentry above was given. '*La France*,' promptly answered McDonald, the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentinel shouldered his musket and pursued his rounds. In a few minutes, however, the unusual rustling among the trees near at hand alarmed the sentinels, their guard was turned out, and fired one hurried volley at the Highlanders, then, panic-stricken, they turned and fled. By this time another body of troops had pressed up the pathway, and possessed themselves of a four-gun redoubt which commanded it. As day dawned, Wolfe stood with his invincible battalions on the Plains of Abraham, the battle-field which gave a new empire to the Anglo-Saxon race."

Such is MacMullen's account of the commencement of that brilliant achievement—than which none was ever more glorious to

the British arms—which, before that same day had closed in darkness, virtually gave to England an empire, of which a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* for November truly says:—"The old, settled, contented, industrious, French-speaking province of Quebec contains more square miles than all France. The English-speaking, energetic province of Ontario counts more square miles than all Great Britain and Ireland. New Brunswick has a greater territory than Belgium and Holland combined. Nova Scotia exceeds all Switzerland. British Colombia surpasses in extent the whole of the North German Confederation, giving in all the South German States to boot. Manitobah, and the newly-acquired far West, are vaster than all Russia in Europe, counting in, and counting twice over, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Faroe, and Iceland." An empire in which provision is made by Nature for the sustentation of one hundred millions of human beings, and an empire of which there can but be one possible alternative destiny—either that it shall continue in close and loyal connection with the nation to whom God has given it, or be annexed to the United States. In the latter case, the whole continent of America, from Florida to the Arctic circle, and from San Francisco to the Straits of Belleisle, will be comprised in a confederacy, in comparison with which all Europe will be a speck on the map of the world, and which, in a political and military point of view, would be able to control the destinies of this planet. Time only can reveal the secret of this destiny—time and wise counsels. England has the question in her hands; and as a subject of that old and glorious country, this present writer can but hope that the exploit of those brave old Highlanders in climbing the heights of Quebec on this 13th of September, 1759, and the bravery of the British army on the Plains of Abraham on the same day, may be but the prelude of a long-enduring, close, prosperous, and happy connection with the mother country; yea, as long as time itself endures.

Many years ago, that worthy gentleman, Mr. Lancaster, established a system of teaching in "British schools," which required the pupils to "sing" their lessons—a method of instruction which was more agreeable to the learners than the old method of cramming knowledge into the mind, or rather beating it in by the stick or the birch. We that are advanced in years had a hard time of it in our youth. We were expected to know what we had never learnt, and to learn by rote what we had no time or capacity to acquire; and if we failed, we were confronted with the "inexorable logic" of the birch. But when Lancaster came, relief came, and dulcet sounds, and a general chorus, transported youth to the third heaven of knowledge without much suffering; and we recollect distinctly that the first, "elements" of Geography were taught as follows:—

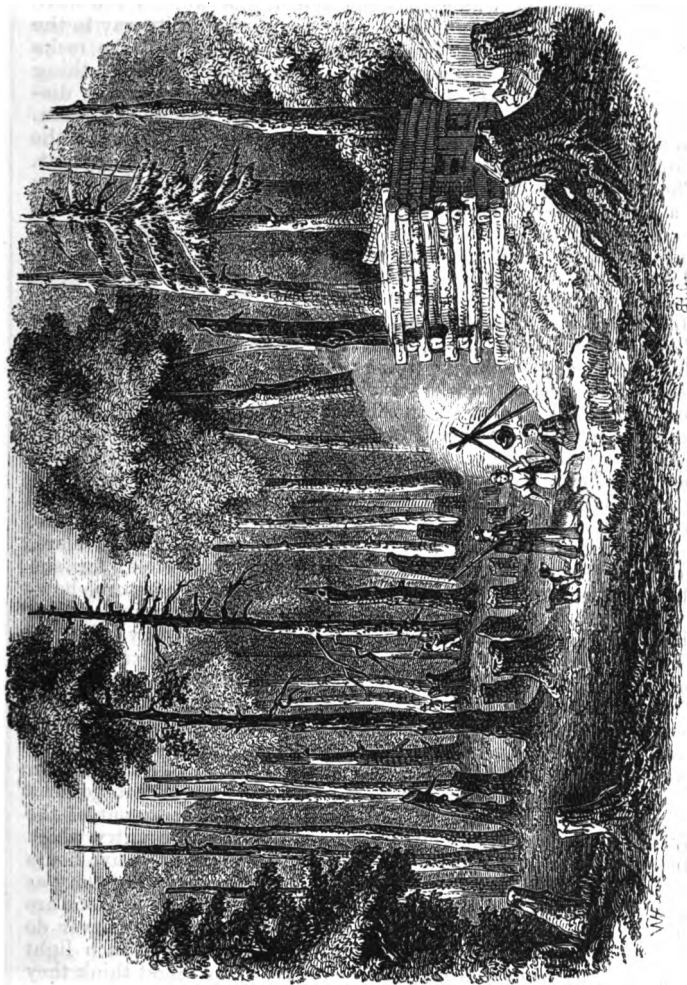
"The world is divided into two parts,
Land and water, land and water."

Which poem we continued to sing till the fact was firmly fixed in our minds; and amidst all our wanderings, and acquirements, and forgettings, we have never lost this modicum of knowledge—that the world consists of two parts, “land and water, land and water.”

But, since this process, we have learnt that there is a contest between these two elements—the land sulkily and obstinately resisting the water, and the water remorselessly and greedily striving to swallow up the land. Had it not been so, these same heights at Quebec would not have had to be climbed by these old Highlanders. The “one single gun” which Wolfe was able to drag up the steep to “the Plains of Abraham” above, would have been accompanied by several batteries. The battle on the following forenoon would have been sooner decided. Wolfe’s precious life might have been spared, for he lost it by cheering on his men, and striving to infuse into their hearts his own indomitable courage, that thus without artillery they might do with the musket and the bayonet what is usually done by cannon. “Let no man fire,” said he, “till I give the word.” And he and his small force stood there to be mown down by the French artillery. Fearful gaps were made in the ranks, but no man fired. Each man shouldered his musket as if on parade. A ball struck Wolfe on the wrist, but, wrapping a handkerchief round it, he retained his place, calling out to his men to stand firm, and “not to fire till I tell you.” His men did stand firm, and they did not fire till the French had advanced within forty paces of the British, and then the word of command was given to “fire,” the next moment “charge,” and in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action the French forces were panic-stricken and in full retreat! But Wolfe had received another wound, which proved mortal, although he gained a signal victory.

See, then, how the “land and water” song, or rather the land and water struggle, affected this battle and this victory. A thousand miles away, up the St. Lawrence, up the lakes Ontario and Erie, up the Huron, up to the salt St. Mary on the Georgian Bay, the contest begins. At Niagara Falls it would seem that the waters had conquered, for they leap over the land a depth of 150 feet, roll down the Niagara river, where for a mile from the Falls they have scooped out a channel to Lewiston, between precipitous banks of nearly the same depth as the Falls, and that *through hard rock*. At Lewiston there is peace; the descent has been made, a lower level gained, and Lake Ontario receives the outflow from above, bearing it downward to Kingston, to the thousand islands, to Prescott, below which the contest commences again at the Cedar Rapids and others, till we reach Lachine, the most dangerous of them all. Here a foot of good or bad steering determines the life of the ship and the passengers, and so the stream rolls on, past Montreal, past Quebec, where the heights on which the citadel

CLEARING THE FOREST.



stands on one side the river, and the high land on the other, tell of the convulsions which in some age of the world's life have opened a channel for the mighty river to proceed on its way to the sea. The water at last has its way. The land and the rocks recede, everywhere the current wins; and thus the softest thing in Nature—water—wears down, or heaves up, or in some way displaces the hardest rocks, and marches on to its goal in the ocean. So is it everywhere. The soft and gentle things of earth are the strongest. Woman rules man; the little child rules the parent. The lamb is the emblem of the Prince of the kings of the earth; "a soft answer turneth away wrath." "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," not by prowess or force of arms, but by the force of gentleness and love. "Of such" as little children "is the kingdom of heaven;" and I hope my young readers, while they think of the Highlanders who scaled the heights of Quebec, and the battle on the Plains of Abraham, and how Canada was won for England, will look away from these strong things, and mighty things, to the beautiful river, so grand in some parts of its course, so wide-reaching and so placid in others, and remember it as an emblem in this latter quality of the dispositions which should rule in their hearts, if they hope for any conquests over pride, and passion, and vice. In gentleness is strength, and in purity lies our conquest over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"I shall go to America," said a poor labourer one day to his wife. "But thou hast no money," was her reply. "No," said he, "but I intend to wade it." She then burst into a flood of tears, not understanding that "wading it" was impossible, for she thought she would lose her husband for ever. There are, however, only two ways of going, either wading or swimming, and as the former is impossible, there is, in fact, only one way. We all swim to America. There is an Atlantic cable, but we cannot ride on it. No bridge of boats, or otherwise, has yet been constructed. Balloons have not yet, for that distance, been tried, and there remains only the swimming process. But no man can, in the ordinary sense, even swim it. If he swim at all, it is done by proxy. A ship can swim, and we can swim in it. The winds can propel us, or, better still, steam can, and thus we all can go for a few sovereigns, and in ten or eleven days, to the continent of the West—to the land Columbus discovered—or to the country which Jaques Cartier first saw; to the land where the sun sets five hours later than it does in England; where the sun sets in such glory as it never does in England; where, at sunset, the whole heavens are one vast sheet of gold; where the stars glitter as they never do in England; and where the clouds career above us in such light and graceful forms as are never seen here. One might think they were the down from angels' wings; and they travel so joyously that there seems but one high holiday in the heavens while summer lasts, and until the storms of winter begin. To the land

where light is light, and not a compound of light and mist; where the sun blazes in his proud seat as if he meant to illuminate and warm; and where, in its turn, the frost bites till it congeals your very breath, makes a beard for you of icicles; and contests the current of your heart's blood, as if it willed that your heart should beat no longer;—the land where the maize ripens as well as the wheat; the maize—that most wonderful of Nature's provisions for the sustentation of man and beast—furnishing a dainty for the epicure, and a meal for the hog (begging pardon for the unpolite, yet not unnatural association of the two);—the land of delicious fruits and rich harvests;—the land, in short, which, if it is not England over again—if it has not England's coal and iron, and moderate climate, and wonderful wealth—is England's child, with England's language, laws, institutions, and religion; and England's sons, industrious, provident, and sober, and promising a future of honour and glory to the mother land, whose foster child she is, and whose impress she bears. If to-day Macaulay's vision of the New Zealander sitting under the ruins of London Bridge, and contemplating a ruined city—now the centre of so much wealth, literature, and active commerce—a ruined St. Paul's, a ruined "Bank," and a ruined seat of government, were realized, England would not have lived in vain. Her heroes would not have fought, her poets sung; her historians, orators, essayists, and consummate statesmen would not have lived and laboured in vain; for the work is done—in the "States," in Canada, in India, in Australia, and other climes. England's language, laws, and literature are spread abroad on the face of the earth, and all nations acknowledge the debt of obligation they owe to that wonderful island which has given to humanity so many brilliant geniuses, so many holy saints, and so many noble and illustrious benefactors of our race in all the periods of its history. Come her end when it may—but may that end be never!—she will perish with a diadem of glory on her brow, and pilgrims will visit her shores to study her ruins for guidance and inspiration in creating the noble and the good everywhere on the face of the whole earth.

But we are diverging, as, in fact, we shall often do in what we write for these columns, for we write for young people, and they are not attracted, or their attention held, by solemn monotony; and we shall be sadly vexed if we make our young readers yawn, and compel them to throw down the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR with the exclamation, "Mamma, this is a very dull magazine, and I don't want to read it any more." We would rather every reader should say, "When will the month be out, and the INSTRUCTOR come again?"

On the 18th of June, 1851, the good steam-ship "City of Glasgow" left the dock at Liverpool, bound for Philadelphia. On board this steamer there were in all about two hundred passengers, besides the crew. Among these passengers were the writer, his

wife, and five children. Their berth was a room about six feet square, with accommodation for seven persons to lie down in, and sleep if they could. The sleeping was not guaranteed by the owners, but only the sleeping accommodation. The sleeping at sea depends upon circumstances; among the rest, upon the question how often, and to what extent, you may be sea-sick. All who go to sea are not subject to this disturbance; for instance, if your hair and complexion are light, you will not suffer as much as those whose hair is dark, and whose complexion is sallow. It is a question of the bilious, or non-bilious temperament. To some the suffering is constant and most distressing during the whole voyage. We all suffered a little; some of us all the time, till we reached the mouth of the river Delaware. But we did reach our destination, and that was more than we expected at one time. We saw all the wonders of the deep that can be seen by passengers. We saw porpoises, whales, and a few sharks. We saw the waves "rolling mountains high," which phrase has a touch of exaggeration in it; for we have crossed the Atlantic four times, and have seen some considerable breezes, but we never saw a wave twenty feet high. There may be waves "mountains high," but we have not seen them, and we suspect there is more poetry than truth in the designation. Nevertheless, let every one who goes to sea—who goes to cross such a sea as the Atlantic—make his will, settle his affairs, and be sure about his salvation, for whether he will arrive at his destination no man on board can tell. We have a great respect for the sciences, and for the science of Navigation amongst the rest; but from what we have seen in each of the voyages we have taken, there has been a good deal of guess-work about the business, and twice, I am sure, neither the captain nor any of his officers knew where we were exactly, and in these two instances it was by the merest chance that we escaped a serious peril, if not positive destruction.

The "City of Glasgow" had been out twelve days, when about four o'clock on the morning of July 1, a tremendous crash was heard. The vessel shook from stem to stern. Some of the sleepers were nearly pitched out of their berths by the force, whatever it might be, which so fearfully shook the ship. All of us that could, rushed into the cabin to ascertain what was the matter, and we found the trouble to be this—the "screw" was moved by two cog-wheels, the teeth of one were iron, those of the other were hard wood. This arrangement was adopted to diminish the noise of the screw's action. At the moment referred to, the half of the teeth in the wooden-wheel were stripped off, and the screw broke loose in some way from its moorings, and of course ceased to act. Attempts were made to repair the damage, and for a day or so the repaired machinery worked; then there was another crash, and the last hope of sailing any more by the aid of our machinery was gone. The sails alone were left us, and every one knows how helpless

those long screw-steamers are when merely under sail and deprived of the force of steam. We were five hundred miles from port when this accident happened; for two days we beat about, going nowhere in particular, and never shall we forget the joy we felt when a Yankee pilot boarded us about three hundred miles from Philadelphia. There was some hope, at least, under his guidance, that we should make the Delaware river and that, once in it, our danger would be over. He was one of the unloveliest-looking men it was possible to see; tall (as most of his nation are), with lank jaws, each cheek stuffed out with a quid of tobacco, stooping shoulders, and the nasal drawl of the Yankee; but he was, like most of his countrymen, silent and business-like. He said little; but he put the ship about, and to our joy brought us where we could see the green fields on each side of the Delaware, and finally to the Quaker city. It was a blazing hot day, the 7th of July, when we arrived at port. Many Americans who had been to see the Great Exhibition in London were on board, and while the perspiration was streaming down our face, and we felt like one in a furnace, one of the American passengers, looking up at the blazing sun and around on the perspiring company on deck, and who seemed to have arrived in the third heaven of enjoyment, exclaimed to a friend near him, "Oh, Jim, is not this natural!"—an expression which might be patriotic, but which, at the same time, was out of harmony with our feelings and with everything.

ST. IVES' PILCHARD FISHERY.

ST. IVES is an ancient town about sixteen miles north-east of the Land's End, in the county of Cornwall. Its name, according to Camden, is from "Iia," an Irishwoman who early preached the Gospel here. It was made a borough in the reign of Charles I. St. Ives was originally a fishing village, and probably a place of export for the metallic ores obtained from the celebrated mines of this part of Cornwall, which, tradition says, were sent to the East in Tyrian barges so early as to be used in the building of Solomon's Temple.

St. Ives is situated on the west of one of the most beautiful bays that indent the British coast—St. Ives' Bay, which is somewhat of a horse-shoe shape, and about four miles across from the island, or St. Ives' Head, on the west, to Godrevey Point on the east.

On the Godrevey Island, on a rock a short distance from the shore, a powerful revolving light warns the mariner by night of a line of rocks which run far out to sea, and which have been often the occasion of shipwreck.

The shores of the bay present a bold and pleasing outline. Here are jutting rocks surrounded by dashing billows, and often enshrouded in vast sheets of the whitest foam, rising as high as a

house-side; there, precipitous headlands run out into the deep; and here and there are patches of sandy beach, on which the white breakers roll with a roar that reminds us of that mighty Voice which is "as the sound of many waters."

On the rocky shore are found limpets, clinging to the rocks as youths and men should cling to truth and righteousness and God; also mussels and periwinkles, and a great variety of the beautiful sea-anemone, together with sea-weeds of various kinds, some of which our young friends, not accustomed to the sea-shore, might mistake for bootlaces ten or twelve feet long, and others that might be mistaken for ribbons.

The fish that are caught here are the cod, ling, hake, bass, whiting, skate, ray, gurnard, lance, sole, plaice, lobster, crawfish, crab, &c.; and occasionally the salmon, at points where small fresh-water streams run into the sea.

Besides these, are caught in larger numbers in their seasons the mackerel (of which one boat took last Christmas 16,000 in one night), the herring, the sprat, and the pilchard, of which we have more particularly to speak.

The pilchard belongs to a large family of fish of the genus *Clupea*, of which genus naturalists have described twenty-two species.

The following are the principal of these:—*Clupea harengus*, the common herring; *C. sprattus*, the sprat; *C. alosa*, the shad; *C. encrasicolus*, the anchovy; *C. cyprinoides*, the deep-water fish; *C. trissa*, the large sprat; *C. Sinensis*, the Chinese herring; *C. pilchardus*, the pilchard; *C. Africana*, the African herring; *C. atherinoides*, the silver-striped herring; *C. Malabaricus*, the Malabar herring; and *C. nasus*, the nose herring.

The whole of these are eatable fish. The *Clupea trissa* is, however, said to be poisonous when it has fed on certain kinds of food.*

The pilchard is nearly as large as the herring, and much resembles it, though it is easily distinguished from it by fishermen and naturalists. The principal differences are (1) in the position of the dorsal fin, which in the pilchard is placed in the middle of the back and centre of gravity, so that when the fish is suspended from its tip it balances, while in the herring it is nearer to the tail, so that, being suspended from it, the head descends; (2) in the scales, which in the pilchard are much larger than in the herring; (3) in the pilchard being without teeth, while the herring has teeth; (4) in the pilchard being shorter and thicker than the herring.

The pilchard, like the herring, sprat, &c., is a gregarious fish, travelling in vast swarms or shoals of many millions, and visiting certain localities at regular seasons. Where it is bred and from what quarter it comes to our shores has not been ascertained,

* *Londinensis Encyc.* Art. "*Clupea*."

and though it generally appears to approach St. Ives' Bay from the east—from the Welsh and Devon coasts—this is not invariably the case.

The pilchard is caught in small numbers from about the middle of summer, but the season begins in September, when about 300 boats, which have been hauled up on the beach from the last season, are got in readiness, and the large pilchard nets, called "seines"—of which there are 286 belonging to St. Ives—are put on board. These nets are carefully coiled, so as to enable the men to cast or "shoot" them with the greatest possible dispatch when the fish appear. Each seine requires three boats when in use, and at least sixteen men. One boat carries the seine, which is about 200 fathoms long and 10 fathoms wide; another carries the stop-net, which is about half as long, and generally of the same width; and the third is a row-boat, as tender on the other two.

The seines are appointed their "stems" or stations in turn, according to a list prepared before the season begins, by authority of an Act of Parliament; and that seine which is on any stem when the fish approach it, has the exclusive right to the first chance of taking them, no other boat being permitted to shoot its seine until that one has done so.

Watchers or "huers" are stationed on the hills to watch for the approach of the shoals of fish, which by long experience they are enabled to discover with great accuracy—by the colour of the water, by a peculiar ripple on the water, by the flight of sea-birds, and, according to some, by the peculiar smell which the fish bring with them. When the fish appear, the huers call the attention of the men in the boats by long speaking-trumpets, and by waving white "bushes" formed by hoops covered with cloth.

Whenever the movement of these bushes is seen, or the sound of the speaking-trumpet is heard, it is the signal for general excitement in the town—being hailed with delight by the whole population—and occasions the general cry, "Ever! Ever!" Multitudes hasten to the hills, to watch the process and speculate on the chance of taking them.

The huers, having secured the attention of the men, direct the movement of the boats by well-known signals, pointing out the precise spot where and the moment when to shoot the net. At the given signal they begin, each boat rowing in an opposite direction, so as to form a circle, and enclose as many fish as possible. The nets are floated from the surface by cork, and, being weighted with lead at the bottom, descend to the floor of the bay, forming a wall of net, and impounding the fish. While this is being done, the men dash the water with their oars, so as to frighten the fish towards the net and prevent their escape. The ends of the nets are then attached, and men on shore, called "blousers," assist in bringing the seine with its freight into a convenient and safe position, where it is anchored until the fish are taken up.

The process of "tucking," or taking up the fish, is one of the most exciting character. Four or more of the large boats with the "tuck-net" press over the sides of the seine, and, letting down the net, draw it beneath the fish, so as to bring them to the surface; and, forming a square—the net being drawn up to the side of each boat—the men take them up with baskets as fast as they can dip them, and put them into the boats, which, as they are filled, are drawn off to shore, while others take their place. This tucking sometimes lasts for days, according to the number which the seine has enclosed. Sometimes, by storms coming on, the net is broken, and the fish escape.

The hilarity of the men employed in this operation, the sight of so many millions of the little creatures flapping and struggling in the last throes of life, the darting every now and then of one and another across the square over their struggling brethren, as if making one last desperate effort to escape from their captors, the baskets dipping and rising with their finny load, and the boats laden to their gunwales with these sparkling treasures of the deep mysterious sea, sent for the food of man by a bountiful God—combine to make an impression on the mind not easy to be effaced.

Sometimes as many as 100 boat-loads, each containing thirty hogsheads, have lain near the shore together, sparkling like silver in the rays of the autumn sun. They are carted or carried thence to the cellars, where they are carefully piled in salt, by tiers around the walls. They remain in this state for five or six weeks, when they are taken up, washed, packed in hogsheads, pressed (to extract the oil), re-packed, and shipped off to Italy, where they are consumed, chiefly by the Catholics during Lent.

It will not be surprising that a great deal of excitement is occasioned by the approach of the pilchards, when we state that as many as 7,000 hogsheads have been taken at once, each hogshead containing 2,500 or 3,000 fish, and being worth—if as much as the average price last year—£3 3s. per hogshead: this would be £22,050 for the whole. This is the largest quantity known to be taken in one seine; but if only half that quantity be likely to be taken by an operation of only a few minutes, it will be seen that the material interests at stake are great and important.

Besides the seine-fishing, considerable numbers of pilchards are taken by drift-fishing. This is a process entirely different from the former. The "drip" or sailing boats are not permitted to fish in the bay during the day in the pilchard season. Nor, indeed, would it be of any advantage to do so, as the fish will not—as too many thoughtless and wicked people do—run into the net in broad daylight; nor even in strong moonlight, which makes the nets visible. At evening, therefore, they spread their sails, and form one of the prettiest marine views which our coasts present, as from 80 to 100 boats go out from the pier and dot the bay at convenient distances from each other for their work. Each boat

carries about fourteen nets; each net being about twenty-six fathoms long, and four fathoms deep as it is suspended by its own weight in the water. These nets are attached together, and extend in a line from the boat.

The meshes of the net are of such a size as to admit, with a little pressure, the head of the fish, which, finding some resisting substance before it, and perhaps pursued by some predacious monster of the deep, forces itself forward; but being unable to get its body through, in its fright extends its gills, and is unable to draw back. It is therefore, after a few struggles, hanged and *drowned*, as much as any "land-lubber" could be, in its own native element. After the nets have been out a sufficient time, they are drawn into the boat, and the fish are shaken or picked from them. Sometimes 60,000 pilchards have thus been taken by one boat in a night. They are then subjected to the same curing process as those caught in the seines.

The largest number of pilchards taken during the last thirty-six years on the Cornish coast was 40,883 hogsheads, in 1847; and the smallest number was 3,145 hogsheads, in 1859. Their value has ranged from £1 10s. per hogshead, in 1852, to £4, in 1860.

The last and the largest shoal taken last season came later than has been known for thirty years, after special prayer that God would interpose to save many families from want who were dependent on them, thus answering the prayer—"Give us this day our daily bread."

R. C. T.

HAVE YOU BEEN GRATEFUL?

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Another year is gone—gone never to be called back again. It is a solemn thing, when we give it a moment's reflection, the shortness and fleetness of time. There are those whom we have conversed and had friendly intercourse with in the year that has passed, who have been called away—have had to leave the world and all its associations, have had to leave their dearest friends behind, and never to behold them any more in this mortal state, but with a hope to meet in yonder blissful country, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Jesus has been kind and loving to many of us during the past year; we have much to be thankful for, and much to praise the Lord for, all the way which he has led us and comforted us. My dear young friends, have you been grateful for all those blessings, those mercies? Have you been grateful for kind friends, for raiment, for food, for habitation, for kind teachers, for God's mercy in extending your life to see the beginning of a new year? Have

you thought a moment on the greatness of God's love in sending his Son to die a dreadful death on the cross for not only your sins, but for the sins of the whole world? Your sins must be pardoned, or else you cannot fully realize and understand the wonderful kindness and love of God to perishing sinners. Dear young friends, I hope you are on the Lord's side now! Perhaps when I last addressed you, in 1870, you were far from the kingdom; but now you are grateful to confess that your sins are forgiven, you are doubly grateful and thankful to God in pardoning your sins and extending your life to see the beginning of another year—1871. I hope now you are the followers of Jesus, that you will work well for him and serve him; those who are still in their sins, may you seek him now without any more delay, for you do not know what a day may bring forth. "He will save to the uttermost" (Heb. vii. 25). "He (Jesus) cleanses us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). "He (Jesus) has brought us nigh by the blood of his cross" (Eph. ii. 13).

Consider, my dear young friends, for a moment, what stupendous love the Saviour must have had to leave his throne of glory to wear a crown of thorns! But listen! "He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19). Our blessed Lord Jesus is able and willing to receive all that come to him with true repentance. How good it is to see the young coming to the Saviour, and he stretching out his arms to receive them, and giving to such the peace which passeth all knowledge! I hope you will

"Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child!"

In conclusion, may you be fully decided to serve the Saviour now! May you be grateful to God that he is a God of love, that it will "save you from a thousand snares, to mind religion young." I hope this address will, by the blessing of God, be the means of turning those who are yet undecided, and will thus, ere long, have joined the Saviour. Amen.

THOMAS HEATH, Junior.

Plymouth.

THINGS I MEET WITH.

LET it be understood that the words "Things I meet with" mean as well things which meet me. I do not wish to be held literally to my text; for what preacher could flourish at all if he were held literally to his text? I have heard of preachers going as far as seventeenthly from the same text! but what text would bear this extensive subdivision? I have heard some sermons in my life which had not seventeen ideas in them, much less seventeen subdivisions of ideas. It would be the ruin of us all if we were tied up to the literal sense at all times. True, there are times and things

respecting which our yea must be yea, and our nay, nay. Prevarication and a double sense in matters of truth and honesty I abhor; but in matters of literature, such as the title of a book or an "article," we must have some latitude, and there can be no harm done when due notice is given beforehand of what is meant and intended, as in this case. I meet with a milestone on the road, but a man in the street may meet me. In either case there is a meeting, and this is all that is necessary.

I have met with many very good Christians, the hem of whose garment I should have felt honoured to touch, and the greater part of the Christians I have met with have been of this description. I do not believe in the cant of a censorious world, that nearly all professors of religion are hypocrites and deceivers. I have found them otherwise, humble, devoted, self-sacrificing men and women who have borne the image of their divine Lord, and have walked with God as Enoch did. I wonder, indeed, when I consider what a religious life implies and demands, that there are as many such as there are. We have all to come in daily contact with the world. Our employments and associations are not always—not often, in fact—very elevating and inspiring. Labour to many of us is drudgery rather than work, and the reward we get is often a bare subsistence. Constant anxiety oppresses the mind. How to make ends meet is a problem which multitudes of people endowed with spiritual affections and the finest sensibilities have daily to solve. They live among the rude, even the brutish, yet have they to nourish a spiritual life from the putrid and stagnant elements by which they are surrounded. They would have become philosophers if they had had a fair chance in the world; they have become saints even amidst all their disadvantages; but how they continue such with all their exhausting toils, their racking cares and heart-breaking trials, passes my comprehension, except on one condition, and that is the mastering power of the grace of God in the human soul. Surely, my friend, they have more grace than you or I, more worthiness in the sight of God, more real dignity of character, or they would not be what they are.

You, my friend, sit down in your easy chair at night after the toils of the day are over, and it is easy for you to be thankful. Is not your larder well supplied? perhaps your wine-bin, if you own such a piece of furniture? Are not your wife and children nicely, perhaps even stylishly, dressed? and have you not man-servants and maid-servants waiting to do your bidding? Your bed, when you retire to sleep, is soft and warm, and though you have your cares too, yet you can see your way before you for months and years to come. The warmest words you can utter at your family altar would fail to express the sense of gratitude you ought to feel for your most desirable position. But how about that Christian washerwoman who has helped your domestics during the day, or that Christian hand-labourer, who at the wheel or the forge has

sweat and toiled with no higher prospect than to go home to a large family, who do not perhaps actually want, but have perplexities to distress them of which you and I know nothing. How about these?

Oh, then, you say, you are a socialist, a leveller, a red republican, are you? By no means. I would not have another take from you what is your own, or even make himself unhappy by envying your more fortunate position. But it *does* make a difference in serving God, growing in grace, and cultivating the finer graces of the Christian character, to be thus fortunately situated on the one hand, and unfortunately situated on the other; and when I consider these things I wonder that many professors of religion are as good as they are; and when [from this merely negative view I pass to another—namely, that nearly all the spiritual work in the Church is done by these very persons—prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and Sunday schools all carried on by these hard-working and tried servants of the Lord—I am the more grateful to the God of all grace that he so raises them up and strengthens them in their position that they can labour for Christ and patiently bear the cross. But I meet with some professors who are not of this stamp. They are not very like their divine Lord. They are not kind, they are not gentle, as he was. They do not renounce the world, as he did, nor are they pure in heart, as he was. At home they are cross, unkind, and undevout. Religion is with them a matter of show and pretence. All their good is put outside, “to be seen of men,” and verily they have their reward. They have no inward peace, no well-grounded hope, and they have but little influence in the world. In the Church they sometimes have, because they may be rich, and every one dreads to offend them for fear they will not “subscribe.” Oh that all men were sound at heart, then we should have a happy world and a happy Church!

I meet with some very nice boys and girls, who are a credit to their parents, and whom it is a pleasure to behold. Those boys and girls are likely to do well in the world, for they love and obey their parents, are clean and tidy in their persons and dress, are punctual and respectful, and above all they love the Saviour. They have learnt how to pray and to read God's word, and they are treasuring it up in their hearts and minds. If I wanted a boy or a girl to help me in any business I should look out for just such as I have named, for I should expect them to be honest and industrious, and truthful and good.

On the other hand, I meet with some children of a very different character. I have heard boys swear and take the name of God in vain. Girls I never did hear use profane language, but I have boys. What a pity it is that there are so many boys of this description! Sometimes these children are the children of pious parents, and I often think what a grief they are to them. Their mothers nursed them, kissed them, and were proud of them when they were babies, and hoped they would live to repay them for all their care;

but now they seem determined to break their mother's heart, and to bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I hope there is not one boy or girl of this description among our Sunday scholars, or if there are any such I hope God will have mercy on them and change their hearts.

I have met with some strange things this last month. I have met with a London fog, the strangest thing I ever saw in my life. I happened to be in London on the 9th of November, the Lord Mayor's day, and I doubt if there ever was such another day since the plagues of Egypt. I could have imagined that the darkness "which could have been felt" had come on us again. The darkness could be felt: I felt it, I ate it, drank it, breathed it, and was enveloped in it. It produces the strangest sensations ever experienced. A man while in it hardly knows whether he is dead or alive, whether he stands on his head or his feet; and he is so distressingly under the sensation that he is lost, that he dreads taking the next step lest he should drop into some hole or dangerous place in the street from which he will never be extricated alive. The following conversation actually took place between a gentleman and a policeman in this fog:—

GENTLEMAN (meeting a policeman whom he recognized by the light of his "bull's-eye"): "Can you tell me where I am? I have lived in this neighbourhood twenty-five years, and know every turn about it, but I can see nothing I can recognize, and I really do not know where I am."

POLICEMAN: "You are in — Street," naming it.

GENTLEMAN: "I know I am somewhere about or in that street, but I want to know where I must turn to get to my house; can't you go with me, and show me with your lantern?"

POLICEMAN: "No, I dare not, for if I do I shall lose my beat; and if I lose it I shall never find it again this night."

GENTLEMAN: "Well, I shall be right if I keep feeling the railings on my left hand till I get to such a corner, and then I can find my way home."

POLICEMAN: "Yes, but there is an open drain about forty yards lower down, and if you go that way you will be sure to break your neck."

GENTLEMAN: "Well, then, cannot I go this way?" pointing in the direction of another street.

POLICEMAN: "No, if you go that way you will walk right into the river and be drowned."

GENTLEMAN: "Well, then, what must I do? Here I have my little girl with me, and we cannot stay in the streets all night such a night as this."

POLICEMAN: "There is a public-house right over there, but you cannot see it, neither can I, but you are not above forty yards from it. If you step over the road you will probably find it."

GENTLEMAN: "Then you stand where you are, so that if I do

not succeed we can find each other again by the sound of our voices."

The policeman soon heard the words "all right," and travelled, or rather groped, on his beat, leaving the gentleman and his little daughter with the assurance that at all events they could have warmth and shelter during the night.

At this public-house there was a cab standing, driver, horse, and cab all bewildered together, and unable to proceed anywhere.

Here was another conversation.

GENTLEMAN: "Cabby, cannot you drive me to my house, in such a street?"

CABBY: "No, I cannot drive you anywhere, for there is nowhere, and I am waiting for a break in the fog, and then I am for home. I have had enough of it this miserable night."

So the gentleman had to wait till there was a break in the fog, and he arrived at his home at one o'clock in the morning, and the distance from his place of detention to his home was less than a mile! Now that is a fact, and that is a fog! It could hardly have been worse in Egypt. This was on the night preceding the Lord Mayor's day.

We have met with many persons lately with very large noses and fat cheeks, both of which were of a purple colour. Their lips were blue, their eyes prominent and watery. In three months many of these people will be dead, and why? Because they are bloated drunkards. Their blood is poisoned, their heart is diseased, and everything about them indicates dropsy or apoplexy, and a premature death. Oh, boys, this accursed drink, what harm it is doing every day! Never taste it, boys, and you will never want it. So says your friend,

OBSERVER.

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG.—I.

I WANT to have a talk with you, boys and girls, every month for this year of our Lord, 1871. An old gentleman at No. 4, London House Yard will charge you a penny a month: for these talks and other matter inserted in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Well, there never was anything cheaper; it's as cheap as toffy, and will last much longer, unless—which I hope you won't do—you put the INSTRUCTOR in the fire.

My first subject will be a sermon, or whatever else you choose to call it, on three small words, I, IF, AND.

There is no word smaller than I. There is no thing larger than I. I is first, and I is last all over the world. It is a bigger thing than *we* or *they*. Every man is looking after I, or, as we sometimes say, Number One. Lawyers are pleading about I; preachers in the pulpit often show a great deal of I; I believe printers require more I's in their "case" than any other letter. We are all so full of this I, and think and write about it so much, that special provi-

sion has had to be made even by type-founders to satisfy the want. The creatures below us are full of it as well as we. Look at the little bantam, it is all I; look at the little poodle-dog, it is all I; in fact, the less we have in us, and about us, the more we compensate ourselves with I's. I have heard little boys go on so in a house that there was nothing to be heard but I. "Mamma, I want this; Mamma, I want that;" and poor mamma can hardly hear herself speak; in fact, is almost crazed with this eternal sound of I. The big war going on between France and Prussia is all about I. There was nothing to fight about, but two big men got vexed at each other, and one said to the other, "I am insulted; I will fight you." The other said, "I don't care;" and so the war began. Many thousands of lives have been sacrificed in this war for nothing, at most nothing but I.

But while I is a little word of one letter, much abused by some people, it can be put to a good use, and I will try to make the most of it for our profit. But the text is so short that I shall have to borrow a verb to say something. We may repeat *I* for ever so long, but if we say nothing else we advance no thought. As the logicians say, we have a subject, but no predicate, and therefore say nothing to any purpose. I will borrow a verb, and make my first division into—*I am*.

Yes, every reader *is*. The lowest, the most degraded, neglected, and miserable of the unhappy young people we come across can say, must say, "I am." And what a world of meaning there is in these two words, *I am*. The heavens are over my head; the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night, are shining over me. I am surrounded by the great powers of Nature, by mountains which tower high above me, by mighty rivers which bear along the commerce and the fleets of nations, by great cities, by wonderful mechanical contrivances which drive ships and loaded trains, by the great ocean itself, by storm and tempest, by thunder and lightning, by the great and strong among the brute creation; and yet it has pleased God to put me, this little me, in the midst of all this grandeur, and these great forces—me, who am but a speck, a grain of sand in comparison with the objects by which I am encircled, here *I am*!

Yes, my young friends, here you are; and there must be some purpose—surely, some great purpose—in putting you where you are. You were put here without your consent: you were literally "thrown upon" the world. You did not choose your parents, your place of birth and residence, or your station in life. All these came upon you—unasked by you; and as you grow older you may be tempted to regret that ever you were put here. Many have so regretted; but in the meantime you know you are here. You almost think, perhaps, you are an intruder. You may be ready to suppose you have no right to be here; and when you see the envying, struggling, busy, wicked world around you, you may

think there is no place for you amidst the eager strife. But pluck up your spirits, my boy, and consider my second head—

I WILL BE. Now the scene changes, and your turn commences. Up to this point you have been looking round and upward, and wondering, and in your timid simplicity almost asking, like that celebrated character you have all heard of—"Hope I don't intrude;" but now that feeling has passed, or is passing away, and there is coming over you a feeling of *self*: a feeling of *I*—I will be. I will be—what?

First, I will be a man. Set that down first: I will be a man. Recollect you must either be a man or a milkop; and which would you rather be? It is left greatly to your own choice, and a mistake now may be fatal to you all your days. You ask me how you are to be a man. I will tell you how: simply learn to say "No." There is a sulky "no;" there is a rebellious "no;" there is the "no" of pride, resentment, and self-will. I do not mean that you are to say "no" in that sense, but in the sense of strength of character, earnestness of purpose, and perseverance of spirit. Say "No" in that sense, and you will come out all right in the end. The world is a deceitful world—an ensnaring world; and unless you learn to say "No" to its ten thousand seductions, you will never do any good. Boys, if you forget everything else, I say to you, remember this one thing, that I asked you and entreated you to say, "No."

Secondly, I will not only be a man, but a good man. Say that, too: for unless you say that, and get up to that, it is of no use saying "I will be a man." Better not to have been born than to be a *bad* man. Oh, what awful thoughts are crowded up in those words—"a bad man!" What sin, what misery, what injury to others, what scalding tears, what a wasted life, what lost opportunities, what dreadful accountability, what a day of judgment, what horrors upon horrors surround the name and destiny of a *bad* man! And what a heaven of joyfulness, purity, usefulness, and honour there is to a good man!

The greatest blessings are the most attainable, and generally they are the cheapest. Air and water, plain, homely, wholesome food are, by every industrious man, to be had cheap. Religion, the fear of God, costs little. Peace of mind and purity of heart are not expensive. All the blessed influence of a good man's life, the priceless power of controlling and comforting others, have been exercised by the poorest as to this world's goods. Do not be discouraged in this endeavour to be a good man by the fact that you are poor. If you are honest and industrious you may be rich some day; but if not, you may, you can be good. Do you say, I cannot be good, for I have a sinful nature, an evil heart, and I am surrounded by so much that is bad? As to your nature, Christ can heal it and sanctify it; and as to the bad around you, keep away from it. Shut the door of your heart against it. Keep at home

with your father and mother, and go not out into the streets where evil is. "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Read good books; improve your time and mind; be intent upon some worthy aim; and you will find it a pleasure to love God and do His will. The yoke of Christ is easy and his burden is light, and the happiest children are the good children who are striving to grow up into good men and women.

Join the Church; join the Sunday-school: you will get help in the road to heaven among pious people. You will hear their prayers, their conversation, and you will see their daily life and walk before God. Christian fellowship is as much a privilege as a duty. It cheers, instructs, and stimulates the soul.

Thirdly, there is still another view of this "I"—I ought. For duty lies at the bottom of all usefulness, greatness, and success among men. The sooner we can all understand that we are under law the better it will be for us all. The Bible is the oldest book of law in the world—older than Solon, older than Lycurgus. There is no name for law in Homer; there are principles of right recognized; but law in that age, in the sense in which it is applied as the expression of the Divine will, to which all men are bound to submit and are personally responsible, there was no notion of. There was the law of force, the law of beauty, the law of taste, which received many illustrations in the language, poetry, and arts of Greece; but God's Word is the first book that lays down the law of man's moral life and duty in relation both to time and eternity.

Under the dispensation of law and duty we are all born. The Saviour did not abolish the moral law, only the ceremonial. The first benediction of the Sermon on the Mount supposes conformity to law. There can be no "blessedness" where the law is broken. It is not a matter of conscience with us, for conscience often means no more than simple conviction, or a state of feeling favourable or unfavourable, as the case may be, to that which is right. Some men's consciences are "defiled," and they do not, nor are they qualified "to judge of themselves what is right." There must be something higher to guide us than our consciences. That higher guide is the law—God's law.

"I ought" are, therefore, the first syllables we should learn to spell. "I ought" is the first moral sentiment that should be imprinted on the mind of a child. Duty, obedience, submission are the first studies in which we should graduate; and only in proportion as we become proficient in these can there be any hope that we shall be fitted for the service of God or the service of man.

I am aware this is hard, angular, uncongenial teaching to the young. Why trouble young persons about law or duty? Why cloud the morning of life with these hard lessons? Are not children innocent? Do not even "their failings lean to virtue's side?" Are not they bright, loving, generous creatures, incapable

of guile and deception, ready to burst with good humour, playfulness, and glee? Why not let them alone to "develop?" Why put them under restraint, or make them capable of this first sorrow, that they must deny themselves and take up their cross? Why? because everything has to be restrained, or it dies. We restrain the shrub, the plant, the flower. We prune, we bend the branches, we cut even the very roots of our fruit trees that they may bear and be saved from disease. "Behold, we put bits into the horses' mouths that they may be restrained." We hunt and even destroy the wild, specially the ferocious animals; we kill the reptiles, we pluck up the weeds; we insist upon law everywhere, and young people must be taught "I ought."

Think it not, young friends, so hard as it seems. Nothing makes life so pleasant as walking by rule. Suppose that rule were everywhere abolished, and that every morning when we rise from our beds we had to ask, What shall I do to-day, and *how* shall I do it? No business learnt, no plan of life and the details of work understood and laid down. Well, if this were the case, I can tell you you would be very hungry before you got your breakfast; and as to dinner, there would be none at all, for no one would understand how to make it. The joy of every day, the hope of every day, arises from somebody knowing something about duty, and setting about the performance of it. The servant girl says, "I ought," and she rises from her bed to commence her domestic work; and so there is something for you to eat and drink, and some comfort about our habitation all the day. Your father and mother say "I ought," and they work and care for you because you are theirs, and they feel responsible for your well-being. Everybody about you and any way interested in you is constantly saying "I ought," and so you want for nothing. And are you to be excused from the general rule? It cannot be: you must say, "I ought."

Now, I have only got through my first head, "I am;" "I will be," "I ought," and the two other words remain, "If," and the word "and." I don't like long sermons myself, and I shall not inflict one on you; so, if you please, we will defer the next discourse till the next services in February, when the subject will be "If."

Yours, AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Editor's Table.

QUERY AND ANSWER.

WE say "table," because we have no desk, and because it is as well to vary terms sometimes, for the sake of newness partly, and partly for the sake of fancy. "Editor's Table," then, will be the

title of articles in this department. Some young friend at Sheffield writes as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—Having had the following put to me, and having been unable to satisfactorily answer the same, I apply to you for explanation. Matthew xii. 40:—"For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Please inform me, are there three days and three nights from the ninth hour on Friday to the end of the Sabbath?—Most respectfully yours,
J. F. A.

Yes, this is the correct interpretation.—EDITOR.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency.

BIRLEY CARR, SHEFFIELD SOUTH CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, October 16th, 1870. The meeting was opened and presided over by our respected superintendent, Mr. G. Murfin. After the reading of the report, which was satisfactory, a suitable address was given by our junior superintendent, Mr. B. Platts, bearing on the missionary work by Sunday scholars. Also a very interesting address by Mr. J. Wagg. Two of our respected ministers from Sheffield, Mr. J. S. Robinson and Mr. P. J. Smith, were present on the occasion. Mr. Robinson exhibited to the congregation a number of fancy and ornamental specimens of Canadian and Chinese workmanship, which added greatly to the interest of the meeting. Each of our Sheffield friends gave highly instructive addresses on the missionary enterprise. Several recitations were given by the scholars. The following is a copy of the report:—Collected by the girls—Mary Ann Platts, 13s. 6d.; Ann Wragg, 9s. 11d.; Annie Clay, 8s. 7d.; Eliza Steel, 8s.; Ann Drury Murfin, 3s. 4d.: collected by the boys—Richard Ollerearnshaw, 14s.; John Bridge, 11s. 6½d.; Allen Ollerearnshaw, 6s. 4½d.; Frederick Deakin, 5s. 6d.; George Hague, 2s. 7½d.; Thomas Fearn, 2s. 6d.: small amounts by other scholars, 8s. 1d.: given by Mr. J. Wagg, 3s. 6d.; by Miss Corson, 3s.; public collection at the meeting, £1 1s. 6½d., making a total of £6 2s.—this being an advance on last year. The meeting was throughout very profitable and interesting. AMOS HEATH, *Secretary*.

BROWNLOW FOLD, BOLTON CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—We had our Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, November 13th, Alderman A. Pilling in the chair. Our esteemed minister, the Rev. J. Wilson, delivered an excellent address on our Foreign Missions. The meeting was likewise addressed by our indefatigable superintendent (Mr. Samuel James) and Mr. J. Hampson. The children have collected as follows:—Girls, £1 5s. 1d.; boys, 14s. 3d. Collected at meeting, 13s. Total, £2 12s. 4d.—which is very good, considering

that we had no meeting last year and the short time the children have been collecting.

W. MELLING, *Secretary*.

PUDSEY JUVENILE MISSIONS.—Dear Mr. Editor,—It affords us pleasure to forward you a brief statement of our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting, which was held on Sunday afternoon, November 13th, 1870. It is always a treat to us to celebrate this anniversary; and when the day is once fixed, it is anxiously looked forward to until it arrives. As bees fly from flower to flower to suck the delicious nectar and then return to their hives loaded with their gathered treasure, so our scholars, when they receive their cards, go quickly from door to door, in all directions, to collect all the pennies they can, and then bring the money to the secretary to be forwarded to the proper quarter. At two o'clock the meeting was opened by singing the 220th hymn in the Scholars' Book; and prayer being offered, our esteemed brother, William Raistrick, was voted to the chair. The chairman, who had been some time in Canada, gave us a short but interesting account of one or two of our mission stations in that colony, and then called upon the secretary to give a statement of what moneys had been collected by the children, after which the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Robt. Garnett, Thos. E. Thompson, J. Boyes, J. Pogson, and S. Lees. The following scholars also greatly added to the interest of the meeting by their recitations, viz., John Cloughton and J. D. Sutcliffe; Rhoda Hinchcliffe, Sarah Ann Webster, Mary Hinchcliffe, and Annie Hudson. The meeting was well attended, the spacious schoolroom being comfortably filled. The following is the financial result for the year:—Surplus of tea-party, 7s. 3d.; Miss Brogden's book, 12s. 2d.; children's cards, £2 5s.; public collection, £1 7s. 1d.; total, £4 11s. 6d. This exceeds last year.

JAMES POGSON, *Secretary*.

Biography.

DAN DYSON.

"No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper now,
While angels watch his soft repose."

THE subject of this memoir was born at Lepton, June 27th, 1863; died at Mirfield, July 20th, 1870, aged seven years. His first impressions on his tender mind were made by pious parents. What a boon to be blessed with pious parents! What an inestimable gift to be loved and trained by a pious mother!

Dan entered our Sunday School, Easthorpe Mirfield, about six

months before his death, and during this short time he won the affections of those who noticed his quiet and attentive demeanour. He loved the Sunday School and the Band of Hope.

Dan fell ill on the 14th of July. I was informed on the Monday following that he was continually calling out for me, and refused to take his medicine unless I was there to offer it him. The doctor had ordered his head to be rubbed with gin, and the dear child smelling it, thought they wanted him to take it as medicine, and on this account he declined to

take it at their hands. However, on Monday evening I called to see him, and on entering his dwelling I found him laid on his little bed, his body convulsed with pain, and his little face, which once looked so bright, now showed too plainly that death was not far distant. His mind was wandering. I placed my hand upon his fevered brow, and asked him if he knew J——. He started up, and seizing my arm, he muttered my name several times. I said, "Will you take your medicine now, if I give it you?" He wanted to know if it was gin. I told him, "No;" whereupon he took it without the least contrariness, saying, "There, I shall soon be better, and come to school, and to Teetotal Band, where it is so grand." I elicited from him the promise that if I would call again in the morning he would take his medicine from the hands of his mother during the night. On calling in the morning he was quite unconscious, and like one already dead, and thus he lay until his death, with the exception of one or two intervals of

consciousness, during which he always had something to say about the Sunday School and the Band of Hope. Now he has gone to that beautiful land above, to that

"Beautiful heav'n where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful harps 'through all the choir,
Beautiful strains that never tire;
There he has joined the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at our Saviour's feet."

Dear fellow-teachers, does not this show us our labours are not in vain? This little charge had heard at one of our temperance meetings the evil results of gin-drinking, and, notwithstanding all the kind entreaties of his parents and friends, he would not taste his medicine unless administered by the hands of the teacher he had heard speak about gin. What firmness in one so young! And will not in like manner the effects of sin, in all its hideous forms told unto them have the same means of making them firm against its allurements? Let us labour on, dear friends, and God will reward us.

Mirfield.

J. W.

Our Children's Portion.

WHAT THE BOYS WOULD BE.

FOUR or five good little boys were talking one evening, as boys often do, of the future. One asked the tallest of the group—

"What are you going to be when you are a man, Willie?"

"A lawyer," answered Willie.

"It is very important to have justice done in courts."

"Yes, but lawyers don't always look out for justice. I've heard that some of them will plead a

case on either side, right or wrong, for the money," replied Charles.

"Well, that may be so; but that's not the kind of lawyer I'm going to be. I'll always take the right side, whether I get paid or not. I'll look out for all the widows and orphans, to see that nobody cheats them," said Willie.

"What will you be, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'm going to be a doctor, so that I can ride day and night.

I'll keep four horses and change them often, and always have a fresh one. I'll not go poking about on a worn-out horse and a spattered gig, like Dr. Grey."

At this little Jemmy sprung up and cried very earnestly, as if already in the business—

"Please, brother Charlie, let me shoe all your horses, for I'm going to be a blacksmith."

His brother laughed, and Willie said—

"I shall never be ashamed of you, Jimmy, if you're a good, honest blacksmith; but you must always wash your face before you come to my office."

"Yes, I will, and put on my Sunday clothes," replied the good-natured little fellow.

"Well, that is settled, then, that father is to have a lawyer, a doctor, and a blacksmith in his family," said Willie.

Grandma sat all this time in her arm-chair, knitting away very fast on a striped stocking. At her feet sat the family pet, Harry, sticking pins into grandma's ball of yarn. Ah! it was for his tiny plump feet that the yarn was flying over the dear old lady's needles.

"Boys," said Grandma, "here is one who has not told what he is going to be when a man."

"Oh, no!" cried Willie, stooping down, and taking dear Harry in his arms. "What are you going to be when you're a big man like papa?"

Harry put his little arms round Willie's neck, and said—

"When I am a great big man I'll be—I'll be—kind to my mother."

"You darling boy," cried Grandma, "that is a sweet little vision of your future! I would far rather have you an humble

working man, with this same affectionate heart, than see you cold and selfish in the seat of a judge. Willie and Charles might be great and wise men in their professions, and yet be no comfort to their parents in old age, unless they were at the same time loving and kind."

Greatness alone makes no one happy; but goodness, like the sun, sheds light and joy everywhere.

A NECESSARY OF LIFE.

"WHERE is Osborne?" said Mr. Brooks, as he was starting with a number of mowers for a meadow some miles distant from the village.

"He has not got through his praying yet," said Mr. Sloan. "I saw him at it as I came along. He regards praying as a necessary of life."

"I wish he would not keep us waiting," said Brooks.

"You need not wait for him," said Sloan, "he will be in time."

"He is not in time."

"He will be at the meadow before we are ready to begin to mow. He spends a good deal of time in praying, but he always makes up for it."

It is true that Mr. Osborne did regard praying as a necessary of life, and that the time spent by him in it never hindered him in his work. It was remarked that he was never behindhand—that he always managed to bring things round at the proper time.

Prayer is a necessary of life. It is necessary to the supply of our temporal wants. If it were not, Christ would not have commanded us to pray for our daily bread. If industry is all that is necessary, prayer is useless.

Christ never directs us to perform a useless thing.

Prayer is necessary to the success of our enterprises. God governs all things. He worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will. If he will, he can give success to our efforts. If he will, he can render them abortive. That he does send prosperity in answer to prayer is clearly stated in his holy Word.

Prayer is as necessary to the true life of the soul, as bread is to the life of the body. It is the first act of spiritual life. It was said of one of old, "Behold, he prayeth." When a man begins to pray he begins to live.

Daily prayer is necessary in order to a daily Christian life. We know that the soul feels the throbbings of a vigorous spiritual life only as it continues instant in prayer.

Prayer is the preventive and the remedy of all spiritual diseases. Prayer is the instrument of comfort in affliction. Prayer is a necessary of life.

It were well if this truth were well understood and practised.

TOO LATE TO CHANGE.

"Time enough," you say, "to attend to your soul. You have youth, health, a long life before you. Some time, by-and-by, you will consider the claims of religion." Listen to this, which I lately heard in solemn emphasis from the pulpit:—

A man in the very prime of life was lying on his death-bed. Paralysis had seized upon his body. It was creeping up, slowly and surely, to his heart. His very hours were numbered. A faithful minister of God sat beside him, showing him the way

of life. He was agonized in the effort to listen—to comprehend, for the old habit of years bound him so firmly that he could not fix his mind upon what his friend was saying. His life had been spent in the acquisition of wealth. Honestly, honourably it had been gained. There was no stain upon it, but yet it proved the millstone to drag him down.

"Why—why!" he exclaimed, in a voice of keenest anguish, "at this awful moment can I think of nothing but my bank-stocks?"

And so he died. If all your time, all your thoughts, all your plans, are devoted to anything earthly, how do you know that in the dying hour you will be able to overcome the habit of a life, and seriously think of your future?

Reader, you have a soul to save! It is time you were seeking its salvation now! How? By "looking unto Jesus!"

I DON'T LIKE IT.

FRED is a boy with whom the words "I don't like it" are an all-sufficient reason for leaving any duty undone. His parents are poor, and there is a large family of children of whom Fred is the eldest. He should be a support and comfort to his father and mother, but he is a burden and cause of anxiety. He is a tall, strong boy of fifteen; but he does not do half the work of his next younger brother, Tom, who is only twelve, and is slight and delicate. He "does not like to" shovel a path to the clothes-lines for his mother to put out her clothes, so he leaves it undone. He is wanted to go of an errand, but he "does not like to go out in the cold," and Tom goes

instead. He never takes the baby and the little ones out of the poor tired woman's way. He has only sharp words and black looks for his little brothers and sisters, for he "does not like children." He fancies himself greatly superior to the rest of the family, and wishes he could live with people who understood him—that is to say, with those who would flatter him to his heart's content, and agree with him in thinking Master Fred a great genius.

He can't get exactly the place that he wants, so he will accept no other situation that offers; or, if his father, as was once the case, obliges him to do something to earn his own living, he makes

himself so disagreeable and useless that he is soon returned on his parent's hands. He "does not like to be an errand boy;" he "does not like to work in the cabinet shop." He had an excellent chance to learn the carpenter's trade, but he "did not like that."

I fear that Fred will all his life be one of the cumberers of the ground.

CHARLES IX. (who gave the order for the St. Bartholomew massacre) expired bathed in his own blood, which burst from his veins while he exclaimed, "I know not where I am. How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost for ever—I know it!"

Poetry.

"AS THY DAY SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

When brightly shines the morning ray,
And countless toils await the day;
When much thou fear'st thy strength
too small

To meet—aye more, to conquer all;—
Press on! it is God's own decree
That "as thy day thy strength shall
be."

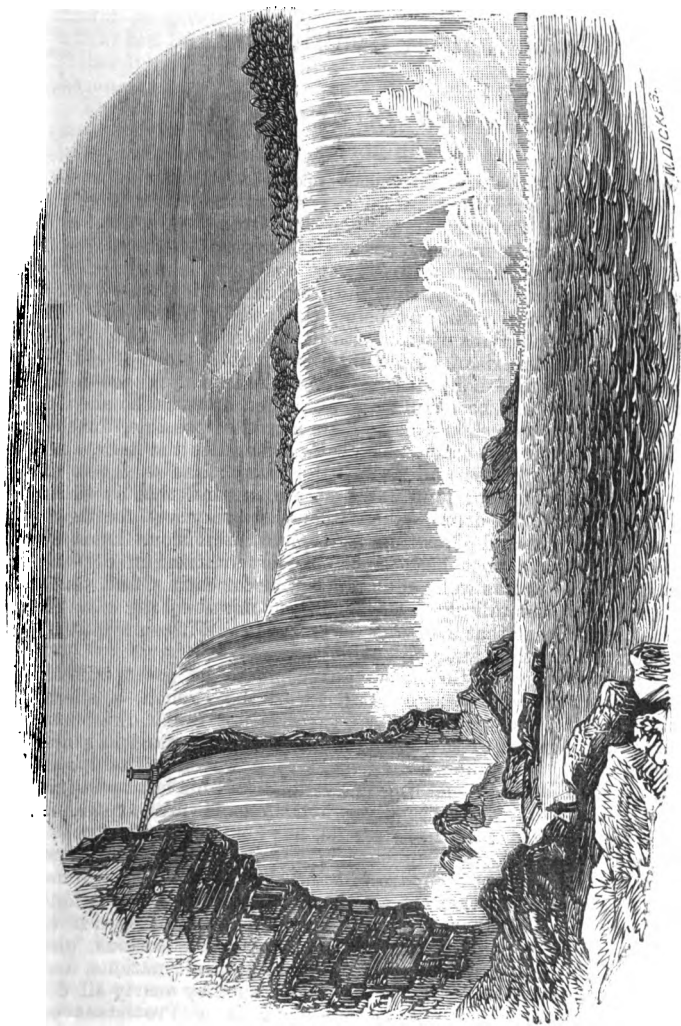
When fainting 'neath the blaze of noon,
The slightest aid were richest boon,
While all around temptations stand,
To lure with whispers great and bland;
Yield not! 'tis written that for thee,
Just "as thy day thy strength shall
be."

The night falls deep and clouds arise,
And all my hope, like starlight dies;
While winds sweep cold along the plain,
And, sad, thou look'st for friends in
vain;
'Tis almost o'er, thy haven see—
Rest! "as thy day thy strength shall
be."

A hand unseen completes the toil,
From which thy weary hand recoil;
The same hand tempers heat and cold,
Guides the young limbs, supports the
old;
Through shades of night by him we see
Thus, "as our day our strength shall
be."

Who would not in the conflict fail?
Who would not cower before the gale?
Who would not shrink and veil his
eyes,
When some dread bolt toward him
flies?
Were not this promise plain to see—
Lo! "as thy day, thy strength shall
be."

Father, for all I reckon mine,
I claim that promise so divine;
Whate'er our mortal steps befall,
Content on Thee alone I call.
Why covet aught, from aught why
flee,
While "as our day our strength shall
be."



NIAGARA FALLS.
Specially Engraved for this Magazine.

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—II.

BY THE EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, or, as the American people contract the name, when directing their letters, into Pa., is a very fine city; it bears the mark of the Quaker mind upon it. Order, sobriety, and cleanliness are visible in the form of its streets, the character of its older buildings, and in its "swept and garnished" walks. Here, after landing, and passing the Customs, which was a very polite affair on both sides, and being certified by the doctor that we brought no contagious disease with us, we dined, in such stillness as only an American dinner-table at a public place of entertainment can match—a stillness we greatly relished; for we hold that when a man eats he should eat, and when he talks he should talk, and that the two should be as little mixed as possible, for the one is apt to spoil the other. The eating muddles the talk, and the talk cools the plates and "sets" the gravy; and we know of only one earthly use for long talks at dinner, and that is when much wine has to be drunk—then it answers very well for those who are given to it, and gives time for copious imbibition. Besides, when we eat we cannot hear—such is the constitution of our auric faculties—and as we grudge much time for eating, and want to be again at the talking, we deem fifteen minutes long enough for the best dinner that ever was set before us. Fifteen minutes' silent eating, and then away to business.

Those who suppose the American people to be great talkers are mistaken. They are, as compared with the French, a silent people; as compared with ourselves, there is not much difference as to the talking part of the business, but they make far less noise at home or at the public dining-room than we do. The lung-power of John Bull is something marvellous, and his hearty laugh and uproarious mirth, especially when Consols are at 95, is astonishing. The American, as a rule, has not a broad and well-developed chest, like the Englishman, nor is he in such robust health; the majority of them are tall and slender in their persons, with indications about them of an inactive digestion, and a bilious temperament. These are not favourable to an exuberance of animal spirits; hence, as a rule, the American is serious, and often sad. Besides, it is a country filled up with all nations, and all *isms*, and one man, in travelling about, as they nearly all do, never knows whether his next neighbour is a Protestant or Catholic, a Mormon or a "Gentile," a "hard shell" or a "soft shell." Caution is necessary in all public companies, lest offence

should be given, and from these causes there is a reticence which cannot but be noticed by a stranger. Hence, we had silence at our Philadelphian dinner, silence which gave us time to think about the singular people we had met with, and—what next?

That next was to take the steamer and railway to New York, where, at the house of a relative, we spent several days, visiting the remarkable places and objects to be seen in the city, and enjoying ourselves as well as the sultry weather would allow us in that emporium of the world. We visited the markets, which were well stored with everything, specially with glorious fruit. We observed that the gentlemen came to make the purchases for the family, the ladies forming only a minority in the crowd. We observed, also, that the gentlemen carried the babies—where any were to be carried—and the ladies walked at their ease by the side of their “worse halves.” On Sunday we went to church—not chapel, but church. Heard a Baptist minister—with a black neck-tie on, like any other man in the congregation—who preached a good and comforting sermon on Psalm xcvi., a sermon and a psalm which we have many a time had reason to remember and refer to since then. In the evening we started to hear Beecher, but we heard a thunderstorm instead, which sent us home again in quick-time. Never did we see such angry skies, such lurid glares of lightning, such pouring torrents of rain, and never did we hear such peals of thunder as that evening’s storm presented. We visited the “courts” on the Monday, and heard American law expounded by American judges—without wigs—and heard American lawyers plead—without gowns. It seemed awfully democratic, awfully naked, this way of dispensing law. We asked a friend if, with the wigs and gowns, the profession had also dispensed with their six-and-eightpences, but we soon learnt that they had not, and that law was an expensive article, *Transatlantic* or *Cisatlantic*.

From New York we went to Rochester, and there stayed over one night and a day. On our way in the railway “car,” we had a specimen of American curiosity. Every one in America or Canada knows an Englishman, or, indeed, any “old countryman;” an immigrant can always be recognized.

“Guess you are from the old country, aint you, stranger?” said a person sitting by us on the seat.

“What is that to you?” we replied.

“Wa’al, now, stranger, you need not get your dander up about a simple question like that. Speech is free in this country, and we allow questions to be put without taking offence.”

We confess to a feeling of humiliation—like unto which we never experienced any other—that we should have laid ourselves open to this just rebuke. But we knew little of the world; we had lived in England all our life previously, and John Bull was very strong in us. We judged this same gentleman—Mr. Bull, we mean—to be the lord of all creation, or, at least, that he ought to be;

and we scarcely imagined that anybody else had any rights in the world but he. We recollect, when a boy, hearing that the American Government had imposed a duty of twenty per cent. on certain English goods, and we said, "Why does the English Government allow it; why do they not make the Americans take our goods at any price we choose to impose?" Such was our knowledge of political economy in those early days. We fear there was something of this feeling of English right and English superiority in our answer to the harmless question of the American. However, we have repented of our rudeness, and learned better since. We have learned to feel as a citizen of the world, in which the Almighty has a large family of immortal beings, all made of one flesh and blood.

The distance from Rochester to Lewiston is about seven miles, and at Lewiston *then*—for there was no railway—we took the steamer to Toronto, and arrived there on July 11th, 1851, to enter upon new scenes and new labours for the next nineteen years, although this latter fact was not known to us at the time.

As we are now in the country, we shall not stay at Toronto for the present, but take the side of the country on which we entered it, and afterwards proceed eastward, northward, and westward, as the subject opens.

At Lewiston the NIAGARA FALLS, those great wonders of the world, were near us, but we had no time to go and see them. We had to proceed to our destination, and a visit to the Falls had to be postponed to a future opportunity. Since then we have seen them many times, and from every point of view from which they are to be seen—seen them in summer and in winter—seen them in the spring and in the fall, and yet, in one sense, we have never seen them to this day. Whoso wants to see them must go and drink them; that is, he must pitch his tent beside them, above them, and below, and round about them; and he must drink in the scene, till the spirit of the Falls comes to his soul, and he is made one with that grand sight. We can make nothing of Nature anywhere in a hurry. She is so quiet, or so terrific, and always so manifold, that we must have time to gaze, and take in her wondrous forms, or our labour will be lost. So with the Falls. We give an engraving this month of the Horseshoe Fall, as seen from the Canadian side, embracing a side view of the American fall, on the left hand of the picture. There is the tower, to the top of which all tourists go, just on the crown of the precipice over which the mighty waters leap. But no one engraving can do justice to the scene. No one look can; and the only substitute for a visit and a prolonged gaze on the reality would be to get the set of five or six stereoscopic views which are sold—at least, in Canada—and sit down on some winter evening, with the aid of a good lamp, and thus take in, as far as artificial means can help us to do so, the wonders of the view.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

Our first view of them was on a rather raw October morning, approaching them from the higher ground on which Drummondville stands, and where Lundy's Lane is situated, the spot where the famous battle was fought between the British and Canadian forces, and the Americans, of which battle we shall have something to say by-and-by. We came upon the Falls unexpectedly, for the nature of the ground and the mist hid them from our sight till we were just upon them—almost in them. The first thing we saw was a cloud of mist arising from the great caldron below, and heard a sound like a great crash, as if water was being poured upon a seething volcano—just the same sound, only in infinitely greater proportions, which we hear when we pour cold water on a red-hot plate of iron. Our first impression was that there had been a tremendous fire there the night before, and that the water was playing upon the burning material below, sending up the clouds of mist which, at that early hour, hung upon the whole scene. We did not know, because we could not see them, that we were within 100 yards of the Falls of Niagara, which in a few minutes we beheld in all their terrible grandeur. The sight from that point was distressing; we felt faint in beholding it. Such a crashing noise, such a turbulence of waters, such a vortex of strife—deep down, more than 200 feet from where we stood—such a cloud of dark spray returning down upon us, and soon making every shred of clothing damp and chill, produced the desire to pass on out of view of a scene so terrific. But the morning mist soon wore away; the sun broke out with unusual brilliancy and warmth, and a position much lower down the stream enabled us to see the Falls in their loveliest aspect. Removed from the noise, about a mile below the Falls, in fact, on the centre of the magnificent suspension bridge—an engraving of which we also present in this number—we could see the Falls in all their quiet grandeur. No noise, no turbulence. A milky whiteness in the foam, an emerald greenness in the water, an imperial rainbow spanning the wide chasm through which that mighty outflow had passed for ages, presented one of the most charming sights we ever saw or expect to see in this world. Such a scene cannot be described; it must, as we have said, be drunk in; it must be felt to be appreciated. It is a solemn scene, and no one can gaze upon it without an awful sense of the power and might of the Eternal.

We are sorry we cannot present engravings of every interesting object in the neighbourhood. They are not to be had in England, except at a cost far beyond the means of our JUVENILE. We can, therefore, only describe the objects with the pen.

The American fall is 164 feet in perpendicular height, and 600 feet wide, from the mainland to Luna Island. The smaller fall, between Luna and Goat Island, is 100 feet wide. The Horseshoe Fall is 2,000 feet wide and 158 feet high. The new suspension bridge, a tolerable engraving of which we now give, is a great

wonder in itself. Looked at from a distance, it appears as an ethereal being, suspended in air, and resting upon nothing. The towers to which the cables are braced are about 100 feet high. The space from centre to centre of the towers, across the river, is 1,268 feet 4 inches. It is 1,190 feet from one wall of the river to the other. The suspended roadway of two storeys—for the rail-cars at the top, and for vehicles and foot passengers below—is 1,240 feet in length. The distance between the anchorages is 1,828 feet, and from one anchor to the other 1,888 feet; this shows it to be the longest suspension bridge in the world. The elevation of the bridge from the level of the Niagara river is from 175 to 190 feet, according to the varying quantity of water sent down from the lakes; and the average depth of the river at this place is estimated to be 250 feet. The bridge is estimated at 250 tons weight, and will bear a weight of 3,000 tons. 3,000 people could be distributed over various parts of it without affecting its supporting capacity in the least; and we may have some idea of its amazing strength when we know that the enormous traffic of the New York Central Railway to the West, and of the Great Western of Canada, passes over this bridge. A greater wonder of engineering skill there is not in any part of the world. We must, however, lay down our pen for the present, and introduce our young readers to a touching story of "The Hermit of the Falls:"—

"About fifteen years since, in the glow of early summer, a young stranger, of pleasing countenance and person, made his appearance at Niagara. It was at first conjectured that he might be an artist, as a large portfolio, with books and musical instruments, were observed among his baggage. He was deeply impressed by the majesty and sublimity of the cataract and its surrounding scenery, and expressed an intention to remain a week, that he might examine it accurately; but the fascination which all minds of sensibility feel in the presence of that glorious work of the Creator grew strongly upon him, and he was heard to say that six weeks were inadequate to become acquainted with its outlines.

"At the end of that period he was still unable to tear himself away, and desired to 'build there a tabernacle,' that he might indulge both in his love of solitary musings and of Nature's sublimity. He applied for a spot upon the island of the 'Three Sisters,' where he might construct a cottage after his own model, which comprised, among other peculiarities, isolation by means of a drawbridge. Circumstances forbidding a compliance with his request, he took up his residence in an old house upon Iris Island, which he rendered as comfortable as the state of the case would admit. Here he continued about twenty months, until the intrusion of a family interrupted his reclusive habits. He then quietly withdrew, and reared for himself a less commodious shelter near

Prospect Point. His simple and favourite fare of bread and milk was readily purchased, and whenever he required other food he preferred to prepare it with his own hands.

"When bleak winter came, a cheerful fire of wood blazed upon his hearth; and by his evening lamp he beguiled the hours with the perusal of books in various languages, and with sweet music. It was almost surprising to hear, in such depth of solitude, the long-drawn thrilling tones of the viol, or the softer melodies of the flute, gushing forth from the low-browed hut; or the guitar breathing out so lightly, amid the rush and thunder of the never-slumbering torrent.

"Yet, though the world of letters was familiar to his mind, and the living world to his observation—for he had travelled widely, both in his native Europe and the East—he sought not association with mankind, to unfold or to increase his store of knowledge. Those who had heard him converse spoke with surprise and admiration of his colloquial powers. But he seldom, and sparingly, admitted this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed in his nature nothing of moroseness or misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindness to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely entered his dwelling, to receive from his hands crumbs or seeds.

"But the absorbing delight of his existence was communion with the mighty Niagara. Here, at every hour of the day and night, he might be seen, a fervent worshipper. At early dawn he went to visit it in its fleecy veil; at high noon he banqueted on the full splendour of its glory; at night, beneath the soft tinting of the lunar bow he lingered, looking for the angel's wing whose pencil had painted it; and at solemn midnight he knelt, soul-subdued, as at the footstool of Jehovah. Neither storms nor the piercing cold of winter prevented his visits to this great temple of his adoration.

"When the frozen mists gathered upon the lofty trees seemed to have transmuted them to columns of alabaster—when every branch and shrub and spray, glittering with transparent ice, waved in the sunbeams its coronet of diamonds, he gazed, unconscious of the keen atmosphere, charmed and chained by the rain-bow-tintured cataract. His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage hither. There was, at that time, an extension of the Terrapin Bridge, by a single shaft of timber, carried out ten feet over the unfathomable abyss, where it hung tremulously, guarded only by a rude parapet. To this point he often passed and re-passed, amid the darkness of night. He even took pleasure in grasping it with his hands, and thus suspended himself over the awful gulf—so much had his morbid enthusiasm learned to feel, and even to revel, amid the terribly sublime.

"Among his favourite daily gratifications was that of bathing. The few who interested themselves in his welfare supposed that

he pursued it to excess, and protracted it after the severity of the weather rendered it hazardous to health.

"He scooped out and arranged for himself a secluded and romantic bath, between Moss and Iris Islands. Afterwards, he formed the habit of bathing below the principal fall. One bright but rather chilly day, in the month of June, 1831, a man employed about the ferry saw him go into the water, and a long time after observed his clothes to be still lying upon the bank.

"Inquiry was made. The anxiety was but too well founded. The poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. It was supposed that cramp might have been induced by the unwonted chill of the atmosphere or water. Still, the body was not found, the depth and force of the current just below being exceedingly great.

"In the course of their search, they passed onward to the whirlpool. There, amid these boiling eddies, was the pallid corpse, making fearful and rapid gyrations upon the face of the black waters. At some point of suction it suddenly plunged and disappeared. Again emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and, with a face so deadly pale, play among the tossing billows, then float motionless, as if exhausted, and anon returning to the encounter, spring, struggle, and contend, like a maniac battling with mortal foes.

"It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find a grave, even, beneath the waters he had loved; that all the gentleness and charity of his nature should be changed by death to the fury of a madman; and that the king of terrors, who brings repose to the despot and the man of blood, should teach warfare to him who had ever shown the meekness of a lamb. For days and nights this terrible purgatory was prolonged. It was on the 21st of June that, after many efforts, they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage.

"There they found his faithful dog guarding the door. Heavily must the long period have worn away while he watched for his only friend, and wondered why he delayed his coming. He scrutinized the approaching group suspiciously, and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low stifled wail at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men.

"They laid him on his bed, the thick dripping masses of his beautiful hair clinging to and veiling the features so lately expressive and comely. On the pillow was his pet kitten; to her also the watch for her master had been long and wearisome. In his chair lay the guitar, whose melody was probably the last that his ear heard on earth; here were also his flute and violin, his portfolio and books, scattered and open, as if recently read. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had prepared against his return from that bath which proved so fatal. It was a touching sight—the dead surrounded by his humble re-

tainers, the poor animals, and the body ready to be laid in the grave by strange hands, and in a strange land. Thus passed away this singular and accomplished man, who, however, seems to have spent his latter years in a dreamy existence, unworthy of his talents, and to have perished by a criminal exposure to danger, which he might and ought to have avoided."

SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

No. 1.—THE FEAR OF THE LORD TAUGHT.

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—
Ps. xxxiv. 11.

WHEN children come to the house of God I am afraid they seldom pay much attention to the sermon. If I were to ask you why you did not, I dare say some of you would reply, "Why, sir, the sermon is not intended for us; the preacher does not preach to children, he preaches to grown-up men and women. It is, therefore, no use us listening, for we should not understand if we did." Well, to-day we *are* going to preach to children. This is a children's service; I have taken a children's text, and shall preach a children's sermon, and I will try to make it short, plain, and interesting. You have just heard the text, it does not say, Come, ye men and women, but, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach *you* the fear of the Lord."

Now, you see the text has two parts; it makes a request, and it gives a promise; and the fulfilment of the promise depends upon the granting of the request. The promise is given by me, and the request is made to you, and if you will try to hearken to me, I will try to teach you the fear of the Lord.

I. What is it, then, you children have to do? Do you know? Some of you say, "Yes, we have to hearken to you." Well, you all know what hearkening is. When you hearken to a person you generally look at him, fix your eyes upon him. If you were talking to a companion, and he turned his face away from you, you would think he did not intend to hearken to what you said. Well, I want you to look at me, not at the ceiling or walls of this chapel, not at each other, nor at your own dress or hands, but at *me* while I am preaching. And I want you to listen as well as look. For when you hearken you turn your ears as well as your eyes to the person, and you attend to his words, and you think about what he means, and you are not satisfied till you know his meaning. So you see you have four things to do while I am talking:—1. You have to look at me. 2. You have to listen to me. 3. You have to think about what I say. 4. You have to do your best to understand and remember what I say. While you are doing all these things, I have to do—what? Why, what the text says:—

II. Teach you to fear the Lord.

1. I will teach you who the Lord is that you have to fear. Some of you have read of Moses going to Pharaoh, King of Egypt, to ask him to let the children of Israel go and worship God. He heard all that Moses had to say, and then asked, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey him?" And little children sometimes ask this question, as well as Pharaoh, and you ought to be very thankful you can have the question answered. If you were living in Africa, or India, or China, there would be very few that could tell you about God. You know what the hymn says:—

"I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child.

"I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

"My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land
Where I may hear of Thee."

"The Lord, he is the God." He is the living God, and not a dumb and dead idol: the true God, and not like the lords and gods of many of the heathen, who are false gods. And he is the only God, for there is no God but one, and he is the God who made the heaven and the earth, and who still upholds all he made, with the word of his power. He is the God who made himself known to Abraham, and called him from his father's house to go to a strange land, which he would give him, and made his descendants his people, giving them, by Moses and Aaron, his laws and ordinances. He is also the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ: for Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and he came into the world to make us know his Father, and know him as our Father also. Hence he has taught us to think of God, and speak of God, and pray to God, as our Father in heaven.

2. I will teach you what the fear of the Lord is.

(a) To fear the Lord is to be afraid of him. "Well, but you don't want us to be afraid of God, do you?" Yes, I do. Moses wanted the children of Israel to be afraid of him, when he told them he was a great God, and terrible. And Jesus Christ, though he told us God was our Father, yet said to his disciples, "I will tell you of whom to be afraid: be not afraid of man, who can only kill the body, and after that has no further power; but be afraid of him who can not only kill the body, but can cast both body and soul into hell fire; I say unto you, Be afraid of him."

But it is in a particular sense I want you to be afraid of God. You know God says he hates sin, and is angry with those who knowingly sin against him. Now, it is not of God himself, but of his anger, that I want you to be afraid. You see policemen continually

walking our streets, and you know what they are walking about for. It is to find out persons that do wrong to others, and take them before the magistrate, that they may be punished. Now, when any one has done anything for which he can be punished, he is afraid of the policeman, and he won't come near him if he can help it, lest he should arrest him and carry him off to prison. But he who has done nothing wrong does not care for the policeman; instead of being afraid of him, he likes him, because he can apply to him for protection and help if he needed it. You may be very young, but I think you will know how to apply these thoughts about the policeman to God.

Or I may illustrate what I mean in another way. Look at that boy; he has done what his father told him not to do, and what a different father he seems to him now. He once liked to be with his father, and talk with him; now he is afraid to come near him, lest he should punish him as he knows he deserves. This is a proper feeling for him to have, but it would have been better if he had been so afraid of his father as thereby to have been kept from offending him. Now this is what the Scripture means when it says, "Blessed is the man who fears always."

(b) To fear God is to have such a regard for him, as from that regard to do what is right, knowing it is his will that we should do it.

Children who are very young know that there is a difference between motive and action, and that an action is to be regarded according to the motive which leads us to do it. John gives his brother Thomas his bag of marbles, or Sarah gives her sister Mary her beautifully-dressed doll. Generally boys are fond of marbles and girls of dolls, and therefore it seems very generous of John and Sarah to do what they have done, and perhaps they get commended for their kindness in practising so much self-denial for the gratification of a brother or sister. But if John parted with his marbles because he did not care to be troubled with them, and Sarah gave away her doll because she had got another toy, which made her not care to keep the doll, neither of them would deserve to be called generous and noble-minded.

Now I want the fear of God to be a motive with you—that is, a reason why you do this act or will not do that. When Joseph was a servant in the house of Potiphar, his mistress wanted him to do a very wicked thing, which he refused to do. But why did he refuse? He did not say, "Well, I cannot, for my master will find it out and I shall be punished, perhaps be put to death. I cannot run such a risk as that." No, but the fear of the Lord was before his eyes, and he said, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Thus it is that the fear of the Lord is to depart from evil; that is, if there is a proper regard for God, out of such regard, evil, or wrong-doing, will be departed from.

Joseph's history gives us another illustration of this. When his

brethren came to buy corn of him, they did not know that they were speaking to their brother Joseph, toward whom they had acted so cruelly; but he knew them, and acted strangely and roughly to them. He did not do this from a spirit of revenge; he brought them into trouble that he might bring them to be sorry for their past wrong conduct. But when he wished to lead them to believe in his right-doing, what did he say? He said, "I fear God." The Egyptians were idolators, they worshipped false gods, while the brethren of Joseph were worshippers of the true God, and so, to gain their confidence in his uprightness and truthfulness, he knew it was enough for him to tell them that he feared God. This shows that what we said before is correct—that to fear God is, out of regard to him, to do right, knowing that on evil, or wrong-doing, he ever looks with displeasure.

3. And now I will teach you why you should fear the Lord.

(a) You should fear him because of his authority. He is the Being who created the heavens and the earth, and all the things that are therein. He made us, and not we ourselves; we are the people of his hand, and the sheep of his pasture; and if God made us, and keeps us alive, has he not a right to rule over us, and tell us what is right and what is wrong, and say to us—you shall shun the wrong and do the right, and if you do I will reward and bless you, but if you do not, I will be angry with you, and punish you? "The son honoureth his father, and the servant feareth his master: if I be your Father, where is my honour; if I be your Master, where is my fear?" Now God is our Master, and our Magistrate, and our Sovereign, therefore we should fear him; and if we do not, we withhold from God what is his due.

(b) You should fear him because of his greatness. You are told this in the Bible. "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be feared, and his greatness is unsearchable." He is the Almighty God, and his power is something to be afraid of. You have a companion, and perhaps you offend him in some way, and he is angry with you; but he is no older, no bigger, no stronger than yourself, and so you are very unconcerned about it. "Let him be angry," you say, "I do not care for him." But suppose he is much older, and bigger, and stronger than yourself, and if he likes is able to punish you for offending him, would you not feel differently and talk differently about him than you did about your equal? You are afraid of him, and try to keep out of his way till you know how he means to act with you. So God should be feared for his power. Jesus Christ said so in words we have already quoted: "Fear not him who is able to kill the body only; but fear him who can cast both body and soul into hell." That is, let your fear for God be so much greater than your fear for man, because God has so much greater power than man, that your fear of man should always give way to your fear of God. If you must displease man or God, seeing God is able to punish you more severely than man,

always put God before man; fear him first, fear him last, fear him always.

(c) You should fear him because of his goodness. God is good as well as great—good in himself and good to us. He has a good feeling to us, and he acts it out. He does us good, and crowns us with his loving-kindness.

Perhaps some of you say, "Should we not rather love than fear God for his goodness?" I answer, you should do both; you should both love and fear God, joining reverence with your love, and affection with your fear, and thus both your love and fear will be perfected by their blended exercise.

"Happy beyond description he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears His threats with holy awe
And trembles at His word.

"Fear, sacred passion! ever dwells
With its fair partner—love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.

"Let terrors fright the unwilling slave,
The child of joy appears;
Cheerful he does his Father's will
And loves as much as fears.

"Let but Thy fear, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine,
Then shall I worship Thee aright,
And taste Thy joys divine."

J. HUDSTON.

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG.—No. II.

Now you all know what I am to write about this month; for I gave you notice in the last INSTRUCTOR. I am to write about "If."

I don't consider "if" a respectable word. It is a beggar. It always goes on crutches. It must lean on something all the time, or it falls over or vanishes from sight. It is like many a human being I have known, whom somebody has to carry all their lives, simply because they have no self-help in them. The truth is, about one-half the world are "ifs," and the other half have to make up for their deficiencies. I don't like a boy or a man who has no self-help in him. I had rather see a person go-ahead, hit or miss, even if he fail, than I would see a sleepy, good-for-nothing creature who will not try at anything, and who constantly needs propping up. These have learnt nothing all their lives but to say "if."

Do you see, or rather feel, how the idea signified by "if" chokes you, stifles you, frightens you, and knocks all the life out of you? "I would, *if* I could" is the saying always of the irresolute and timid. "If I go into the cellar, or even to my bedroom, in the darkness, I shall see a ghost." "I would learn these lessons, *if* they were not so hard." "I would keep good company, *if* it were not for Paul Plausible, who, somehow or other, always persuades me to do

wrong." "I would have said my prayers last night, *if* I had not been so sleepy; and I should have washed my face and combed my hair, *if* I had not laid in bed so long this morning." So, in all these things, you see what "if" does for you.

On the contrary, "and" is a generous word. It implies addition to, increase of. It is true it sometimes connects evil qualities, and thus intensifies them; but in its better connections it supposes augmentation of the qualities it unites. Here is a beautiful instance, from 2 Peter i. 5, &c.: "And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; *and* to virtue knowledge; *and* to knowledge temperance; *and* to temperance patience; *and* to patience godliness; *and* to godliness brotherly kindness; *and* to brotherly kindness charity." If we all increased in the graces of the Spirit after this fashion, what holiness and happiness would abound among us! If every child in our Sunday-schools went on in this manner in the paths of righteousness, what an army of workers there would soon be for Christ in the world! What able ministers and missionaries we should have ready for the call of the Church. What a host of Sunday-school teachers, by-and-by, would be furnished out of the ranks of our present scholars. What comfort and joy there would be to parents and friends all round the circle of our acquaintance; and how the blessing of God would attend us in all our ways!

The conclusion is—

1st. Beware of a hesitating disposition. In the form of caution, it may do you good to a certain extent; but, if carried too far, it will destroy energy, and prevent success. Try for something higher than to be Mr. "If."

2nd. Do not be satisfied just to go up to the rule and standard of duty; aim, at all times, to surpass it. Is a lesson to be learnt; learn it well and thoroughly. Aim to stand in a good position in your class in the school. Aim to please your parents, by saving them from all anxiety on your account. Let them never be concerned lest you should fail by indolence, carelessness, or the want of noble aims. Above all, apply our remarks to your religious character. Come out, at once, in early life, in the service of Christ, and then your life will be honourable, useful, and happy.

OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

DIALOGUE ON MISSIONS.

FOR JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

(David and Samuel.)

DAVID.—I am happy to meet you, my friend Samuel, at another Juvenile Missionary Meeting. These are always happy occasions to me.

SAMUEL.—Yes, David; you see the year as it rolls round brings

with it joys as well as sorrows. We must learn to look on the bright side of everything, for as one of the older poets says, "there's a silver lining to every cloud."

DAVID.—True, Samuel, but there's no cloud about a Juvenile Missionary Meeting. *It's all sunshine*; sunny faces, joyous songs, thrilling speeches, a capital chairman, and a splendid collection; what more can you want?

SAMUEL.—All very good, David, but there is one thing more needed, and that is the presence and blessing of the Lord Jesus Christ.

DAVID.—Thank you, friend Samuel, for this reminder; but don't you know that Jesus himself hath said, "Where two or three meet together in my name, there am I in the midst?" and are we not met in the name of Jesus to-day?

SAMUEL.—We are, David, and I am sure that we shall have a very happy and profitable meeting. Indeed, I hope it will be the best that we have ever held in this chapel.

DAVID.—So do I, Samuel; the *best* singing, the *best* recitations, the *best* speeches, and the *best* collection to crown all!

SAMUEL.—I see, David, that you attach a great deal of importance to a good collection. I suppose that you do not like persons to give only a penny or even a threepenny-bit when they are able to give more. Is that it?

DAVID.—Not exactly, Samuel. Every Christian ought to be large-hearted and liberal, but the reason I lay so much stress on a good collection is because we cannot carry on the good work in which we are engaged without increased contributions.

SAMUEL.—Indeed, I agree with you, my friend, for I have been reading our *Missionary Chronicles* (*exhibit copies*), and I have been equally surprised and delighted to see the work which is being done by our beloved missionaries in China, Australia, and Canada. May God bless them a thousandfold!

DAVID.—The *Missionary Chronicle*, Samuel! Why, I never heard of that periodical before. Can you tell me where I may get a copy?

SAMUEL.—With pleasure, David. Here are two copies of this very interesting record of our missionary operations. (*Samuel here hands to David the two "Missionary Chronicles," one at a time!*) When published, it is stitched into the Large Magazine, and also circulated separately by our indefatigable Missionary collectors.

DAVID.—All honour to our collectors, Samuel; but it just occurs to me that as you have read those *Chronicles*, it would greatly interest our friends who are assembled here to-day, if you would kindly relate to us a few of the incidents of missionary life with which doubtless they abound. It would deepen our sympathy with our missionaries, and—for I like to keep to my text—*increase the collection*.

SAMUEL.—If I can do anything to make this meeting interesting to all, I am sure, David, I am willing to do it. So just tell me where you wish me to begin?

DAVID.—Begin with CHINA, if you please, Samuel, for I have always felt a deep interest in our mission to that great heathen empire.

SAMUEL.—Very well, David. Our Mission in China has greatly prospered, notwithstanding some dark clouds which have threatened it, arising from the political agitations of the country, and the Chinese jealousy of foreign influence. A great rebellion has been going on for several years, and is not yet put down, and bands of robbers take advantage of the unsettled state of the country to infest the neighbourhood of the great rivers and canals. Life and property are therefore insecure.

DAVID.—But, my dear friend Samuel, you do not mean to say that any of our missionaries have been in danger, do you?

SAMUEL.—Yes, David, with a sad heart, I must tell you that the Rev. Mr. HODGE, one of our own beloved missionaries, was on one occasion travelling on the Grand Canal from Tien-tsin (*pronounced Teen-seen*), and he had for his companion the Rev. Mr. WILLIAMSON, of the London Missionary Society. In the middle of the night, when the boat was at anchor, it was attacked by a gang of fifteen or twenty desperadoes. Mr. Williamson was murdered, and Mr. Hodge cruelly beaten, and with great difficulty escaped with his life. After this dreadful work, the robbers plundered the boat of everything valuable.

DAVID.—Oh! Samuel, it was a miracle of mercy that our dear missionary, Mr. Hodge, escaped out of the hands of these ruffians.

SAMUEL.—It was, David, and the funeral of Mr. Williamson was a sad scene. He was much beloved by all who knew him. His wife had gone to Scotland on a visit to her native land, and he had arranged that on his return from his missionary tour, he would, until she came back, regularly breakfast and dine with our dear missionary, the Rev. Mr. Hall; but now they will not eat and drink together again until they feast in their home in heaven.

DAVID.—Ah! Samuel, that reminds me of a nice hymn we used to sing in the Sunday-school, about all meeting in heaven at last. It begins with "Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds," &c. Shall we sing it together, Samuel, and perhaps our fellow-scholars will kindly join us?—

(Tune, "Auld Lang Syne.")

"Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven,
The hope," &c. &c.

SAMUEL.—But, David, with what a sad heart would Mrs. Williamson in Scotland hear of her dear husband's death, but oh! with what joy will they meet in the better land!

DAVID.—Do you think, Samuel, that Mr. Williamson had any presentiment of his death?

SAMUEL.—I cannot tell, David, but it is a singularly interesting

fact that the Sunday before his death, he preached in our church at Tien-tsin, and read St. Paul's address to the elders at Ephesus, closing with those striking words, "Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, *that they should see his face no more.*" On the last day of his life, he called Mr. Hodge's special attention to those words, Acts xv. 26, "Men that have *hasarded their lives* for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ;" and just before going to sleep on the night of his murder, he and Mr. Hodge sang together, both in Chinese and English, that beautiful hymn that we all know:—

"My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,"

to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." (*Here sing a verse.*)

DAVID.—I feel anxious to know, Samuel, whether Mr. Hodge has recovered from this murderous attack.

SAMUEL.—I am glad to tell you, David, that though the shock to his system was very great, and though he has not yet fully recovered, yet he has been permitted by a kind Providence to return to his native land, to see his English friends again, and to recruit his impaired strength. He is full of gratitude to God for having shielded him in so great a peril.

DAVID.—Thank God, Samuel, that the life of so heroic a man has been spared. May God make him more useful than ever!

SAMUEL.—Many more interesting incidents I could give you, David, but "time fails me," as our esteemed ministers sometimes say. A heathen fortune-teller has been converted and joined our church in China. One of our Scripture readers in Laou-ling (pronounced, *Lah-oo-ling*) was mobbed at a great annual fair, and robbed of his books, but his life was spared.

DAVID.—What a mercy, Samuel!

SAMUEL.—I am also happy to inform you that two of the sons of our Chinese schoolmaster, CHU, are converted. One is studying to be a native pastor; the other is studying to be a medical missionary. One of the most pleasing features about our Chinese Mission is the number of *women* who are believing in Jesus and joining our church.

DAVID.—Well, Samuel, I am very much obliged to you for all this interesting information. I have heard that our beloved missionary, the Rev. John Innocent, who has been over in England some time for the benefit of his health, is about to return to China. Is that true?

SAMUEL.—It is, David, and I am sure that you will heartily join with me in the prayer that each of our beloved missionaries among that idolatrous people may be eminently useful in turning many thousands "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

DAVID.—But I think, Samuel, that the life of a missionary in China is one of peril, is it not?

SAMUEL.—Yes, David; you have read of the dreadful massacre at Tien-tsin; but now the storm is past, we must hope that the Gospel may spread more rapidly than ever, and that God will make even the wrath of men to praise him.

DAVID.—Amen and Amen. Now I see that our friends are getting impatient, for they long to give a practical expression to their sympathy in this good work; and I close as I began, with the hope that we may have a good collection; *the best that we ever had.*

J. C. WATTS.

THINGS I MEET WITH.—II.

CHILDREN, here is a tale of sorrow such as you have never heard until now—such as, it may be hoped, you will never hear again in your life-time, if only this unhappy war were ended. Many of you do not read the newspapers, and on that account we place these painful details before you, that, while you are happy in your peaceful English homes, with kind parents and loving relatives and friends around you, you may be thankful to your heavenly Father for your happy lot, as compared with those unhappy children and parents to whom this tale of sorrow refers. We take the details from the letter of a Paris correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, and as we read them we can but pray that God in his mercy may stop this sad havoc of human life and property. These sufferers are human beings, like ourselves—these dear children and their parents have as tender hearts as ours; and what they must feel of misery and distress it is scarcely possible for us to imagine. All the sufferings which we in England have ever been called to endure from bad trade or dearness of food, are as nothing compared with these horrors. The tale is told in burning words, which we could not match if we were to try, because we have not seen the spectacle; it has not been burnt into our soul, as it was and is burnt into the soul of this correspondent, who is on the spot; and, therefore, we give his words as we find them, without alteration—the saddest words we ever read in any history, or which ever proceeded from the pen of man.

OBSERVER.

“Some houses are comparatively well preserved—that is to say, they still have doors and windows, because the men reserve them for their own shelter. A few châteaux have been efficaciously protected by the presence of commanding officers, who have taken their quarters in them; but, as a rule, the châteaux have had as bad a time of it as the most miserable shanties. Here, close to Versailles, we have the superb chateau of La Celle St. Cloud, which belongs to Madame Pescatore; its farms, its cellar, its gardens, were all finished up long ago, but the house itself was almost intact, until a bomb from Mont Valérien fell upon it ten days back, driving through the library, and bursting in the drawing-room. Of course, the house will now be abandoned by the Prussian officers; and it will be strange indeed if the furniture, almost royal in its magnificence, is not rapidly converted into ashes. Beauregard, which used to belong to Mrs. Howard, and was sold two years ago for £120,000 by her son, the Comte de

Bechevet, to the Duchesse de Bauffremont, is still more completely ruined. All the countless châteaux and charming villas which were dotted on the hill-sides at Garches, Ville d'Avray, Bougival, and Louveciennes, at Bellevue and Meudon, and a hundred other places, have been utterly destroyed. Malmaison was set on fire three days ago, as if destiny were bent on effacing the first foot-marks of the Bonapartes. We have less detail of the destruction on the two other sides of Paris, but we know that its quantity and its nature are exactly similar to what we have before our eyes on this side.

"Now this completeness of demolition, the first of the two special features to which I have referred, is due to the long duration of the occupation on one spot, and the excessive coldness of the winter. It so happens that the most thorough destruction of modern times has taken place in the most glaringly exposed position in Europe, right under the eyes of every traveller to Paris; all the world will come to see it so soon as peace is made, and the spectacle is not likely to impress the traveller with favourable ideas of hostile occupation. The second special feature is the immense extent of ground over which the destruction reaches. If we take the circle round the forts at fifty miles, and the width of the band of contest at four miles, we have a surface of 200 square miles, inhabited by 220,000 people, which is now absolutely destroyed and uninhabitable. Such ravages, to so great an extent, have had no precedent in Europe since the Thirty Years' War. Then Germany was the field of suffering; to-day the suburbs of proud Paris are wasted by sword and shell, and those cheerful villages which used to shine so white in the summer sun, those villas where laughing children used to play, where Parisiennes came to avoid the July sun, those gardens where white dresses used to float along in the dim evening light—all those pleasant pictures are but memories now, and bitter memories.

"An attempt to count the money cost of all this destruction would be premature. We may guess at it, but we can only reach a mild approximation. The damage is not finished yet; there will be more before it is over, but we can allow for that. It may be roughly estimated that there are 30,000 houses in the zone of fighting outside Paris—not including, of course, the numerous properties which have been given up to wholesale destruction a little further off. The damage done to each of these houses may, on the average, be estimated at £500; it would cost £20,000 to put back some of them in their former state, while others could be repaired for £20; but allowing for the very large number of rich houses included in the list, and for the universal disappearance of every article of furniture, it is probable that £500 represents something like a reasonable average. On this showing, the destruction would have reached fifteen millions sterling. That sum, however, does not include the damage to the gardens, fields,

woods, and crops, or to farm buildings and manufactories. Allowing for all this, it is probable that the entire money value of the property destroyed round Paris can scarcely be less than twenty-five millions sterling. This is only conjecture—but it is conjecture based on evidence, and the estimate, arbitrary as it may seem, is perhaps not enormously wrong.

“Nor do the consequences of the siege end there—they are not purely material; the desolated circle of investment tells stories of other than mere money loss. Each demolished house has its own legend of sorrow, of pain, and horror; each vacant doorway speaks to the eye, and almost to the ear, of hasty flight, as armies or fire came; of weeping women and trembling children running away in awful fear, abandoning the home that saw their birth, the old house they loved; of startled men seizing quickly under each arm their most valued goods, and rushing, heavily laden, after their wives and babes, leaving to hostile hands the task of burning all the rest. When evening falls, the wretched outcasts, worn with fatigue and tears, reach Versailles, St. Germain, or some other place outside the range of fire, and there they beg for bread and shelter, homeless, foodless, broken with despair. And this, remember, has been the fate of something like 100,000 people during the last four months. Versailles alone has about 15,000 such fugitives to keep alive, all ruined, all hopeless, all vaguely asking the grim future what still worse fate it may have in store for them. Who can stand before one of these abandoned houses, so absolute in their emptiness that the very Prussians can find no more to burn, without dimly dreaming of the broken-hearted exiles who once lived and laughed within? There, beneath the trampled ashes of the last soldiers’ fire, sticks out the half-charred head of a child’s doll; dolls burn, so into the blaze it went, but the bit of it that remains stares at you with its dirtied eyes, and tells you of little fingers and baby-talk, and of a fond mother, and the pure joys of home. And there lies a torn, dirtied glove; it once was gay and fresh. It speaks to you of a woman’s hand—the hand, perhaps, that trained those rose branches which sway above the ground-floor windows there; the stem is burnt away, but the dead upper sprigs hang mournfully in the air against the broken house-wall. And where now are the child that owned the doll and the hand that wore the glove? If the child still lives, if the hand is not already cold with death—sorrow, disease, and cruel need have left a mark on both that nothing will efface. The child will play no more with dolls, it has grown too grave for that; the hand is hardened and wrinkled by unusual work, and already bears the marks which care stamps not in the face alone, but on hands as well—indeed, I would almost rather measure the degree of a woman’s sorrow on her fingers than on her brow.

“Think of all this; multiply it and extend it with all the power of your imagination; stretch your ideas of misery and destruction

to the limits of the possible; apply the result to two hundred square miles of country, and after all you will have a very insignificant notion of the crushing, hideous, wailing grief which fills the air around us. I have seen it very close, in some instances at least; I then learned, for the first time, what broken-hearted anguish really is. Paris may have hard days to traverse, but I much doubt whether it will attain, whatever happens, a mass of misery so enormous as that outside its walls. Are we looking on at the extinction of a generation? Shall we see a million of men, women, and children swept away in a few months by sorrow, famine, illness, and the sword? We feel almost tempted to answer 'Yes' to this frightful question. No one has counted, perhaps no one will ever be able to count exactly, the hideous contribution made by 1870 to the death-roll of the century; but we know too well that it must have reached a total beyond all previous mortality, for causes have been at work which neither spare nor pity. No pest, no cholera visitation, has in so short a time laid such masses in the earth as those which have fallen since July before the attendant circumstances of war. The killed in battle are but the smallest portion of the victims; their total, large as it may appear, can scarcely reach one-tenth of the frightful whole—besides, who can tell the real numbers who have fallen in the two armies in twenty battles, twenty sieges, and perhaps two thousand skirmishes and outpost combats? Both sides hide their losses; years hence perhaps we may know the truth—to-day we can only guess at it. Is it 100,000 men? And then about the wounded; what returns can we consult to learn the after-deaths following each engagement? Who can tell us how many have survived of the almost countless thousands whose writhing bodies have been carried to the ambulances, often after long exposure to rain or bitter frost without care or succour? Surely the number of these mangled sufferers, who have found refuge in death from their cruel anguish, must be at least as great as that of the slaughtered in actual fight! The sick come last, with their weary list of manifold diseases. What has been the work of dysentery, of fevers, chest complaints, and all the string of illnesses provoked by exposure, fatigue, and want of food? And yet we have not counted half, perhaps not even a third, of the destruction resulting from this campaign.

"That soldiers should die in combat, or through wounds or malady, is the first consequence of war; and in our times, which we proudly title 'civilized'—in this nineteenth century, which has seen such a rapid march of what we call 'progress'—we have learned to think that soldiers are, and should be, the only class sacrificed to war. Has that been so in the present case? Ask the desolated villages of Alsace; ask every hamlet through which troops have passed; ask the non-combatant inhabitants of towns which have been beleaguered and bombarded—Strasburg, Metz,

and a score of others; and now come here and put the same question to the fair fields round Paris, to the battered and fire-stained villas, to the empty roofless cottages, to the once thriving *bourgs* where men worked cheerily, and young girls sang, and children laughed: and then ask Paris, too, if she and all the rest have lost none but fighting soldiers. The answer will be the same from all, whether it come from the Eastern provinces, which have had time to think and rally since the storm-wave passed; from Sedan and its belt of blackened, blood-marked walls; from Orleans and its dozen battle-fields; from the gaping ruins all around us here, more saddening in their testimony, perhaps, because we knew and loved them before the ruin came; or, last of all, from Paris in her death-throe. From all alike the same cold answer comes, from the far-off orphan or the childless mother, swelling in its agony as it rises from great towns, reaching a giant shriek as it posts from dying Paris: 'Our old men, our women, and our children have died from famine, cold, and pestilence—died in countless thousands.' The world listens half in awe, and wonders when this holocaust will be at an end—when those processions of small white coffins through the streets of Paris will cease to pass—when husbands will cease to bury their wives—all for war."

Editor's Table.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Coseley, January 1, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I desire to ask your opinion upon the forty-third chapter of Genesis and the 21st verse. According to this verse the sons of Jacob tell Joseph's steward that, upon opening their sacks at the inn, every man's money was found therein; whereas it seems from the account in the forty-second chapter of Genesis and the 27th verse, that only one sack was opened at the inn, and the others on opening their sacks at home found their money in their own sacks.

I also ask your opinion on the 141st Psalm and the 5th verse:—"It shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head."

In what sense did the apostle mean to leave the first "principles of the doctrines of Christ," as is stated in the sixth chapter of Hebrews, the 1st verse?

By favouring me with an answer, through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, to the above questions, you will greatly oblige

H. ROLLASON.

There is no real discrepancy between the 27th verse of the forty-second chapter of Genesis and the 21st verse of the forty-third. In the former case the passage does not say that *only* one of Joseph's brethren opened his sack. It is very probable that

they all opened their sacks at the inn—indeed, the 21st verse of the forty-third chapter says they did—although the whole transaction is not related in the former chapter. The one passage does not contradict the other: the only difference is that the transaction is more minutely related in the one case than the other.

As to the 141st Psalm and 5th verse, it should be remembered that the Easterns have always been, and are to this day, very fond of cosmetics—that is, perfumery of all kinds—and perfumed ointments. The climate is very dry, and the hair without the occasional application of oil would become dry and hard; and on this account ointments are used extensively in such a climate. In Matt. xxvi. 7 we read that as Jesus sat in the house of Simon “there came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and *poured* it on his head, as he sat at meat.” This shows that, according to the custom of the country, there was no act of politeness or kindness more appreciated than pouring ointment on the head, or applying it to the person in some way. So the Psalmist, in the passage referred to, would regard the smiting of the righteous as an excellent oil—that is, it would be as acceptable to him as the fragrant ointment so highly valued and so generally used.

By leaving the “first principles of the doctrine of Christ,” we are not to understand *forgetting* them, but passing on to the various and practical uses of them in all the habits of a holy and useful life.

There is another passage our correspondent wants us to explain, but the explanation would not be suitable to the young.

Burslem.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to favour us through our JUVENILE with your opinion upon the following:—(1) Is it possible for any individual or individuals in the present life to hold conversation with the departed spirits? (I trow not.) (2) If so, is it right in the sight of God, and according to the teaching of God's own Word? I know a family, one is a spirit writer, another is a spirit speaker, and the other a spirit singer. If the above be correct, I must believe, with the Rev. Luke Tyerman, that when I get to heaven I see nothing to prevent me coming back to converse with those I left behind me.

An opinion upon the above will oblige,

Yours truly, WILLIAM LUNN.

Our opinion is that all this spiritualist nonsense is worthy only of its authors, some of whom are knaves, many of them fools, and for the few sincere ones there may be among them we can only say that they are led away by a delusion.—EDITOR.

Pendleton, January 16, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will not object to answer this question in your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Being a young Christian I wish to get

such information as will enable me to say whether it is so or not. Is it right to baptize children when they are babes, as in the Methodist New Connexion, when in the Bible we do not read of children being baptized, but we may read of persons being baptized after they are converted? H. S.

Now, "H. S." who are you? Any way, we don't think you wrote this question. There were two handwritings on the Post-office card on which it comes to us. Some of our Baptist brethren have done the little business for you and got you to be the catspaw. Well, no matter, you shall have our answer all the same. We believe the Methodist New Connexion is perfectly right in "baptizing babes," for—

1. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and any one who is good enough for the kingdom of heaven is good enough to be recognized as worthy of the fellowship of the Church on earth. Baptism is allowed, even by Baptists, to be only an initiatory ordinance, not a converting one; and it is just as proper for a Christian mother to say, "Here is my child. God has given him to me. I give him to God. Mark him with the 'outward and visible sign.' Let a spiritual relation commence between me and my child, and between you and my child, and may it last for ever." The Methodist New Connexion says—"Yes, we do apply the 'outward and visible sign;' we do, by this ordinance, ally ourselves in a spiritual relation to this child; and we pledge ourselves, by our participation in this ordinance, to do whatever lies in our power to seek this child's spiritual good. This child is our brother—brother of our humanity—and we do not wish to wait twenty years, till this child becomes a man, before we declare our spiritual relation to it." "Can any man forbid water" in this case? Could you, "H. S.?"

2. Can "H. S." find us any passage of Scripture that forbids us doing this?

3. Is "H. S." sure that when Lydia was baptized and "her household" there were no children there? Is he sure that in the various "households" which Paul "salutes" there were no children there, who had been introduced into the spiritual relation which his salutation recognizes?

4. Does "H. S." require a specific scriptural command for everything he does?

5. The scriptural authority to do things is not the mere words of a command, but the necessary inference from a principle. Thus, nearly every command in Scripture is addressed to man, but nobody in his senses doubts that they apply as well to women and children. So we are commanded "to go into all the world and teach [disciple] all nations, baptizing them in [into] the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The teaching and the baptizing go together, as something the Church has to do for *all nations*, and we are not warranted to restrict the baptisms to

any special age, or to one sex or nation, any more than we are the teaching.

We have received a nice little tract from Miss Munroe, of Hull, entitled "A Band of Hope Triumph; or, Jesus loves Me." Our young friends will be pleased in reading it. It is published at 1d. by W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency.

OLDBURY.—The following list should have been inserted in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR with the Report of the Oldbury Juvenile Missionary Meeting published three or four months ago, but was not at the time in the hands of the writer. Collected by cards: Harriott Jukes, 5s.; Ann Fisher, 5s.; William Fisher, 5s.; James Holloway, 5s. 6d.; Richard James, 5s.; Mercy Ann Harper, 5s.; Kate Bagnall, 5s.; Abraham Millward, 5s.; John Ray, 5s.; Sarah Ann Millward, 5s.; Mary Ann Ray, 5s.; Sarah Ann Danks, 10s.; Samuel Davies, 9s. (the case of S. Davies is special: the money was not collected in the usual way. He saved his pence until he had 9s., and then gave it to the Mission cause); Sarah Ann Holloway, 16s. 4d.; Elizabeth Brooks, 4s. 2d.; Mary Holloway, 4s. 4d.; Mary Parkes, 2s. 3d.; Joseph Matthews, 2s. 2d.; William Satchell, 2s.; Mary Holland, 2s.; small sums, 2s. 3d. By cards, £5 10s.; Collection, £5 10s. Total, £11.

DWESBURY ROAD, LEEDS SECOND CIRCUIT.—My dear Sir,—On Sunday afternoon, December 18, 1870, we held our First Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the chapel. The galleries were filled with children, and the body with adults. The meeting, having been opened by the writer, was conducted by scholars. James Chadwick moved, and John Nuttal seconded, that George Heron should take the chair. The chairman gave his opening address with effect. The following boys then addressed the meeting:—T. Pullan, J. W. Gibson, G. Blaydes, J. Lenord, J. Pullan, B. Padgett, E. W. Kirk, J. Blaydes, J. Carrick, T. Hollings, C. Colbeck, and A. Swailes. All the speakers did their work well, and we could not but pray that the Spirit of the Lord God might rest upon them, and that some of them at least might publish salvation in foreign countries. During the meeting a dialogue was effectively rendered by Miss Prince, Miss Gosling, Miss Hewitson, Alfred Swailes, and William Prince. The meeting was in every way a success. We realized by cards, books, and collection, £5 0s. 0½d. We hope that the friends this time next year will be able to report the second meeting, and that the moneys will be considerably more.

Jan. 6, 1871.

Yours very truly, J. P. GOODWIN.

ATTERCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD NORTH CIRCUIT.—My dear Sir,—Our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held on Sunday afternoon, January 15, 1871. The Rev. J. Young presided. The Secretary, Mr. Mark Turner, read a very interesting and satisfactory report, and an

address was delivered by Mr. John Cocking, and pieces recited and hymns sung by the scholars. The children have of late been busying themselves in the neighbourhood with the missionary cards, and certainly with pleasing result. The following is an account of what they have done. Collected by girls: Ada L. Cooper, £1; Louisa Elvidge, 18s.; Violet Broomhead, 4s. 9d.; Emma Turner, 4s.; Elizabeth Titterton, 4s.; Rebecca Hazzehurst, 3s. 8d.; Agnes Guest, 3s.; Agnes Elvidge, 2s. 8d.; Annie Metham, 2s. 3d.; Mary Austin, 2s.; Florence Glave, 2s.; collected by the boys: Tom Wilby, £1 5s.; Chas. Beardshall, 11s. 7d.: small sums by girls and boys, 7s. 8d.; public collection, £1 2s.: making a total of £6 12s. 7d., being an increase on last year of £2 8s. 7d. I think, sir, that you will agree that the children deserve commendation for their industry and success.

J. Y.

Our Children's Portion.

THE FISHERMAN'S SON.

A GENTLEMAN, walking on the beach, came across a little boy sitting on the road all by himself, looking out upon the great ocean.

"You like the sea, my boy; do you not?"

"Yes, sir; and I hope to follow it when I get bigger."

"It is a hard life, besides being dangerous," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, but Jesus Christ went to sea, and he knows the dangers; and sometimes he preached out of a ship. I am sure he loves sailors," said the boy.

"But that will not hinder you from meeting with storms, and perhaps getting shipwrecked."

"Jesus Christ rules the winds and the waves. He stopped a storm once."

"He does not now," said the gentleman.

"No, sir; but he will help us to trust in him; and, if we hold on to him, nothing can much harm us," said the boy.

"You might be drowned."

"Yes, sir." The boy stopped. "But, you know, my soul would then fly up to God; and it is all fair weather up there."

"Why, my little man, you are quite a preacher," said the gentleman.

"Father and I often talk these things over," said the little boy; "and when he is gone out fishing, and leaves me at home all alone, they are company for me."

"The sweet, quiet, happy face of the little fellow pleased me," said the gentleman; "and I felt that he had the best of company."

ATTENTION.

My dear young Friends,—I hope you will always pay attention and listen to your kind superintendents and teachers. Listen and pay attention when your superintendent is giving you an address, and telling you about the love of Jesus; or your teacher, while in the class, is telling you the old, old story. Always pay attention and listen.

While addressing the children the other Sunday morning in my ragged school, I found, when I began to question them on various subjects, some were able to answer me very nicely indeed. In the course of my address I asked, "Why were the five wise virgins ready?" One boy promptly replied, "Because they had the grace of God in their hearts." Now, I found this was owing to profound attention. I hope you will at all times remember what your kind teachers tell you. Do not give them any unnecessary trouble, for they love you most dearly, they wish you all to walk in the narrow way—the way that leads to heaven. I love the work of teaching poor little children of the great love of a Saviour who died for our sins on the cross. I shall write some little papers, I trust—God willing—to help you on the thorny road of life. **THOMAS HEATH, JUN.,**

*Ragged School Superintendent,
Plymouth.*

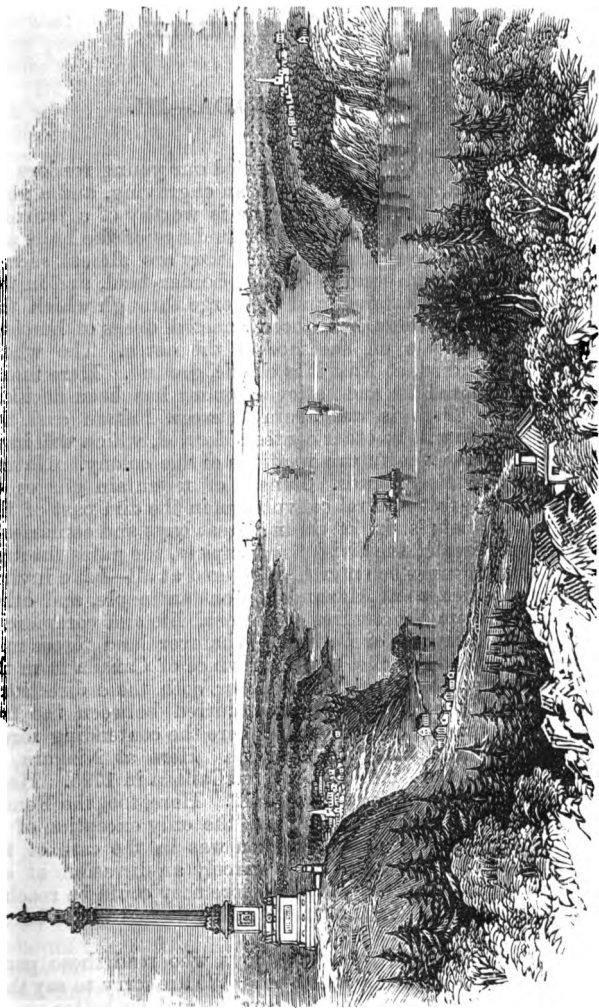
ALLIGATORS.

THE female alligator will not allow the male to approach her nest. He has a gluttonous habit of eating up all the eggs, thus necessitating her laying more, which she does not like to do. So, whenever she catches him in that neighbourhood she thrashes him on general principles—he either has done mischief or intends it—at any rate, he is meddling in domestic matters, and deserves snubbing. I am told that it is really amusing to see the big bully stick his tail between his legs and sneak off—the very image of a henpecked husband—after one of these conjugal scoldings. He is not by

any means a model husband; and though he takes his thrashing kindly, he revenges himself by watching until the eggs are really hatched, and then eats up as many of the causes of the family dispute as he can catch. Young alligators don't like to know their own fathers.

I heard of but few instances of these creatures attacking grown men. They are fond of children, and show their attachment to the offspring of other people as they do to their own. In one instance, where a man on horseback was crossing a ford, he was seized by the leg, but when his dog plunged in, the alligator left his leg, to take the more delicate morsel. In another instance, an alligator struck at a mule pulling a cart, bit out two spokes from one of the wheels, leaving a tooth sticking in one as a memento of the visit. He hurried off with great speed—on the look out, I suppose, for a dentist.

Alligators like dogs, pigs, and young darkies. The dog is a special favourite. The whine of an alligator is easily mistaken for that of a puppy, and may mislead a young and inexperienced dog. A wise Florida dog will not go boldly down to the water to drink; he learns by experience, after having been bitten once or twice. If the shore is open, he will draw all the alligators to one place by barking; and then scamper off to some other place where the coast is clear; or he will creep down to a moist spot, tail down, body crouched, eyes skinned, and ears up, putting his paws before him slowly, to feel the water, lapping it without noise, and then sneaking away again.



MOUTH OF THE NIAGARA RIVER, WITH BROCK'S MONUMENT.
Specially Engraved for this Magazine.

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—III.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the last month's JUVENILE we conducted our young readers to the Falls of Niagara, of which we gave an engraving, and a pen-and-ink description. The glorious scene is worthy of a journey across the Atlantic to see. But the surroundings of the Falls are deeply interesting to every traveller, and they are almost sacred scenes to every Canadian, because on that border-land, and in the presence of the sublime cataract and the gorge through which the mighty waters sweep, there have been enacted deeds of heroism surpassed by no people on the face of the earth. The whole neighbourhood is sacred, at least it is classic ground. Here many a struggle for national life and national honour has been decided, and here, if ever there is war again between Britain and the United States, there will be other contests decided, which will have a vital bearing upon the future relations of the colony. Nature marks out her battle-grounds. Ranges of mountain gorges or passes, created by great natural convulsions in the dim past of the history of our planet; strips of ocean; great bays and estuaries—have naturally indicated the divisions of empires, the gates through which they may or must be entered, if entered at all—have invited the founders of cities, as at Alexandria, Constantinople, and other places, to make them the centres of national life and commercial activity. So at Niagara, or Detroit. Whatever land forces may march to the invasion of the Upper province of Canada from the States, must approach the colony in one or both these directions. The only severe contests that have occurred between the two peoples have occurred here, or at least here the contending forces have established their base of operations. Here at Niagara, or the neighbourhood, the Americans entered Canada in 1795. Here, again, they set up their standards in 1812. Here, too, the Fenian horde assailed the country in 1866, and the only exception of an invasion by land in any other direction was in the case of the Fenian invasion of 1870, which was scarcely an invasion at all, for the vagabonds turned tail almost before they could be reached by Canadian muskets, and at no time did they do more than barely cross the line.

It is probable that many of the boys who read these pages will have to shoulder the rifle and fight. We are sorry to say this, because peace is lovely, and most desirable, and far better agrees with the spirit of our holy religion than fighting. But the spirit of war is abroad, and the spirit of war is a demon which, when

once let loose, cannot be easily restrained. There is an infection in war. The very sight of it, and near neighbourhood to it, excite the passions of men, and no nation in Europe knows what is in store for it as the result of recent warlike proceedings.

But war is not an unmixed evil. All nations have had to fight at some period or other for their rights or their existence, and when it has come to pass that any nation has become too timid or too effeminate to fight for its rights or existence, it has been extinguished or become of no account in the world. Hence, England, which has often had to fight, may have to do so again, and the boys of this generation may see war with their own eyes, and be called to take part in it.

Canada has had to fight already several times, and here we are near to two of her most famous battle-fields.

The engraving we give this month is that of Brock's monument, and the neighbourhood in which it is situated. This has been repeatedly a battle-field. This is not the place to go into the particulars or causes of the war of 1812 between England and America. We only need to state that such a war commenced, as most of our young readers know. At that time the population of the States was as twenty-seven to one of that of Canada. The Upper province of Canada contained only 80,000 souls, and Lower Canada did not exceed 220,000. The whole of the British forces in Canada amounted to barely 4,000 men, and there were about 1,300 fencibles and 500 artillery in addition; so that the force for the protection of a frontier more than twice the length of England amounted to only 5,800 men. But there were brave hearts in those days, as there are still in Canada, and the result was that no permanent conquests were made by the Americans in the country; on the contrary, many disastrous defeats were inflicted upon them. One of the bravest of the brave was General Brock, a man whose memory is revered in the country to this day. The monument erected to his honour testifies this, and every year the old men who were his companions in arms visit the place on the 12th of August, to do honour to their heroic leader, who fell on the spot on which his monument stands.

But there is a spot more interesting still than that on which Brock's monument stands, and that is the battle-field of Lundy's Lane. It stands on a rising-ground near the village of Drummondville and about one mile and a-half from the Falls. There is upon it an observatory constructed of timber, about fifty feet high, and round this observatory is an enclosed space, comprising, we should think, two or three acres of land, where the dead are buried who fell in that memorable action. They lie one beside another, and their graves were plainly visible when we visited the place in 1855.

On the 25th July, 1814, General Drummond, the English commander, took possession of the little eminence we have described,

at Lundy's Lane, on the summit of which, just where the observatory stands, he placed five field-guns in battery, with two brass 24-pounders a little in advance. His line of battle was formed with rapidity and skill. He posted in rear of the battery the 89th regiment, a detachment of the Royal Scots, and the light companies of the 41st. This was the centre and key of his position. To the right of this there were the Glengarry Light Infantry, to the left, a body of incorporated militia and a detachment of the 3rd Buffs. On the road, in rear of the left, were stationed a squadron of the 19th Light Dragoons. The entire force thus formed in battle array, amounted to 1,600 men. Scott's (the American commander's) brigade, advancing against this British force, consisted of 2,000 men, exclusive of cavalry and artillery. The second brigade, under Ripley, was nearly of equal strength to that of Scott, and the American militia, under General Porter, and his cavalry, made up the American force to 5,000 strong.

When Drummond arrived on the ground, the enemy was already within 600 yards of the advantageous position of which he took possession. He had barely time to complete his formation, before the whole front was warmly engaged. But the decision and skill of the British general had already half won the battle. The battery, so judiciously placed, was admirably served, and swept the field with terrible rapidity, while the sharp, rolling volleys of the infantry held Scott's superior numbers effectually in check. The battle raged for three-quarters of an hour on something like equal terms in point of strength; then Ripley's brigade came on the ground, with another battery of artillery, and Drummond's little army had now to contend against three times its number. The American forces swept round the British left, forced it back at an angle with the centre, gained temporary possession of the road, and, with their cavalry following behind, they took several prisoners, and General Rial, who had been severely wounded, and was passing to the rear, among the rest. But the Canadian militia men gave way no further than the brow of the road, and there, although pressed by immensely superior numbers, they gallantly held their ground, and effectually covered the rear of the centre and right.

Meanwhile the battle raged furiously at the centre of the British line, on which the Americans made fierce and repeated attacks, but were repulsed again and again with steady valour, to be afterwards smitten down with terrible carnage by the fire of the artillery as they fell back to re-form. Night came on, but the combat raged with the same desperate obstinacy. The assailants, maddened by their losses, pressed forward repeatedly to capture the British guns, and even bayoneted the gunners in the act of loading, but were as often repulsed. They next pushed their own guns within a few yards of Drummond's battery, and thus maintained for a short time a duel of artillery. At one time they forced the

89th back and captured several of the British cannon, but a vigorous bayonet-charge recovered them again, and took a gun in addition from the enemy, together with several tumbrils.

It was now nine o'clock at night, and there was a brief lull in the battle, while Scott's brigade which had suffered severely was being withdrawn and placed in reserve, and Ripley's fresh troops which had scarcely as yet been engaged were pushed to the front, being greater in number than the whole of the British troops, who had come into action in the afternoon, had fought till dark, and of course were weakened by the loss of the killed and wounded in the battle. There seemed at this time no hope that the British could keep their ground, indeed there was every probability that they would be entirely destroyed or taken prisoners; but, fortunately, the remainder of Rial's division—which had been on retreat to Fort George, and whose retreat Drummond had countermanded in order that they might come and help him at Lundy's Lane—came up with two guns and about 400 militia, who had joined them on the way; and thus the hard-pressed British were reinforced by about 1,200 fresh troops. The moon now rose dimly over the field of battle, and flung its uncertain light from behind a mass of thin feathery cloud on the hostile ranks, enabling the eye to scan the slope of the British position, strewn thickly with the dying and the dead—the plaintive groans of the wounded mingling strangely with the dull sound of the Falls so near at hand.

The contest, even at this late hour, was again resumed. Long thin lines of fire marked the discharges of the hostile infantry, while here and there the artillery shot out a red volume of flame, causing the air to reverberate with the awful sound of these death-dealing instruments of war. Till midnight did this fierce contest continue, when the American general, finding all his efforts to force the British position fruitless, withdrew his forces from the field, and left Drummond in possession of the hotly-contested ground.

Such was the battle of Lundy's Lane, the most fiercely-contested and bloody of all the battles fought in Canada during the war. The Americans had largely the advantage in point of numbers, the British the best position; but still it is difficult to imagine how, for so long a time, 1,600 men could have resisted an army of 5,000, if that army had been skilfully commanded. The field was entirely open. There was no forest standing there at the time; there were no buildings behind which any of the troops could take shelter—even the humble fence which now encloses the quiet resting-place of the slain was not there. The only fence there, was that of the Lane, on which the British rested—the right-hand of their position—and this was only a rail or snake-fence, which a few balls from cannon would, and probably did, remove. There was nothing to prevent the American cavalry from swinging round the English position, and "doubling-up" the whole 1,600

men in their grasp—nothing but one thing, and that one thing was steady British bayonets and hearts, resisting every attack, and keeping their ground to the very last. The truth is, the Americans lost the day (or, to give them the highest credit they could claim, they did not gain the day), simply because they were unskilfully led. They fought the battle by detachments, to retire upon their supports when beaten and exhausted, and to be succeeded in the battle by other detachments, to be hurled back again and with the same results. The loss of the Americans was 930 killed and wounded, and 300 prisoners. The loss of the British, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was 870 men. The American generals, Brown and Scott, were severely wounded, and so was General Drummond on the British side, but he kept his place with his men until the Americans retired from the field.

I know not how it is with others, but the sight of this battle-field of Lundy's Lane, as of all other battle-fields on which I have stood, had a peculiar enchantment to me. The contest lives again before me; the shouts of the attacking hosts seem real again in my presence. The struggles of some stalwart soldier with his antagonist, in their death grapple, seem not a thing of memory or history, but of actual reality. The booming of the artillery seems not to have died away, and the last and greatest sacrifice which man can make—the sacrifice of life or limb for his country or his cause—seems to sanctify the very spot, and to awe the spirit in admiration of the noble men and deeds which that spot has witnessed. Whatever we may think of war—of its enormous guilt if it be causeless, and of its fearful havoc and cruelty whether causeless or not—it is certain that it has often brought out the most heroic qualities which human nature possesses, and the example of that heroism is not without its uses, even in the peaceful pursuits of life. Unfortunately, we cannot always live in peace. We cannot always "buy and sell, and get gain." Even religion is not allowed to prosecute her heavenly mission among men without disturbance and opposition; and this state of things seems to be ordained, or at least permitted, to awaken us from our slumbers, to keep us on the alert, to quicken our souls in the exercise of strong affections, and to teach us that there are some things worth defending—worth dying for—that so we and our posterity may value and enjoy them the more. The youth of nations has always passed in a baptism of fire, and the nation becomes stronger and more self-existent, more cohesive in all its elements, which has paid for its privileges in great sacrifices, in the blood of its sons, and the heroic struggles of its founders.

Passing from the Falls, and their magnificent surroundings, the road to Hamilton for forty miles skirts the shore of Lake Ontario, and passes through the finest part of Upper Canada. We leave the magnificent locks of the Welland Canal—a canal constructed to enable vessels to descend from Lake Erie to the level

of Lake Ontario, without jumping the Falls. We pass through the beautiful town of St. Catherine's, rapidly increasing in wealth and population, with its mineral springs, inviting annually large numbers of Southern Americans to come and recruit their wasted strength at its fountains. Whether we travel on the old coach road, or take the Great Western Railway—which runs parallel with the old road to Hamilton—we have on our left hand a rather lofty range of hills, which screen the plateau between them and Lake Ontario from the northern blasts; and hence in this region we have the best facilities which Canada affords for growing fruit. The hills on the north keep off the northern cold, the lake on the south (as all large bodies of water do) tempers the climate, so that spring frosts, the greatest enemies to horticulture in Canada, are less severe and less known than in other parts of the country. Here the grape, the peach, and other delicious fruits are grown to perfection. Already large quantities of wine are manufactured in the neighbourhood, and the business is extending every year. Apples—which, however, can be grown in any part of Canada—are produced in the highest state of excellence, whether as to size or flavour, in this favoured district. The produce of the grapery and the orchard far exceed, in many instances, the value of the whole produce of the farm; and nothing can be more beneficent than this gift of Nature to the people. Everywhere in the season there is abundance of the most delicious fruits in the world, offered to the people of Canada at reasonable prices. Peaches cost, in plentiful seasons, from 3s. to 4s. a bushel; in scarcer seasons, 6s. or 7s. Apples, 2s. a bushel; and in scarcer seasons, 3s. and 4s. The skilful art of preserving fruit, which every Canadian housewife fully understands, keeps the blessing in store for the people all through the winter, and in fact up to the time the next fruit is ready to be plucked from the trees; and this blessing of abundant, cheap, and delicious fruit is a moral as well as a physical blessing. There is no need and no temptation to drink intoxicating beverages where such excellent fruit can be had. Thirst is satisfied, the taste is pleased, and health promoted by the extensive use of this most wholesome product of Nature; and Nature from the Falls to Hamilton has been most lavish of her gifts in this direction.

As might be expected, in this the oldest and very prolific part of Canada, the farms are all thoroughly cleared, and the houses and farm-buildings present evidence of the possession of greater means than the newer settlements can boast. Nice villages are seen at a distance of every five or six miles on the road, and as we approach Hamilton to within a distance of six miles, we come to one at which we must pause. It is called Stoney Creek—from a creek which in spring-time dashes down the side of the mountain and becomes a mountain-torrent, rushing over a bed of boulders and limestone-rock to the lake below. In summer this creek is entirely

dry, and the extremely rough bed is anything but attractive to the eye.

At the junction of this creek and the road, General Dearborn, with the American army, encamped on the night of the 5th of June, 1813. General Vincent, the English commander in this district, was in full retreat from Toronto—which city the Americans had captured—to join the other British forces on the Niagara frontier. When he arrived near Hamilton, his scouts informed him that Dearborn was encamped at Stoney Creek. To return to Toronto was impossible; to go forward to the Niagara frontier was equally so, unless he could plough his way through Dearborn's camp. In the critical situation in which he was placed, Vincent scarcely knew what to do. He, however, dispatched Lieutenant-colonel Harvey to reconnoitre the enemy's position. The histories of the battle say that this officer soon ascertained that the American pickets were few and negligent. The fact was so, but it was ascertained (as we have been informed, on good authority) by one of the militia, who volunteered to harness his team and go into the enemy's camp with a load of potatoes. This offer was accepted, and the man, putting on his farmer's dress, and driving his team on the road, as if even unaware that the American army was there, went right into the midst of them. His potatoes were eagerly bought by the soldiers, and in delivering them he saw the whole situation of the army. He soon returned to his station and informed his commanding officer of the state of affairs. It was instantly resolved that a night attack should be made; and when the Americans had cooked and eaten their potatoes, the 700 men of Vincent's force attacked the 5,000 Americans, and as they were unarmed, and multitudes of them asleep, and unable to estimate the strength of their antagonists in the darkness, a panic seized the whole host, and they were easily routed. To this day, among the stones of "Stoney Creek," bullets and other mementoes of this battle are occasionally found by curious searchers. This was the beginning of the end of this war. The Americans were driven further towards their own lines, and very soon they re-crossed them, to return no more.

SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

No. 2.—IDOLATRY; OR, THE WORSHIP OF FALSE GODS.

"As there be gods many, and lords many."—1 Cor. viii. 5.

In my last sermon I tried to teach you the fear of the Lord; but I dare say some of you will remember reading in the Bible of those who feared the Lord and served their own gods. It is about these gods, other than the one true God, which some people have, that I am going to preach to-day. The Hindoos, for instance, are

said to have three millions of gods, so that truly they have gods many, and lords many. But then they are so only in name, for, as the apostle says, in connection with our text, "Though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth, yet we know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is no other god but one."

I am going to talk to you about *idolatry*, that is, the worship of false gods, because I think many of you are hearty in the missionary cause, and I want you to keep so; for the Christian missionary goes to these idolaters, in China, and India, and Africa, to turn them from their idols, to serve the living and true God.

Have you never thought it strange that people anywhere should believe in more gods than one? How ignorant and foolish they must be! You wonder at them; and, perhaps, you wonder again whether, after all, the missionary will be able to teach them better. It may be you are ready to think that they are too ignorant and too foolish ever to be taught different to what they now believe. I can suppose you have these thoughts and feelings, because they have come into my own mind, and I believe they come into everybody's mind more or less. Well, I propose to give you a little information on this subject, and show you how men may become idolaters, and that they may be recovered from their idolatry by preachers and missionaries.

We are taught in the Creed to say, "I believe in God," and these words may seem very easy to say, and yet they are not so easily said. But for the Bible, and missionaries who came into this part of the world hundreds of years ago, we should not be able to say them. Our forefathers once worshipped many gods, and not the one only God. You ask me how I know this. Well, I do know it, and I think I can make you know it too.

Which way? From books? Yes; I could make you know it from books, but I can make you know it from something more certain than books. Listen to me, and see if it is not so. The names of the old English gods you all know. "Please, minister, you are wrong there," some of you are thinking, and if you were to speak out your thoughts you would say, "I do not know the names of the old English gods, I never heard them." But you are mistaken, my children; these names are in your mouths every day. The days of the week are named after them. Yes, the old English kept their time by weeks, as the old Jews did, and they named their days after their gods.

Why, then, did they worship these gods? Well, man is so formed that he must worship something. It is true he has fallen from his first state. He is not the holy, good being he was when God first made him. Still, though sinful, he has a feeling in his heart that he ought to look to some one greater than himself, and obey and please some one greater than himself; and so our forefathers had a feeling that some one greater than themselves was

watching over them, doing them good, and, perhaps, too, doing them harm and punishing them.*

You can suppose these simple men looked up to the heavens above, and round on the earth beneath, and asked, "Who is it that is calling for us? Who is it we ought to obey and please? Who gives us good things? Who may hurt us if we make him angry?"

Then the first thing they saw was the *sun*. What more beautiful than the sun? What more beneficent? From the sun comes light and heat, the growth of all living things, and the growth of life itself. The sun, they thought, must surely be a god; so they worshipped the sun, and called the first day of the week after him

—*Sunday*.

Next, the *moon*. Nothing except the sun seemed so grand and beautiful to them as the moon, and she was their next god, and *Monday*, which is moon-day with all the letters in it, was named after her.

Next, the *sky*. Idolatry, or heathenism, has never been satisfied with itself. You see this in the Greeks, of whom you read in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. St Paul came to Athens, in Greece, and found the city wholly given to idolatry, worshipping all manner of false gods, and images of them. And yet they were not content with their false gods. They felt there must be a greater, better, more mighty, more faithful god than all, and they thought "We will worship him, too, for we are sure what he is, though we know nothing about him." So they set up, beside all the altars and temples of the false gods, an altar "to the Unknown God." And St. Paul passed by and saw it, and his heart was stirred within him with pity and compassion, and he rose up and preached them a sermon—the first and the best missionary sermon that was ever preached on earth, the model of all missionary sermons—and said, "That God whom you ignorantly worship, him will I declare unto you."

Now, it was with our forefathers as it was with those Greeks. At times idolatry seemed wrong and absurd to them, and they, like all heathens, had dreams of one god. They thought to themselves, "All heaven and earth must have had a beginning, and they cannot have grown out of nothing, for out of nothing nothing comes. They must have been made in some way. Perhaps they were made by some *One*."

But men, they thought, persons, living souls, are not merely made, they have a father whose sons they are. "Perhaps," they thought, "there is somewhere a great father, a father of all persons, from whom all souls come, who was before all things and all persons, however great, however ancient they may be." And so, like the Greeks and Romans, and many other heathen nations,

* In the preparation of this sermon, free use is made of a sermon by Professor Kingsley.

they had dim thoughts of an All-Father, as they called him, father of gods and men, the father of spirits.

And as they looked round upon the earth, those simple forefathers of ours said within themselves, "Where is the All-Father, if All-Father there be? Not in this earth, for it will perish; not in the sun, moon, or stars, for they will perish too." Then they lifted up their eyes and saw, as they thought, beyond sun, and moon, and stars, and all which changes and will change, the clear blue sky—the boundless firmament of heaven. That never changed, that was always the same. The clouds and storms rolled far below it, and all the bustle of this noisy world; but there the sky was still, as calm and bright as ever. The All-Father must be there, unchangeable in the unchanging heavens, bright, and pure, and boundless like the heavens, and, like the heavens, too, silent and far off. So they named him after the heaven, *Tuesco*—the god who lives in the clear heaven—and after him *Tuesday* is called, the day of *Tuesco*, the heavenly father. He was the father of gods and men; and man was the son of *Tuesco* and *Hertha*—heaven and earth.

And then they made a god of the *wind*. It seemed a mysterious, awful, and miraculous thing to them, always moving, yet no one knew how, with immense power and force, and yet not to be seen. Then they fancied the wind was a sort of pattern or type of the spirit of man. With them, as with the old Greeks and Jews, the same word which meant wind meant also a man's soul—his spirit—and so they grew to think that the wind was inhabited by some great spirit, who gave men spirit, and inspired them to be brave, and to prophesy, and say and do noble things, and called him *Wodin*, the mover, the inspirer, and named *Wednesday* after him.

Next the *thunder*. What more awful and terrible (and yet so full of good) than the summer heat and the thunder-cloud? So they fancied that the thunder was a god, and called him *Thor*; and *Thursday* was named after him.

Then the *spring*. That was a wonder to them, again—and is it not a wonder to see all things grow fresh and fair, after the dreary winter cold? So the spring was a goddess, and they called her *Freya*, the free one, the cheerful one, and named *Friday* after her. And she it was, they thought, who gave them the pleasant spring-time, and youth, and love, and cheerfulness, and rejoiced to see the flowers blossom, and the birds build their nests, and all young creatures enjoy the life given them in the pleasant days of spring.

Then the *harvest*. The ripening of the grain, that, too, was a wonder to them, how the corn and wheat, which is put in the ground and dies, should rise again, and then ripen into golden corn. That, too, must be the work of some kindly spirit, who loved man; and they called him *Seator*, the setter, the planter, the god of the seed-field and the harvest, and after him *Saturday* is named.

And so, instead of worshipping him who made all heaven and earth, they turned to worship heaven and the earth itself, like the foolish Canaanites. But some may say, "This was all very mistaken and foolish; but what harm was there in it? how did it make them worse men?" Well, in this way. Among the woodlands of our country, some thirteen hundred years ago, you might have come upon one of the places where your forefathers worshipped Thor and Odin—the thunder and the wind—beneath the shade of ancient oaks, in the darkest heart of the forest; and there you would have seen an ugly sight enough. There was an altar there, with an everlasting fire burning on it. But why should that altar and all the ground around be crusted and black with blood? Why should that dark place be like a charnel-house or a butcher's shambles? Why from all the trees around should there be hanging the rotting carcasses, not of goats and horses merely, but of *men*, sacrificed to Thor and Odin—the thunder and the wind? Why that butchery? why those works of darkness in the dark places of the world? Because that was the way of pleasing Thor and Odin. To that our forefathers came, to that all heathens have come, sooner or later. They fancy gods in their own likeness, and then they make out those gods no better than, and at last as bad as, themselves.

The old English and Danes were fond of Thor and Odin; they fancied them brave gods, very like themselves. But they themselves were not always what they ought to be; they had fierce passions, were proud, revengeful, bloodthirsty, and they thought Thor and Odin must be so too. And when they looked round them that seemed too true. The thunder-storm did not merely melt the snow, cool the air, bring refreshing rain; it sometimes blasted trees, houses, men. That they thought was Thor's anger.

So of the wind. Sometimes it blew down trees and buildings, sank ships in the sea. That was Odin's anger. Sometimes, too, they were not brave enough, or they were defeated in battle. That was because Thor and Odin were angry with them, and would not give them courage. How were they to appease Thor and Odin, and put them into good humour again? By giving them their revenge, by letting them taste blood; by offering them sheep, goats, horses in sacrifice, and, if that would not do, by offering them something more precious still—living men. And so, too often, when the weather was unfavourable, and crops were blasted by tempest, or they were defeated in battle by their enemies, Thor and Odin's altars were turned into slaughter-houses for wretched human beings—captives taken in war, and sometimes, if need was great, their own children. That was what came of worshipping the heavens above and the earth around, instead of the true God—human sacrifice, butchery, and murder.

But heathenism is now abolished in England. We have learnt to throw away the false gods of our forefathers, who quarrelled

among themselves, and quarrelled with mankind—gods who were proud, revengeful, changeable, spiteful; who had variableness in them, and turned round as their passions led them. We have learnt to believe in the one true God, the Father of lights, in whom is neither variableness nor shadow of turning. We have learnt that from one God comes every good and perfect gift; that God fills the sun with light; that God guides the changes of the moon; that God, and not Wodin, inspires us with the spirit which bloweth where it listeth, and raises us up above ourselves to speak noble words and do noble deeds; that God, and not Friga, sends spring-time and cheerfulness, and youth and love, and all that makes earth pleasant; that God, and not Seator, sends the yearly wonder of the harvest crops, sends rain and fruitful seasons, filling the earth with food and gladness.

We have learnt all this; how—from whom? The Bible and
missionaries. J. HUDSTON.

PEEPS AT OLD ENGLAND.

ROADS AND TRAVELLING.

By "Old England," I mean England as it was, long, long ago. There are some things about it which I am sure you would like to know, and I shall try to tell them as simply as I can. If I can give you pleasure by so doing, I shall be well repaid for any trouble I have taken. Some of you who live in the country are in the habit of walking a mile to school and a mile back, and this without any danger; but you must not think that our roads were as safe in old times. If we look at those made by the Romans—the oldest we have—we shall find that where they pass through woods they were sometimes raised ten feet above the ground. Why was this done? To protect the traveller from the attacks of robbers and wild beasts. But this evil lasted long after the times of the Romans. In those of the Anglo-Saxons, St. Albans must have been one of the chief towns in England, and Watling Street one of the chief roads; yet, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, the Prior of St. Albans cut down the thick groves and woods that lined Watling Street, and which had become the haunts of wolves, wild boars, stags, and wild bulls, as well as of thieves. Even as late as Edward I.'s reign, a law was passed for clearing the ground on all sides of the main roads for the width of 400 feet, in order that the traveller might not be surprised by robbers lying in wait for him.

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." This truth the Romans knew and practised in their building and roadmaking; but those who came after them did not take the trouble to keep the roads left by them in good repair, or to make good roads of their own. A few facts will show you how bad our roads were in past ages. In Edward I.'s time, it took nine and a half days to carry £4,000 in barrels from York to Skamskynell in Scotland, where he then was. His son, Edward II., found that it took twelve days to bring 2,050 marks from London to York. His men left London with eight horses, and had twelve archers to guard them, and in two days got to Hun-

tingdon. At Huntingdon they put on sixty more men for five miles, and at Stamford 180 men for twelve miles, in each case because of the robbers. You must remember that the road ran between two of the largest towns in the kingdom, and that the king wanted the money brought as soon as possible. There could not be very much trade or travelling when the roads were so bad.

Where they could not be sent by sea, goods were carried chiefly on packhorses, which went very slowly. As to carriages, they would have been but little use on such roads as our fathers had in the Middle Ages, and even packhorses could not carry things which were at all brittle or delicate, they would have been broken on the road.

Matters had mended a good deal by Charles II.'s time. On the best roads, goods were generally carried in stage-wagons; and travellers who were too poor to go by coach or on horseback lay down on the straw of these wagons. Still, the cost of carrying goods in this way was very great—from London to Birmingham, the charge was £7 a ton, and from London to Exeter £12 a ton. "This," said Lord Macaulay, in 1848, "this is more than fifteen times what is now asked by the railway companies." The rich generally travelled in their own carriages, with at least four horses, and this not for show, but because they were forced to do so. Even six horses could not always prevent a coach or carriage from sticking fast in the mud. One who wrote against stage-coaches in 1673 asks what is the good of travelling by them, "to be laid fast in foul ways, and forced to wade up to the knees in mire; afterwards to sit in the cold till teams of horses can be sent to pull the coach out? Is it for their health to travel in rotten coaches, and to have their tackle, or perch, or axle broken, and then to wait three or four hours—sometimes half the day—and afterwards to travel all night to make good their stage?"

In Charles II.'s reign, the usual day's journey of a "flying coach" was about fifty miles in summer and little more than thirty in winter. In the year 1700 it took the stage-coaches a week to get from London to York, and two days to get from London to Tunbridge Wells, now reached in an hour. If a Londoner wished to get to Exeter or Edinburgh, it would cost him a journey of five days in the first case and of a fortnight in the second. Even the chief roads were so bad that every coach carried with it a box of carpenters' tools, for use in case of accident. The cross roads must have been much worse. A foreigner, who wrote in 1703, tells us that the roads in Sussex were the worst he ever saw in his life, and that the coach of his master, the King of Spain, would have suffered very much "if the nimble boors of Sussex had not often poised it, or supported it with their shoulders from Godalming almost to Petworth." The nearer they drew to Petworth the worse the roads became, and it took them six hours to get over the last nine miles.

S.

WORK.

ALL must work; nothing in God's world was made to be idle. Every bird and every insect, every drop of dew, every tiny snow-flake has its own appointed work; and just so it is with you

children. None of you are too rich or too poor, too old or too young to have your own particular work—work which no one else can do for you, and which must remain undone unless done by you. It may be only the learning of a lesson, the sewing of a seam, the minding of a baby brother or sister, or some little household duty, but, whatever it is that you ought to do, remember it is the work God has given you to do, and see that you do it.

Work willingly. The industrious ant runs busily to and fro, gathering her winter stores from the fertile fields of harvest; the bee flits from flower to flower, culling forth the sweet drops of honey; the feathered warbler sends forth songs of praise sweet in the ear of its Creator. These all work willingly, and so should you. Be the work unpleasant, grumbling will not mend it; be it ever so difficult, fretting will make it no easier. Go to it with a light step and cheerful heart, remembering that God loves a cheerful worker; and you will find work's difficulties lessened and its pleasures increased by the magic of a willing heart.

Work well. Whatever your work is, do it well; and it is not *well* unless it is your *best*. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Be in earnest about it. If it be your lesson, master it thoroughly before you leave it; be sure that you not only know the words, but understand their meaning. If it be your needlework, put the stitches close and even, neat and firm. If it be the constantly-recurring housework, let it still be done with your might.

Work, then, because your Heavenly Father has given you your life that you may fill your own place and do your own work. Work willingly, because you are working for Him who has done so much for you, and because your willing service is of more value in his sight than offerings of gold and silver. Work *well*, because he has commanded you to "be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect," and because "the night cometh, when no man can work."
M. H. H.

MR. EDITOR, Dear Sir,—I beg the liberty of asking you to insert my letter in our valuable School Magazine, the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

To the Subscribers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I affectionately solicit your co-operation in a subscription of a penny each, or whatever sum you please, to make our late and much esteemed Editor, the Rev. Dr. Cooke, a presentation from the schools of the Connexion, for his most arduous labours and disinterested kindness in furnishing us with such excellent comments and explanations upon a host of passages in the Holy Scriptures, and for giving us such extensive information on a variety of subjects the most important. It is surely a tribute of justice we owe him; and I trust, therefore, the suggestion will meet with the approbation and assistance of all interested.

We feel we cannot say "good-bye" to our dear and true friend,

but we may say "good night;" for as night comes on before morning, and as the closing year precedes the new, so we hope, after a long and useful career, we may yet be favoured—at least now and then—with a production from his able pen.—Your affectionate fellow Sunday-school teacher,

MARY ELIZABETH PARDOE.

*Halesowen, Stourbridge Circuit, near Birmingham,
31st Dec., 1870.*

P.S.—Any suggestion on the above subject will be thankfully received by our minister, the Rev. A. C. Bevington, Superintendent Minister of Stourbridge Circuit, or the writer.

Editor's Table.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

WE have received a number of letters from our young friends this month, to which we shall reply; but in doing so we wish to state that in future all letters of this kind must have the name of the writer attached, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall publish any name they may choose, or any initials by which they may wish to be known; but the real name we must have, or no notice can be taken of their communications.

"S. E." writes:—"Please give us your opinion on the following names, namely, Eli, mentioned in 1 Sam. i. 3; and of Heli, mentioned in Luke iii. 23. Do they both mean one person; and if not, who was Eli's father?"

ANSWER.—They do not mean one person, although they are spelled alike; except that Heli has the rough aspirate of the Greek, which has the force of H, and in the other this aspirate is not used—in other words, one is the Greek Eli, the other the Hebrew. The Heli mentioned in Luke iii. 23 was the grandfather of Jesus. As to who was the father of Eli mentioned in Samuel we do not know, for we are nowhere told. He was a descendant of Ithamar, the youngest of the two surviving sons of Aaron the first high priest of the Jewish nation; but his descent is not otherwise explained.

Sunderland, February 4, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly express your opinion in the March number of the INSTRUCTOR on the following text?—"Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour" (Matt. xxvii. 45). What meant this three hours' gloom? Am I right in presuming that when on the cross, our Saviour's appearance would be so distorted, and present such a horrifying aspect, that the darkness was caused to hide from the spectator's gaze the face of our Lord?—Awaiting your opinion, I am, faithfully yours,

A LOVER OF THE "JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

ANSWER.—The fact of this darkness is asserted ; but whether it was caused for the purpose our correspondent intimates, is open to question. We have always considered that the darkness was God's way of marking the awful solemnity of the tragedy then and there enacted, that so Nature, as well as God and man, might show a mournful sympathy with the suffering Saviour.

January 23, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—We find in 'Mark xiii. 32 :—" But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." We are at a loss to understand, knowing that the Son is equal with the Father, how this should be kept from him. An answer to this through the medium of the JUVENILE, will oblige, yours respectfully,

A READER OF THE " JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

ANSWER.—Jesus said the words our correspondent quotes, and therefore they must be true. It is true that the Son is equal to the Father in nature and essence ; but officially, as the Saviour of the world, he occupied a mediatorial position, and in this sense it might not be permitted to him to know that day and hour.

Coseley, February, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I earnestly thank you for the answers to my former questions in the INSTRUCTOR for this month, and shall be indebted to you for the answers to the subjoined questions. First, I ask your opinion on John vi. 27. What is meant by Christ being sealed ? And also "the goat had a notable horn" (Dan. viii. 5). Do the three words that David uses in his fifty-first Psalm, 1st and 2nd verses, "transgressions," "iniquity," and "sin," have the same meaning as one another ? Also the thirteenth verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm, "Though you have lien among the pots." By answering the above questions, through the INSTRUCTOR, you will gain the esteem and respect of

H. ROLLASON.

ANSWER.—"For him hath God the Father sealed ;" that is, set apart, designated to the high office of becoming the Bread of life to the world, which he gave us in his atonement, his truth, and his ordinances.

Transgressions, iniquities, and sins have not all the same force, although they all imply the meaning of sin. They are often used interchangeably—at least, transgression and sin are. Iniquity signifies, as we now use the word, the most flagrant kind of sins. In their literal meaning, *transgress* is to go over the line—that is, the line of duty ; iniquity is inequality—doing things unjust is doing iniquity. "Sin is the transgression of the law."

As to the horn of the goat, the goat was the emblem of the Macedonian people, and this horn of the goat was Alexander, who overthrew the Medo-Persian kingdom. This, at least, is the general interpretation ; but for our part, when our young friends get among the goats, and the horns, and the seventh vial, and the last plagues, they go where we follow them with diffidence, because

we know how hard it is to explain some of the deep things of prophetic vision.

"Lien among the pots," in the verse referred to, is supposed to indicate the position of the tribes of Reuben and Gad, who remained at home while the other tribes had to go and fight against Jabin. A very strange interpretation, in our opinion; for how could the Psalmist promise to these cowards that they should be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold? The key of the passage seems easy enough, and is found in the previous verse: "She that tarried at home divided the spoil." She that tarried among the pots in her own domestic life, quietly doing her duty while her husband and sons might be fighting, should have her reward. She should "divide the spoil; and be as a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Silverdale, February 10th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Are we to understand from the following verse that Jesus was "immersed;" if so, why do we sprinkle? St. Matthew iii. 16:—"And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water; and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him." An answer through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige yours, &c.,

E. J. C.

February 12th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Some of your readers are desirous of knowing your opinion as to the Scriptural mode of baptism. Should it be by sprinkling, pouring, immersion, or regeneration? A READER.

ANSWER.—We do not know whether Jesus was immersed or not, we were not there to see. The passage referred to does not say he was immersed—it says he was baptized; but baptism has never been proved to be immersion, and never can be. But it may be replied, Does not the passage say he went up straightway out of the water? and does not this prove or imply that he was immersed? This is not the place to enter largely into the controversy on Baptism. Those who want to study it must read the works (and they are legion) which have been published on the subject. But as to the words, "out of the water," the original Greek particle, (*apo*) here rendered "out of," is often rendered "from;" as, for instance, "Who hath warned you to flee (*apo*) from the wrath to come?" In Luke ix. 33 it is said, "And it came to pass, as they departed (*apo*) from him." In this instance how absurd it would be to render "*apo*" by "out of him"! And again, Luke xxiv. 51, "And it came to pass while he blessed them (*διέσθη ἀπ' αὐτῶν*), he was parted from them." Here, again, we could not with any propriety translate "*apo*" by "out of." We could quote numbers of similar instances.

What has been now said will prepare for an answer to the second letter. We print it as it is written, the last word of which is "regeneration;" but we suppose "regeneration" is what our

correspondent means. Our own opinion is that sprinkling is a valid baptism, and so would be pouring, or immersion. We do not believe the mode of applying the water is of any consequence, further than convenience or decency may make it so. Water in some mode must be applied to the person. It is but a symbol any way, and a few drops are as good as an ocean.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION (HULL CIRCUIT). GRAND BAND OF HOPE AND TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION.—On Wednesday evening, January 18th, the friends connected with the three Bands of Hope in this circuit took tea in the Sailors' Institute, when upwards of 300 persons were present. After tea a public meeting was held, when the large hall was literally crowded. Mr. F. Oliver, a teetotal veteran of more than thirty-three years, occupied the chair, and congratulated the meeting upon the progress of temperance principles in the circuit, and stated that a majority of the local preachers, leaders, and teachers, and a goodly number of the members were ardent teetotalers. Admirable addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Guttridge and W. Thomas. The Rev. F. Jewell, of Sheffield, the devoted secretary of the Connexional Band of Hope Union, delivered a thrilling address, which was warmly applauded. Several subscriptions were received during the evening for the above Band of Hope Union. Melodies and other pieces were effectively sung by the choir. The meeting was a great success, and one of the most enthusiastic ever held in Hull.

M. WALLER, *Secretary.*

DEWSBURY ROAD SUNDAY-SCHOOL (LEEDS SECOND CIRCUIT).—"Honour to whom honour is due." The spirit of this statement was exemplified last Sunday afternoon in our Sabbath-school at Dewsbury Road. Mr. Thomas Halliday has endeared himself to the teachers and scholars of the school by his kindness, urbanity, and self-denying labours for the welfare of the institution. He is, indeed, "in labours abundant." The select class of boys determined to manifest their attachment to him, and they did so in a very commendable manner. They purchased a handsome reference Bible, and, through the junior superintendent, Mr. E. Richardson, presented it to him at the close of the school exercises. The present was quite unexpected by the worthy recipient, and in a few kindly remarks he acknowledged the gift. This is certainly an example worthy of imitation. May the Angel of the Covenant bless the lads!

J. P. GOODWIN.

February 1st, 1871.

BETHEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, HUNSLET (LEEDS SECOND CIRCUIT).—On Sunday, January 29th, 1871, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the schoolroom. Our much-respected friend, B. Mellor, Esq., presided. Our esteemed minister, the Rev.

S. Smith, Mr. T. Halliday, Mr. George Hill, and our respected superintendent, Mr. William Sheard, addressed the meeting. Pieces and dialogues were said, and suitable hymns sung, by the teachers and scholars; we had the room very full, and altogether we had a most pleasing meeting. The collection, together with cards, &c., amounted to £5 3s. 8d., being an increase from the preceding year of almost £2. We sincerely hope that next year we shall have a still greater increase to report, and we earnestly pray that Jehovah would bless and crown our efforts with abundant success, and that out of our school some missionaries may be sent to carry the glad and glorious tidings of the Gospel to the poor heathen, who have so great need of our united and untiring efforts.

C. E. HILL, *Secretary*.

February 9th, 1871.

UNION STREET, OLDHAM.—The Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held in Union Street Chapel, Oldham, on Sunday, February 12th. The weather was very unfavourable, yet the attendance was most encouraging. After devotional exercises by the circuit ministers, Mr. R. Fleming was called to the chair. Mr. James Evans gave a brief report of the operations of the year; and addresses appropriate to the occasion were delivered by Messrs. John Rosthern, Thomas F. Meldrum, T. Leicester, C. C. Spencer, and Evan Evans. Some of the scholars also recited suitable pieces. The choir rendered very efficient service, and added considerably to the interest of the meeting. The proceeds of the collection, added to the amount secured by cards and boxes, in connection with which our young friends laboured indefatigably, reached the handsome amount of nearly £20. We are much pleased that our young friends should labour so earnestly and successfully in this cause. I am delighted to add that during the last five or six weeks a blessed work of grace has been going on in our Sunday-school, in connection with which between forty and fifty of our elder scholars have given themselves to the Lord. I am sure that this information will afford you and the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR much pleasure.

SAMUEL MELDRUM.

Oldham, Feb. 20th, 1871.

Biography.

SARAH ANN RIPPON.

SARAH ANN RIPPON, the subject of this brief memoir, was born at St. Peter's Quay, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, June 9th, 1849. At a very early age she attended a Sabbath-school, where her first religious impressions were received. Being naturally of a serious turn of mind, though far from being gloomy, she was

always as cheerful as prudent to be. Possessing an amiable disposition, she soon gained the affection of superintendent, teachers, and scholars; and her regular attendance and the steady way in which she conducted herself testified that she loved the Sabbath-school because of the great good she received there. There was also a corresponding

interest in the services of the public sanctuary, in which she took a prominent part as a singer in the choir. Though suffering from an affection which so soon terminated her earthly career, the strength of her voice and the sweetness of its tone, with a heart tuned by grace, rendered her a valuable helper in the service of song.

At what particular time the subject of this memoir experienced a saving change of heart the writer does not presume positively to say; but he is disposed to think that the instructions received at the Sabbath-school and from other sources had been sanctified by the Divine Spirit, and that even while yet a child she knew the Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation, and was numbered among the lambs in the flock of the great and good Shepherd. It was, however, when confined to her home, and undergoing great pain of body, and having been surgically operated upon, as a means to her recovery, that she gave unambiguous and pleasing evidence of a sincere love to her God and Saviour; and it was obvious to her superintendent at Salem Sunday-school, Hood Street, who visited her from time to time, that her sore affliction was eminently blessed of the Spirit of God, as the means of developing and strengthening those holy principles that had been implanted in her heart, of weaning her young affections from the vain world she was soon to leave, and ripening her for the holy and blessed state to which she has now gone. As a scholar in the Sunday-school, from the junior class to her entering the class for young women, she ever mani-

festated a spirit of piety, and made herself many friends by her affectionate, amiable disposition. Contentment and resignation to the will of God formed a striking feature in her character. Though conscious of the disease which was undermining her health, she looked upon it as sent to her by God, and as sent for wise and gracious ends, and, with uncomplaining acquiescence to his will, she patiently suffered under her affliction. Her beloved superintendent, who was leader of the singing choir, of which she was so worthy a member, and who was intimately acquainted with her and with her parents, says that "previously to her last illness she frequently visited our house, and would always have us to sing some of the favourite school and chapel hymns, and, though weak in body from successive attacks of her disease, she would sing with a power which was surprising, and evidenced to all the fact that these exercises were not merely the melody of the lip, but that of the heart. But these visits were soon to cease; the voice we were wont to hear was soon to be hushed, and in a few weeks she was removed to that sphere where they sing with a sweeter strain than earth ever knew or can conceive." A short time before her death she was repeatedly heard to exclaim, "I know that Jesus loves me, and that I love him." On the morning of April 8th, at the age of twenty, came the closing scene. After a slight struggle with the last enemy, she gently fell asleep in Jesus, breathing out her spirit into his compassionate bosom, and thus exchanging her bed of suffering for that rest which re-

maineth for the people of God ;
and putting off the poor frail
tabernacle to be clothed upon
with her house which is from
heaven.

"With patience to the last she did
submit,
And murmured not at what the Lord
thought fit,
But with a Christian's courage did
resign
Her soul to God at the appointed
time."

Her mortal remains were fol-
lowed to the grave by many of
her dear companions, to pay the
last tribute of respect to her
memory by singing one of her
favourite hymns and tunes, viz. :—

"Hear what the voice from heaven
proclaims
For all the precious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their dying bed :
They die in Jesus and are blessed,
How calm their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from woes re-
leased,
And free from every snare."

W. WALKER.

ANNIE MARIA CAPPER, SHEFFIELD.

OUR dear young sister quietly
fell asleep in Jesus about half-
past ten o'clock on Wednesday
night, the 9th of November, 1870,
aged fourteen years. She was
admitted a scholar in our Sabbath-
school, Franklin Street, Sheffield
South Circuit, in the month of
September, 1867. She was much
attached to her teachers and
fellow-scholars, who during her
afflictions often visited her, when
she sometimes expressed a wish
to be restored to health, that she
might again join us in the exer-
cises of the school—the place she
prized most highly, and in which
she ever evinced a strong desire
to learn the great truths of the
Gospel. But our heavenly Father,
who is all-wise, tender, and com-
passionate, saw it best to remove

her from this sinful and suffer-
ing world to that bright and
glorious world above, of which she
had a sweet foretaste previous to
her death ; indeed, during the
whole time of her afflictions, she
had the sweetest consolation,
from the consciousness that she
was soon going to be with Jesus,
in whom she trusted her all.

Her sufferings at times were
very intense, having a complica-
tion of complaints which caused
her much pain of body. Yet she
waited with great patience the
summons of her Lord. She fre-
quently requested her younger
sister to sing her favourite hymn,
in which she tried to join—

"I long to go to heaven,
My Saviour's dwelling-place,
And live for ever near to God,
And see Him face to face."

We believe her first religious
impressions were made about
two years ago at a prayer-meeting
after the Sunday evening service,
when herself and others of the
scholars manifested deep concern
about their never-dying souls.
We have every reason to conclude
that was the starting-point in her
life, of loving and serving the
Saviour. The writer of this had
several interviews with her. At
one time this question was put :
"Annie, are you afraid to die?"
adding it was sin which caused
the fear. She replied, with firm-
ness and confidence, "No, I am
not at all afraid to die ; I feel
I am quite ready to go and be
with Jesus." One proof of the
genuineness of her conversion was
the deep concern she felt about
her parents. Just before she died,
her request was to ask them if
they would meet her in heaven.
We rejoice, inasmuch as she is
one among the firstfruits of our
labours in Franklin Street Sun-
day-school. G. HOLMES.

Our Children's Portion.

"IT WAS SO DREADFUL!"

"It was the dreadfallest thing I ever did see!" exclaimed Charley Ware to his sister May, as they entered the house together. He had met her near the door on coming home from school.

"What was dreadful, Charley?" asked Mrs. Ware, looking up from her work.

"Oh, mamma!" and the little fellow ran to his mother, his face quivering with excitement—"oh, mamma, it was so dreadful!"

"What, my son?"

"Why, to see Mr. Lawson going on just as if he was crazy; and poor little Aggy so frightened, and crying so hard, and looking so pale. Oh, dear! They said he was drunk. Isn't it awful, mamma?"

"Indeed it is, Charley, awful enough! But where did you see all this?" asked Mrs. Ware.

"Over by Mrs. Lawson's. Aggy and I were coming home from school, and just as we got near the house her father came staggering out into the road. His face was red, and he was talking to himself, and throwing his arms out as if he was trying to hit somebody. Aggy said, 'Oh, dear!' and stopped right still. When Mr. Lawson saw her he tried to catch hold of her, but she wouldn't let him. And then he called her a dreadful bad name, and swore awfully. Oh, dear! it made me shake all over. And the boys came along from school, and laughed at him and pushed him about, and Jim Mc'arty knocked his hat off. I was so sorry for Aggy. Oh, how

she did cry! What makes him drink, mamma, when it makes him drunk?"

"Shall I tell you all about it, my son?"

"Yee, mamma, do. I should like to know."

"Well, dear, there was once a time when Mr. Lawson was a sober man, and kind and good to his family; and if anybody had told him he was in danger of becoming a drunkard, he would have got very angry. But he drank a glass of ale, or wine, or a little whiskey, now and then. He said it did him good. But that was a mistake. Well, after a while he began to use beer or whiskey every day, for whoever drinks these liquors soon begins to love them, and the oftener he uses them the stronger grows this love of drink, until at last his appetite becomes a burning desire that it is almost impossible to resist. This is the way men get to be drunkards."

Charley listened with wide-open eyes. "I'll tell you what, mamma," was his soberly-spoken reply, "you'll never catch me being a drunkard if that's the way. Nobody'll ever see me take a drop of beer or wine again. 'Tisn't good, anyhow, and makes your face burn so, and you feel kind of bad all over."

"Why, Charley, how do you know all this? When did you have beer or wine?" exclaimed Mrs. Ware.

"Oh, I get some 'most every two or three days. Tom Wilkes brings a bottle of beer with his lunch, and gives me a taste

sometimes; and when I go to Mrs. Claver's, she's sure to treat me to some of her cake and beer, or currant wine. She says it will give me new blood."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Ware, with unconcealed alarm and anxiety, "don't ever again taste these dangerous things."

"You needn't be afraid, mamma. I didn't just know how it was," answered Charley; "but now I know, and I wouldn't drink any beer or wine again for all the world. They're not so nice anyhow."

"Stick to that, my son," answered his mother, kissing him tenderly, "and you will be in no danger, when you grow to be a man, of becoming like poor Mr. Lawson."

LITTLE JOHNNY'S FRIGHT.

In a little town among the green hills of Vermont lived Johnny, a good boy, eleven years old. His father and brother did the outdoor work on their farm. They kept a large number of cows; and Johnny's mother did her part of the work in making butter. Johnny, when not at school, helped them all in as many ways as he could.

The cows were pastured on the hills within sight of the farmhouse. One of the hills was covered with thick woods; and the cows used to choose this spot as a shady retreat in the sultry days of summer.

One evening, just at dusk, Johnny's father and brother being hard at work in the hay-field, Johnny started off for the cows, taking Tiger, the house dog, along with him.

The cows were generally found standing at the bars, waiting

patiently to be let through; and Johnny expected to find them there that night. Not finding them there, he kept on towards the woods on the hill. He got quite into the woods, and still no cows were to be seen. So, feeling rather tired, he sat down, and called, "Coff, coff, coff!" but no cows came.

As he sat there, with the darkness thickening around him, for the first time he began to think about bears. He snuggled down beside Tiger, who lay near him. He wished himself safe at home, eating his bread and milk. Just as he was making up his mind to run home as fast as his legs would carry him, he heard a dry twig and bushes snap, as if some animal were coming through them.

Tiger did not seem to mind the noise much. He lay quietly at Johnny's feet. But the little boy was in a sad fluster.

The noise sounded nearer. Johnny could bear it no longer; so, jumping up, he seized the branch of a large tree, and climbed up until he thought he had reached a place of safety. Looking down from his perch, he saw a large black animal moving through the bushes.

"Oh, dear!" thought Johnny, "it must be a bear. What shall I do?" and he sat as still as a mouse, trembling with fright.

After a little while, seeing no sign of fright or fight in Tiger, who was not a sort of dog to keep quiet in the presence of a bear, Johnny ventured to peer down again through the darkness. What do you think he saw? He got a full view of the fierce creature that had given him such a scare. And what do you think it was?

Why, it was Nobby, the old cow, on her way home through the woods. Johnny came down from the tree as fast as he went up; and when the rest of the cows came along, he drove the whole herd home as boldly as you please.

He thought he would say nothing about the fright. But an unlucky tear in his trousers obliged him to tell his mother that it was made in climbing a tree; and little by little she drew from him the whole story.

The folks had a hearty laugh when they heard it; and Johnny could not help laughing himself. But he went to his snug little bed that night, feeling, that though he was neither mangled nor hurt, he had been about as badly scared as a boy could well be.

THE PEACOCK.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—This singular and beautiful bird is mentioned (1 Kings x. 22) among the articles imported by Solomon, though some suppose the original word might be more properly rendered "parrots." In Job xxxix. 13, also, the word "peacocks" would be better rendered "ostriches," and the word "ostrich" should be translated, elsewhere, "stork." The wings of the ostrich cannot raise it from the ground; yet in running, it catches or (as the word rendered "goodly" imports) drinks in the wind. The construction of the ostrich and the stork are thus contrasted, as are also their habits; for the stork is as proverbial for her tenderness to her young as is the ostrich for her seeming indifference, Job xxxix. 14—16. My young friends, let us learn to be very humble.

Although we may be clothed and fed better than many around us, we should not be proud of fine dress and living in a better house. No, God has placed us in all those different states and circumstances. We have nothing whatever to be proud of. Let us learn also that fine feathers and dress do not make us better Christians. A little girl must not think, because God has given her handsome clothing, that she is better than others that God has created. God made all, from the tiniest insect to the largest animal. Yes, he made you and me; therefore we should not be exalted in our own estimation more than others. Let us learn, once more, to be content in the state we are placed.

"Quiet, Lord, my troubled heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee."

Let us try to serve God in our day and generation; let us do something for God; let us extend the Saviour's kingdom while we have time, while we have health, and while we have life. We cannot tell how soon our mission may be finished.

"The grass and flowers which clothe
the field,
And look so green and gay,
Touched by the scythe, defenceless
yield,
And fall and fade away."

I hope you will, my dear young friends, live to be useful in the world. Copy the example of our Saviour, who was always going about while upon earth "doing good." May you look more into his glorious history contained in the Bible! May you be humble! Should you think that the pea-

cock is very proud of her fine feathers, may you think differently of yourselves, for you have a soul; you can never, never die! thus I hope you will act rationally and Christianlike. May you give your heart at once to Jesus, if you have not done so! "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," is the invitation of Jesus. May you listen just now! Amen.

THOMAS HEATH, JUN.

Plymouth.

STEADYING HER FATHER'S HAND:

IN a quiet, rural town in New Jersey, there once lived a notorious drunkard, who was in the habit of whipping his poor wife whenever anything happened to rile his temper. He was so deeply sunken in the mire of intemperance, that he was not ashamed to threaten openly to "lick Sally," his wife. One evening, Mr. George W. Reed, an eloquent champion of temperance, invited the unhappy drunkard to attend a meeting he had called, and listen to a lecture on temperance. The drunken man, accompanied by his daughter Celina, attended the meeting, threatening to "lick Sally" when he reached his home if the speaker offended him. The house was crowded, and at the close of the service the grey-haired old drunkard was seen pushing his way to the door. All who knew him supposed he was hastening home to whip his wife; but judge their surprise when they saw him take a black bottle from his pocket, and throw it into the street. Having put the devil behind him, he returned and forced his way to the desk where the secretary was taking names, and attempted to sign the pledge, but his hand

shook so badly he failed to do so. In this extremity his little daughter came forward, and, seizing her father's hand, steadied it for him while he signed his pledge.

That night while Mr. Reed, who was the guest of a gentleman near the school-house where the meeting was held, was resting himself and chatting about the meeting, a rap was heard at the door, and the next moment little Celina stepped in with a cheerful and radiant face, and asked Mr. Reed and his host to walk down the hill and witness what was going on at her father's house. A few steps brought them to the window, and there they saw the old man and his wife "Sall" on their knees. The latter was praying to Heaven for strength to be given to her husband that he might be able to withstand temptation and keep the pledge. The prayer was answered. He never after that assaulted his wife, he kept his pledge, he met with a change of heart; and four years afterwards he died the death of a Christian, with a cheerful hope of a blissful immortality.

"DO YOU LOVE JESUS?"

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—This question at the head of my little paper is a very important one, which you alone must answer. Do you love Jesus? Many little children do love Jesus, some of whom have died and gone to that "happy land, far, far away." I am sorry that many do not love Jesus, although such have heard about this Jesus many, many times by their teachers. I hope none of my young friends who read the INSTRUCTOR are so forgetful of

this very important subject, namely, Do you love Jesus? I hope you do and will do so to the end. THOMAS HEATH, Jun.

Plymouth.

FORMATION OF DEW.

WHEN children go abroad on a clear morning, they often find all the grass covered with drops of water, and sometimes the water even drops from the trees, though the ground is dry, and there has evidently been no rain in the night. They soon learn to call these drops by the name of dew; but whence and how comes dew on the grass is a puzzle. Well, there is always more or less of moisture in the air. If there is a cubic inch of water in a cubic yard of air, then the air is said to be thoroughly impregnated or filled with water. In such a case, the smallest amount of cold or absence of heat in anything will cause little drops of dew to settle on the surface. By a cubic inch or yard is meant a square space measuring one inch or yard on every side. If you take a block one inch long, one inch thick, and one inch high, it will be a cubic inch. Then if you take a box of the same form and size, and can fill it with water extracted from a vessel filled with air, and of the same form as the box, but measuring yards instead of inches, you would say that there had been a cubic inch of water in a cubic yard of air.

Almost any substance will have more or less dew on it when the air is in such a state, because few substances are warm enough to prevent it. Then just in proportion as there is less water in

the air must a body or substance be cooled to produce dew. The blades of grass and the leaves of trees being so thin are quickly cooled when the sun goes down. They radiate or throw out the warmth that is in them, and soon become cooler than the air is, and then the water that is in the air begins at once to settle on them, and in the course of a clear night will collect there enough to form the "dew-drops."

There is never any dew on the bare ground, because it never gets cooler than the air, so as to cause the moisture to settle on it; nor of a cloudy night, because the clouds radiate heat to the ground, which prevents the leaves and grass from cooling, as a cloudy night is always warmer than a clear one would have been, from the same cause.

The dew does not fall on the leaves like rain, but collects from all directions, and it is not seen on the under side, because that side is so porous as to absorb or drink it up, as a sponge does water.

AN ACROSTIC.

Dear kind old honest-hearted friend,
Remembered for the sense you've
penn'd.

We of Mirfield Easthorpe Lane
In measure great all feel the pain,
Loved one, to say "Farewell,"
Long did you raise our youthful joys,
In serving us when we were boys;
And since we reached the age of men,
Momentous truths flowed from your
pen.

Christ, our Type of righteousness,
Observes your sphere of usefulness.
Onward still we pray that you,
Keeping the Crown of Life in view,
Eternally with him may dwell.

Mirfield.

J. W.

Poetry.

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

"TELL me, O mother, when I grow old,
When my hair, which my sisters say is
like gold,
Grows grey as the old man's, weak and
poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillar'd door,
Shall I look as sad, shall I speak as
slow,
As he when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes
be dim,
Tell me, O mother, shall I grow like
him?"

"He said, but I know not what he meant,
That his aged heart with sorrow was
rent;
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are
blest;
And he told how his kindred there were
laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth
he play'd:
And tears from the eyes of the old man
fell,
And my sisters wept, as they heard his
tale.

"He spoke of a home, where in child-
hood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the
singing bee,
And followed afar with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's
flight;
And pulled young flowers, as they grew
'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light by his own blue
streams;
Yet he left all these through the earth
to roam,
Why, O mother, did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair
child,
The fancies of youth and age are be-
guiled;
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy
hair turns grey,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth
away;
There's a land, of which thou hast heard
me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's
cheek:
But on joy they live, fair boy, like thee,
It was there the old man longed to be.
"For he knew that those with whom he
had played
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their
cottage shade,

Whose love he shared, when their songs
and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful
earth,
Whose names from our world are passed
away
As flowers from the breath of an autumn
day:
He knew that they, with all suffering
done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One.

"Though ours be a pillar'd and lofty
home,
Where want with his pale train never
may come:
O scorn not the poor, with the scorner's
jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to
rest;
For He, who hath made them poor, may
soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's
bleak wild.
Oh, soften the griefs of the poor! my
child."

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART: FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

If none save the pure in heart
See God in His kingdom fair;
If none save the pure in life,
Shall I ever meet Him there?

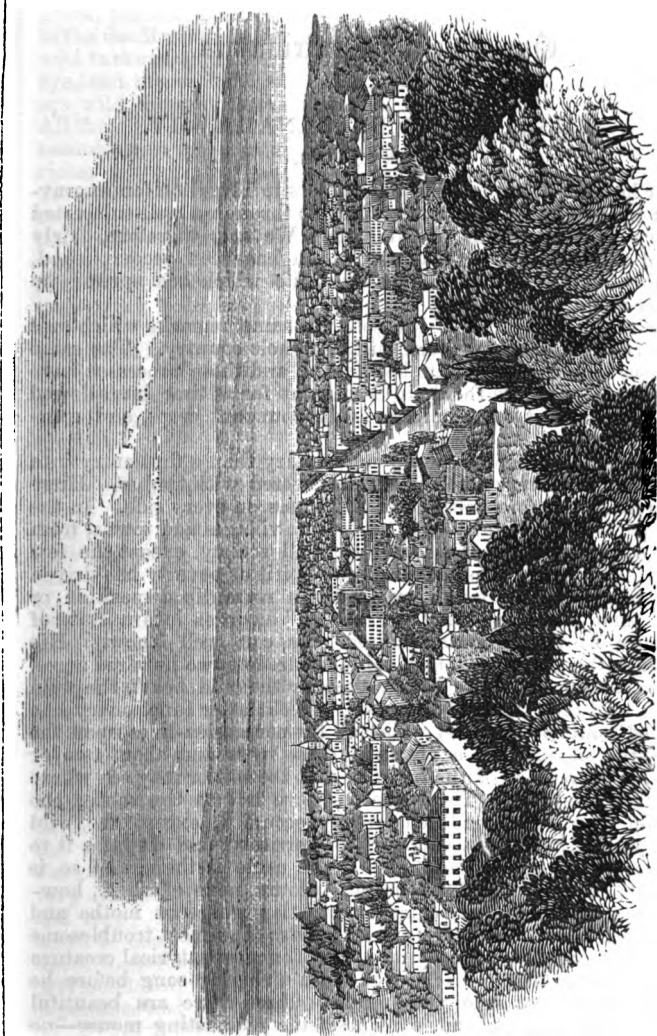
Shall I, with my evil heart,
So filled with pride and sin;
Shall I in spotless garments
Walk the pearly gates within?

I may, for the Bible says
There's a straight and narrow way,
And all who strive to enter
It leads to the "Perfect Day."

And this sure, unerring guide
Stands ever upon the road,
To show little travellers which
Is the nearest way to God.

It tells them to come to Christ,
And humbly ask that His grace
May cover their many sins,
E'er they look upon His face.

And so to His feet I'll come,
That my soul may thus be blest;
For He said that all who came
Should enter into His rest.
Hull, Feb. 8th, 1871. M. K.



THE CITY OF HAMILTON.
Specially Engraved for this Magazine.

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—IV.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN our last article we brought our readers to Hamilton (an engraving of which city we present this month) through a well-cultivated country from the Falls of Niagara. We are, therefore, fairly invited to consider how that cultivation has been accomplished, and the social, religious, and political life which has sprung up all over and around it.

As to the cultivation of the soil, the same remarks which suit the district we have traversed suit the whole country. The same processes have everywhere to be adopted, and those processes have everywhere produced the same results, as far as time has allowed them to be carried out—smiling fields, abundant crops, and comfortable homes.

Hardly any prospect can be more dreary than a first entry into "the bush." Every acre of land is covered with timber. Huge monarchs of the forest rear their tall forms on every side. In the inner parts of the country—far away from villages and towns, from mills, schools, and churches, and from all society, except the few straggling settlers whose adventurous spirit or poverty has driven them into the back woods, to gratify a romantic disposition or mend their fortunes—the "new settler" emerges into a state of existence as primitive as civilised man can well know. His domain is the unbroken forest. His hundred or two hundred acres, as the case may be, have been visited by the wild beast, the wild Indian, and then the land-surveyor; which latter functionary has "staked" out the lots, and "blazed" the concession-lines upon the trees—that is, has cut a notch in those trees and about two or three hand-breadths of the bark, so that the settler may see where the roads *are to be*. These visitors have left to the settler the solitude which they had temporarily occupied, except the wild beast, who is in full possession of the territory, and disputes it to the last until he is exterminated. The eagle is there, and so is the owl; beautiful birds of various colours, none of which, however, can sing, but only chirp or whistle; gorgeous moths and butterflies, and frisky insects of all kinds; the most troublesome of which is the active bloody mosquito, the most satirical creature in creation, for he approaches you with a ringing song before he thrusts his lancet into your skin. Then there are beautiful squirrels, chitmunks, and, of course, the everlasting mouse—no rats, however, for rats always follow man, and never precede him. There are snakes of divers colours and of different propensities—

green, piebald, black, and brown, from the harmless garter-snake to the deadly rattlesnake and puffing adder. There are wild ducks, wild turkeys, and wild pigeons. There is the lynx with his demon's eye, and the wild cat, which it is not safe to meddle with. There are wild deer in abundance, and wild bears, and wilder wolves. All these the settler finds in his new lodging, more or less diversified, according to the locality in which he settles. If he goes to the richer bottoms, he has the rattlesnake and the ague, along with the other "vermin." If he settles in the higher land, where he meets with clear brooks running over pebbles, he has no ague, and no deadly snakes, but he has poorer land. But wherever he settles, in the newer parts of the country the general features of his life are the same. He meets with the same solitude, has the same work to do, the same courage, patience, and perseverance to exercise; and if he be sober, patient, and persevering, and God gives him health, he will secure to himself in the end a comfortable home, with plenty and independence.

But the beginning is as we have described it—a beginning of solitude, and a struggle with wild nature and the elements around.

Into such a state of existence no man should ever plunge alone. He must of necessity carry his rifle with him and know how to use it. But even with his rifle and his axe, and with plenty of food for say three or four months, no man should be alone. Sick-ness may seize him; the wild beast may assail him; the storm may strike him down; and what is he, and what can he do, alone? If he plunges deep into the forest, he should have, and generally contrives to have, two or three neighbours to go with him. He should have that best of all neighbours—a good wife; and if two or three families thus settle together, it is easy to see how much mutual help, sympathy, and enjoyment they can secure in their new home.

Into this primitive life no old countryman, be he English, Irish, or Scotch, is fit to plunge. He does not know what it is, has no aptitude to the work demanded of him, and would starve and die amidst its hardships. The raw emigrant should go into the settled parts of the country for two or three years to get acclimated, learn the ways of the people, and, above all, how to use his tools. Farming land when cleared, and clearing land to farm, are two very different things. A man may know how to plough, and sow, and reap; but to know how to knock down five or ten acres of trees, to chop their enormous limbs, to "log them up" and burn them, to split rails and prepare the fences—without which all his previous labour would be worth nothing—can only be acquired by experience and practice. Destitute of that experience and practice, many emigrants have wasted their little means and years of their life, and retired in the end from a backwood's life, disgusted with it and with the country. Multitudes of such we have known, who,

had they followed the dictates of common sense, would have done well in the end; but who, because they were afflicted with the weakness, too common among men, of thinking they knew everything and could do everything, have suffered the shipwreck of all their hopes, and been mortified by the failure of all their plans.

What we have further to say respecting the process of settling in the bush must be understood as referring to an educated settler—one who has taken time to learn his business, and can go about it in a proper way.

The first thing is to get the land. This is to be had either of the Government, the Canada Company, or private owners. No land can be had in any of the settled parts, or anywhere near them, for less than from one to two pounds sterling per acre; and any spare lots, in the frontier townships, not yet cleared would cost from five to eight pounds sterling per acre. Near the towns and cities the wild land is worth as much as the cleared land, because the timber is wanted for fuel or for building purposes. Good pine lands sell for from seven to twenty pounds per acre, within ten miles of any railway station or steamboat landing. The lands which the Government are giving away free to actual settlers are far away from rail and steamboat, and far away from the frontier towns, and from the comforts of settled life. They are, moreover, far north, and the cold in winter is severe enough in any part of Canada, without going far north to seek it. In a few years, however, even these distant settlements will have their towns and cities, and the lands will rise in value proportionately to other parts of the country.

The land secured, the next step is to go and clear it. Commonly the settler, if a Canadian farmer, goes on to his lot in September, or not later than the 1st of October, before the winter sets in. He leaves his family—except a son or two, if he has them—at home on the farm he has already cleared; takes with him sufficient food for the winter, a sash-window, a door (if he can convey it), some carpenters' tools, some nails, his axe, his rifle, his one or two sons, or his hired man, a stove for cooking, and, above all, a faithful dog: for though it is necessary to "beware of dogs" in one sense, and especially human dogs, which are the kind the Apostle tells us to beware of, yet a real dog—a faithful dog—is a guardian angel in the backwoods. And he has need to be a dog—not a poodle, not a make-believe, not a lady's toy. He should have a touch of all the blood of all the dogs in him that ever were born since the creation, for he has to serve so many purposes. He must watch, he must bark, he must be able to face a bear or a wolf; yet he must be docile and manageable, otherwise, if he would not obey the word of command, he would often compromise his master in a very troublesome way. Should he touch a sheep, his owner must pay for the depredation, and the authorities would order him to be destroyed.

So now the settler is in his new location. He has perhaps carried on his back for many miles the articles we have enumerated, except the stove, which he must have conveyed to him by some neighbour's team, or he must learn to do without till the convenience can be had. All that he could carry is, however, on the spot. It is a fine day in September or early in October. The scene is much as our first picture in the January number has represented it. The woods are all round him for miles. The beautiful sunlight, as clear as when it emanates from the orb of day, glances from every trembling leaf of the trees, and the soft autumn breeze sighs through the branches. The birds twitter around the new comer, as if to make him welcome and ask his business. A shy and timid squirrel ventures to climb a neighbouring tree to survey operations. A sly wolf may show his glaring eyes, and the graceful and harmless deer may come within the range, which their keen eyes and keener scent tell them that man occupies, and where danger to them is found. The whole scene around is the perfection of repose. Cities with their noise and strife are far away. There is no newspaper to herald the strifes of parties, or to confuse and distress with the details of the national debt. There is no landlord to pry into the settler's mode of life, and the tax-collector has not yet found his way to the spot, though he will come by-and-bye, for there is nothing surer than taxes, except death. It is a spot in which a philosopher might dream away his existence, and where a poet might dilate on Paradise. Such musings, however, are not permitted to many of us amidst the hard realities of life; and the settler has to think about the poem of existence—how those tall trees, which it has taken centuries to grow, shall be cut down and destroyed—how a cleared space shall be made for the growth of wheat and maize—where water can be found for daily use, and how the first requisite of man—a house—shall be provided, to shelter him from the storm that will come in a few weeks, and from the wild beast that may come the next night. The axe is the solver of this last question and of many others in the settler's life. He looks out on his "lot" for a dry and elevated position—near a stream of water, if there is one, and affording drainage for his homestead in future years. The first night or two may be spent in a tabernacle or booth, made of a few poles stuck in the ground and covered over with branches of trees. The first bed may appear to civilized eyes to be rude and hard, but it is the sweetest on which man ever reposed—the branches of the tamarack spread on the ground are soft enough for a tired labourer, and the wholesome odours they emit makes the bed as fragrant as if Rowland had emptied his choicest essences upon it. Thus the settler sleeps his first sleep on his new location. He rises in the morning with the sun, brews his tea over his camp-fire, fries a slice of his pork, roasts a few potatoes (if he happens to have them), slices the loaf of bread which

he has brought with him, and eats—oh how sweetly, and with what a relish!—of the mercies which Providence has given him. Then to work—he and his comrade—for he is seldom alone, never, in fact, if he is wise; and the first work is the “shanty.” Look at the second picture in the January number, and you will see it going up.

The character of a man shows itself in this first operation. If he is ingenious, if he have taste, and if he is fired by any ambition, you see it in his shanty. Some men build their shanty on the principle that some other man will by-and-bye dig their graves—six feet by about three. But the common size is twenty feet by twelve; that makes a respectable house, big enough for necessity, but not large enough for luxury. Beyond a certain point the old adage is certainly true, “the bigger the house, the bigger the fool that lives in it.” The *modus operandi*—which in English means “the mode of operation”—is this: a sufficient number of trees are looked out—none of them of the heaviest kind—ten inches or a foot diameter are as large trees as the hands available can lift when they are cut into lengths of twenty and twelve feet; these trees are cut down with the axe, the branches are lopped off, and the trunks, forty or fifty feet long, are cut to the desired lengths. They are notched or dove-tailed at the ends, so as to fit one into the other, and laid on the levelled ground where the shanty is to stand. When they are laid four-square, an auger is used, to bore a hole through each at the joining at the corners, and a peg is driven into this hole, thus fastening the “logs” together at the corners; this is the first “course,” not of bricks or stone, but of trees, to make the shanty of. Another course is laid on that, and so on, till it is about seven or eight feet high at the front, and five or six feet at the back; the front being higher than the back, to give a shed for the rain on the roof. Provision has been made for the door and the sash-window we spoke of during the erection of the building, and now comes the roof. There are two ways of making that: the soundest and most durable way is to cut down a sufficient number of trees to cover the whole building, cutting them into fourteen-foot lengths; these trees are then split into halves by iron and wooden wedges, driven by a “maul” or “beetle,” which means a large wooden hammer with a handle in it. The heart of these trees is then scooped out with an adze, if there is one on the premises—if not, with the everlasting axe—into so many spouts; these are laid side by side, resting on the back and front logs at the top of the building, and projecting over at the back about two feet, to carry the water well off the building. The edges of these spouts, where they join each other, are covered by another spout exactly like themselves, and turned with the hollow side down and the round side up: thus a drain is made *between* each of the top spouts, which will carry off all the rain-water that may come, and keep the shanty perfectly dry; but in

many instances there is neither time nor help to make a roof of this kind, and hence transverse poles are laid from end to end of the roof of the shanty, at a distance of about eighteen inches apart, and these are covered with the bark from the trees—like slates on a roof. Provision has to be made at one end of the roof for the stove-pipe to go through : a large hole, say a foot diameter, is made through the roof ; a sheet of iron, about two feet square, with a hole in the centre just large enough to admit the stove-pipe to go through, is nailed over this hole, and the stove-pipe projects through this hole about two feet, to carry the smoke above the roof. The reason for making the hole in the roof larger than the dimension of the stove-pipe is, that the stove-pipe may not come in contact with the timber ; for, as the pipe may sometimes become red-hot, it would set fire to the house and destroy it.

The shanty is now nearly complete. It has its door, its window, and its roof. But, as will be easily understood, the logs do not fit close upon each other, because no tree is perfectly straight. The daylight and wind come in at many openings all round the building, and these have to be stopped up with clay and moss ; when this is done, and the inside nicely whitewashed, there is a house, the cost of which, in money laid out, has not been more than ten shillings, and the time consumed in its erection not more than two or three days ; a house in which, without any material alteration, the settler and his family will reside for ten or fifteen years—till he has time and means to build a better—a house in which the meeting is held and the minister accommodated ; where the children of the family are born and raised ; a house in the like of which this present writer has scores of times slept and enjoyed as much happiness as he ever enjoyed in any house ; and a house which, with all its disadvantages, its narrow proportions, its humble appearance, and its limited accommodations, the settler seldom leaves without a pang—even though it be to enter the mansion which, in his more prosperous years, he is able to build for himself—because there the dearest memories of his existence are centred. His early married life was spent there. His children were born there, and romped and played within its walls. His early struggles in life were all encountered and mastered there. His own health and vigour were at their prime while he lived there. His labours were easy because he had strength to perform them ; and hope lighted up the scene with all its gilded radiance. The excitement of a new and unaccomplished enterprise lent a charm to his every-day toils ; and that house he leaves, to take possession (it is true) of a better and more convenient one, but one in which his family will soon leave him to dwell alone—for they will, in their turn, marry and settle in life ; in which he will have to nurse infirmities springing from the hard toil of the past ; and, finally, in which he will have to die. Therefore let no one despise the shanty, for it is the starting-point in the social life of all the settlers and cultivators of the

soil, and all over the broad land it has sheltered the energetic men who have made the country and its agriculture what it is this day.

THINGS I MEET WITH.

BY THE EDITOR.

FROM MY BOOKS THESE.

Just now.—Ay, Just now! If anything is to be accomplished in this common, everyday world of ours, it must be attempted just now; for what have we to do with to-morrow? To-morrow belongs to eternity, and we are but the subjects of to-day. It is true we must work for futurity; but, then, we must start it to-day. Providence only can take care of results, not we. If man wishes to live usefully, he must live by moments; if he would enjoy life, he must try for it now. If happiness be his aim, his eager pursuit, why, then, now is it that he must seek it, for to-morrow has nothing to give.

Kings.

Why, man, I never was a prince till now.
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstaves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness' summer, that confirm a prince;
'Tis not the unsav'ry breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping with confused din,
That makes a prince. No, Lucio; he's a king,
A true right king, that dares do aught, save wrong;
Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust;
Who is not blown up with the flatt'ring puffs
Of spongy sycophants; who stands unmoved,
Despite the jostling of opinion;
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng
That strive to press his quiet out of him;
Who sits upon Jove's footstool as I do,
Adorning, not affecting, majesty;
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown
Of clear content.—This, Lucio, is a king;
And of this empire, every man's possess'd
That's worth his soul.—*Marston.*

Oh, unhappy state of kings!
'Tis well the robe of majesty is gay,
Or who would put it on? A crown! What is it?
It is to bear the miseries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
To have your best success ascribed to fortune,
And fortune's failures all ascribed to you!
It is to sit upon a joyless height,
To every blast of changing fate exposed!
Too high for hope, too great for happiness!
For friendship too much fear'd! To all the joys
Of social freedom, and th' endearing charm
Of liberal interchange of soul, unknown.—*H. More.*

The vulgar call us gods, and fondly think
 That kings are cast in more than mortal moulds :
 Alas ! they little know that when the mind
 Is cloyed with pomp, our taste is pall'd to joy,
 But grows more sensible of grief or pain.
 The stupid peasant with as quick a sense
 Enjoys the fragrance of the rose as I,
 And his hard hand is proof against the thorn,
 Which, rankling in my tender skin, would seem
 A viper's tooth. O blissful poverty !
 Nature, too partial to thy lot, assigns
 Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,
 Her real goods, and only mocks the great
 With empty pageantries.—*Fenton.*

Labour.—Two men I honour, and no third, First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and, fighting our battles, wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour, and thy body was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavouring towards inward harmony, revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low;—highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavours are one,—when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who, with heaven-made implements, conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth. Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself: thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.—*Carlyle.*

Libraries.

My days among the dead are pass'd ;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old :
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them
 I live in long past years ;
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
 My place with them will be,
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity ;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.—*Southey.*

Life.—Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials ; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers ; to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks ; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has perhaps provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue ; these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humour—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the *essence* of self-denial than any little rigours or inflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—*Hannah More.*

Idle Wishes.—"I wish I had his money," said a young, hearty-looking man, as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him, who devotes so much time to wishing, that too little is left for working. But never does one of these draw a comparison between their several fortunes. The rich man's money looms up like a balloon before them, hiding uncounted cares and anxieties from which they are free ; keeping out of sight those bodily ills that luxury breeds, and all the mental

horrors of *ennui* and satiety, the fear of death that wealth fosters, the jealousy of life and love from which it is inseparable. Let none wish for unearned gold. The sweat by which 'tis gathered is the only sweet by which it is preserved for enjoyment; for in too literal a sense is it true, that "it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." Wish for no man's money. The health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young love, by day and night, encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness beat fondly with your own. None, ghoul-like, listen for the death-tick in your chamber; your shoes have value in men's eyes only when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can purchase greet you—living; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood coffins will fall from pitying eyes upon you—dying. Be wise in being content with competency. You have to eat, to drink, to wear, enough; then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? He shortens life, increases pains and aches, impairs his health thereby. What if his raiments be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy. Nature is yours in all her glory; her ever-varying and for ever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and rocks and streams, and holy places, know no desecration in the step of poverty, but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty rich and poor alike. Be content! The robin chirps as gaily as the gorgeous bird of Paradise. Less gaudy is his plumage, less splendid his surroundings; yet no joy that cheers the Eastern beauty but comes upon his barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His flight is as strong, his note as gay, and in his humble home the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no envy dims it. Let us, then, labour and be strong in the best use of that we have—wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them, and could not bless us if we had them—as the gifts already bestowed by a Wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich; while he who counts his millions hath little joy, if he be otherwise.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

Youth—Genius and Energy of.—Almost everything that is great has been done by youth. For life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose I hold youth is genius; all that I mean is that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times;—had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, next year he would have been emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of

Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains: that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died; Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five; Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Olive;—but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not; I worship the Lord of hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and, Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Arragon himself; he was Pope as Leo X. at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen—the greatest of Frenchmen, and died at thirty-seven.

Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer.* Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died, too, at thirty-seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty-one. Well, then, there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and Attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was general of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonised America before he was thirty-seven. What a career! It is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth.—*Disraeli*.

The Little Children.

Oh, love the little children; they are not like to you,
But simple, trustful spirits that the angels whisper to;
They have not learnt the world at all, they have not felt its cares,
And not a doubt that God can hear is mingled with their prayers.

I think it so bewitching the little face to see
Bent on some sportive purpose that it will not tell to me;
And then the sudden changes, the gathering in of thought,
When the little heart repeats to God the prayer it has been taught.

Oh, love the little children, 'twas for them our Saviour bled;
"Suffer the little children to come to me," He said,
"Of such is God's own kingdom;" we can fancy how he smiled
When he put his hands upon their heads and bless'd each little child!

We can see those Eastern children, beneath their own bright skies,
Look up to the kind Saviour with their full dark-curtained eyes;
And while he speaks those pleasant words, we think we hear the prayer,
"Oh, may we go to heaven with thee, and see the children there?"

* That is questionable.—Ed.

In the Bible, blessed Saviour, we read thou lov'st them well,
But more than human heart can feel, or human tongue can tell.
Teach all the world to love them, too, for thou hast said that we
Must be like the little children, if we would come to thee.

Brevity Necessary.—Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty some possess, of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to nobody; though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon nothing. There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it, when in their presence. On all occasions it is produced, till it is worn as thin as charity. They remind one of a twenty-four pounder discharged at a humming-bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumblings of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches, and paragraphs, are favourites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father—"Dear sir, I am going to be married;" and also to the old gentleman who replied—"Dear son, Go ahead." Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose in life. Reader, be short; and we will be short with the advice.—*John Neal.*

To Die.

To die! Why, 'tis to triumph: 'tis to join
The great assembly of the good and just;
Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints!
Oh! 'tis to join the band of holy men,
Made perfect by their sufferings! 'tis to meet
My great progenitors! 'tis to behold
The illustrious patriarchs; they with whom the Lord
Deign'd hold familiar converse! 'tis to see
Bless'd Noah and his children, once a world!
'Tis to behold—oh! rapture to conceive!—
Those we have known, and loved, and lost, below!
Bold Azariah and the band of brothers,
Who sought, in bloom of youth, the scorching flames!
Nor shall we see heroic men alone,
Champions who fought the fight of faith on earth;
But heav'nly conquerors, angelic hosts;
Michael and his bright legions, who subdued
The foes of truth! To join their blest employ
Of love and praise! to the high melodies
Of choirs celestial, to attune my voice
According to the golden harps of saints!
To join in blest hosannahs to their King!
Whose face to see, whose glory to behold,
Alone were heav'n, though saint or seraph none
Should meet our sight, and only God were there!
This is to die. Who would not die for this?
Who would not die that he might live for ever?—*H. More.*

One by One.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee.
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,—
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade, as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,—
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but, one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.—*Household Words.*

DIALOGUE ON OUR CANADIAN MISSION.

FOR THREE RECITERS.

(*Joseph, Peter, and Luke.*)

JOSEPH.—Welcome! a hearty Christian welcome to you, my friends Peter and Luke, to our Juvenile Missionary Anniversary.

PETER.—And welcome to all our dear friends, our honoured parents, our beloved minister, and our dear teachers, who meet with us on this happy occasion.

LUKE.—Nor must we forget, my dear schoolmaster, to welcome our blessed Saviour, who, though invisible, is really present, "whom having not seen we love;" for it is his presence that "makes our paradise," and "where he is, is heaven."

JOSEPH.—You are quite right, my friend Luke. You do well to remind us, amidst all the enthusiasm of this happy meeting, that—

"God is the spring of all our joys,
The life of our delights;"

and that if we would realise the deepest and purest joy, we must secure the Saviour's presence and smile. But I think at our last Anniversary our *Chinese Mission* was the theme of our discourse. Very probably our friends would like this time to hear something respecting our *Canadian Mission*. Its history is one of thrilling interest.

PETER.—No doubt they would, Joseph, for I believe that our Canadian Mission has been a great success. What a many questions I should like to ask about it! I confess that I am like my Scriptural namesake, Peter, of whom we read in this Holy Book [*here exhibit a Bible*—I am *very inquisitive*. You remember that when he inquired into the destiny of his fellow-disciple John, our Lord, gently rebuking him, said, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." Now I should like to know *where* Canada is, and what sort of a country it is; *whence* it derived its name; and what is the *meaning* of that name?

LUKE.—What a host of questions, to be sure! Verily, you are an inquisitive youth, and confirm your title to your name, and your claim to be in the "apostolical succession;" but I feel more anxious to know something about the mission work itself than the geography of the country.

JOSEPH.—Well, my friends, I will try to oblige you both, but our time is so limited that what I shall say must be *multum in parvo*. First, then, CANADA is in North America. To distinguish it from territories belonging to other nations, it is called *British North America*. Almost all the territory north of the United States is formed into one great country called "The Dominion of Canada." It is divided from the Great Republic of the West mainly by vast lakes or inland seas of fresh water, called Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario. It is constituted of various provinces, the principal of which are Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, the Red River Settlement, British Columbia, and the Hudson's Bay Territory, forming altogether a great young nation, and comprising an area of country, under the authority of Queen Victoria, equal in extent to the whole of Europe. I hold in my hand a map of Canada. [*Open out the map.*] Over the whole of this extensive dominion waves the Royal Standard of Old England—

"The flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!"

PETER.—Why, Joseph, you excite me. I can hardly restrain my feelings. I believe if I were not in a place of worship I should wave my hat and shout "Hurrah!" It makes my heart swell with patriotic joy and loyalty, to think that our beloved Queen sways her sceptre over so vast a territory in the New World. What think you, my friends, if, before we proceed further, we sing together one verse of our National Anthem?—

"God save our gracious Queen,
Long may Victoria reign,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!"

LUKE.—To resume our conversation, I am told that the people in Canada are thoroughly loyal, and that, at their social gatherings and political assemblies, they sing "God save the Queen" as enthusiastically as we do. What a magnificent country it will be in another half-century, when its vast uninhabited districts will be settled with an

industrious population! Its primeval forests will then be cleared, its fertile plains will be cultivated, and its lovely valleys glisten with golden harvests; its mineral resources will be developed; and its great rivers and lakes will be studded with shipping, and become the great highways of a richly remunerative commerce. Well may we sing of this glorious future as "the good time coming!"

JOSEPH.—You have spoken wisely and eloquently, my friend Luke, and already the American poet, Longfellow, assures us that wherever you go in that new country you will find

"Labour knocking with her hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning."

You also speak truly when you say that the Canadians are a loyal people. Britannia's children are scattered over the whole world, but as the Jew, where'er he roamed, looked towards Jerusalem, the holy city, so their hearts instinctively and affectionately turn toward their native sea-girt isle—

"The land of the free and the home of the brave!"—

and with joy and pride they gaze upon the Union Jack floating from many a massive tower in far-off lands, the flag of dear Old England—the guarantee of protection and the symbol of glorious freedom!

PETER.—I will relieve my good friend Joseph of part of his task. My inquisitive nature has led me to search into the matter, and I have discovered that Canada was first inhabited by Indians. A few centuries ago it was discovered by Spanish navigators, who, sailing up the gulf and river St. Lawrence to the present sites of Quebec and Montreal, seeing nothing on either side but grim forests and desolate wildernesses, inhabited by savage Indians and wild beasts, exclaimed "*Canada*!"—meaning "Nothing here!"—and sailed away again. The French subsequently took possession, but in 1763 the British, under the brave General Wolfe—who fell in the moment of victory—conquered the French, and annexed the country to the British crown.

LUKE.—And is it not true, Joseph, that the part of Canada in which our missionaries are labouring is the most southern part of the New Dominion, containing about three millions of inhabitants, residing in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario?

JOSEPH.—You are quite right, Luke. The name "*Canada*" was originally restricted to those provinces, but now it embraces the whole dominion. We have, in connection with our Mission there, nearly 100 missionaries, 240 chapels, 170 Sabbath-schools, nearly 9,000 members, and upwards of 35,000 persons who consider it an honour to return themselves in the Government census as belonging to the Methodist New Connexion. Our missionaries, in their self-denying labours, traverse a territory of about 700 miles in length and 200 miles in breadth.

PETER.—If I am not misinformed (for I have been searching into the chronology of the Mission), all this has been achieved since 1837; for the Conference held at Leeds in that year appointed a beloved minister, the Rev. JOHN ADDYMAN, as our *first* missionary to Canada,

where he laboured for *twelve* years with great acceptance, fidelity, and success.

LUKE.—All honour to that noble pioneer missionary in that new country; but we must not overlook his successors in the general superintendency of our Missions there—the Rev. Dr. Crofts, and our present worthy Editor, the Rev. J. H. Robinson, and the Rev. Dr. Cocker, who is now there. All these ministers have been held in high esteem. They have been in “labours more abundant.” They have toiled hard and suffered much to spread the Gospel in Canada.

JOSEPH.—Yes, my friends Peter and Luke, when we think that in about thirty-five years we have secured 35,000 adherents, we have cause to exclaim, with grateful hearts, “What hath God wrought!” “It is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

PETER.—My inquisitive spirit would prompt me to ask a thousand and one questions about that important Mission, such as—Are our members *blacks* or *whites*? Are they English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, or Yankees? Have we any missionaries among the Red Indians of Canada? How do our beloved missionaries travel such great distances? What sort of houses do they live in, for I see from their report [*here exhibit a Missionary Report*] that we have sixty-three “parsonages” in Canada? I suppose they must be very fine houses, like clergymen live in in England? I should like to be satisfied on some of these points, that I would. Please pardon my irrepressible curiosity.

LUKE.—Peter-like, you want to know everything. Well, respecting our converts in Canada, I am happy to say that God has given us some of all the nationalities that reside in that new country. Many of our ministers and members are from Ireland, or of Irish descent. Converted under the preaching of our faithful ministers in Ireland, they have emigrated with their families, and now strengthen our societies in Canada. Great numbers of our members are Englishmen from Yorkshire, Lancashire, Devonshire, and other parts of “the old country.” We have many hardy Scotchmen, brave Welshmen, shrewd Yankees, a few Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Norwegians, and Germans, and many native-born Canadians of various races. In addition to these, we have a society of coloured persons, or negroes, in the Western District.

JOSEPH.—Thank you, Luke, for your valuable information. But when you spoke of the Dutch Methodists in Canada it reminded me of one of their revival melodies. They are very fond of singing, as indeed all Germans are, and when happy in the Lord they sing with remarkable vehemence and liveliness. Let us sing a verse together. It may interest the congregation.

(Solo.) “Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Oh! Halleo—Hallelujah!
Let every soul be Jesus’ guest,
Oh! Halleo—Hallelujah!

(Chorus.) “Praise God, we’re gaining ground,
Oh! Halleo—Hallelujah!
We’ll shout old Satan’s kingdom down,
Oh! Halleo—Hallelujah!

It must come down, it will come down,
 Oh! Hallel—Hallelujah!
 We'll shout old Satan's kingdom down,
 Oh! Hallel—Hallelujah!"

PETER.—What faith these Dutch Methodists at Waterloo, in Canada, must have! It is certainly more than mustard-seed faith. If shouting would have brought Satan's kingdom down, surely they would have accomplished it long ago.

LUKE.—But Peter has asked about the "parsonages" in Canada. I am surprised he has not found it out for himself, as he pries into almost everything. Let me tell him, however, that the missionaries' houses are not such fine places as their name—"parsonages"—would indicate. Almost all of them are *wooden* houses. In the backwoods circuits, they are built of round or hewn logs; mud is the only mortar; they are very primitive in their appearance and bare in their fittings, I can assure you, and some are very comfortless abodes. Yet they are improving every year. But Christ's servants have to learn to "glory in tribulations also." Most of our chapels, too, are *wooden* ones; but in the older settlements, and in the cities and towns, we have *brick* chapels and parsonages, which are an ornament to the country and a credit to the Connexion. In Montreal, Toronto, and London, in Canada, we have beautiful places of worship, and the people there can sing—

"These temples of His grace,
 How beautiful they stand,
 The honours of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land!"

JOSEPH.—Nor must we forget to answer inquisitive Peter's question—How do the missionaries travel such great distances over rough roads in a new country? They ride on horses, and in the winter these horses are attached to steel-shod sleighs, which glide swiftly over the deep snow. If ever you visit that country in the winter season, you will frequently meet with the devoted missionary, braving the fury of the storm on his errand of mercy, clad in furs and wrapped in buffalo robes, riding in his sleigh drawn by his faithful horse, who has a string of bells around his neck, which ring merrily as he sniffs the frosty air; and in this picturesque or grotesque fashion the man of God visits his widely-scattered flock, and proclaims in remote districts "the unsearchable riches of Christ;" and "the wilderness is becoming glad for them," and "the desert" begins "to bud and blossom as the rose."

PETER.—Thank God for such success! Surely "the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." I have often read in our Missionary Report of the hardships, privations, and perils that our noble missionaries have to brave—extremes of heat and cold, frightfully bad roads when the frost breaks up in the backwoods, floods sweeping away the bridges over the rivers, terrible thunder storms in the autumn, and many other difficulties to test their faith and courage; to say nothing of occasional perils from prowling wolves, and bears, and lynxes. But I have also read of successful Protracted Meetings and glorious Camp Meetings in the mighty forest, at which

hundreds of souls have been converted to God. Hallelujah! I hope at some future time we may have a conversation respecting these things. I do want to hear about the Camp Meetings.

LUKE.—And so do I, Peter. But for the present we must pause, and appeal to our kind friends here present to give *very generously* to carry on the good work in Canada, China, and Australia. Now then for a *glorious* collection, one that shall be an honour to our Sunday-school and to this chapel and circuit—the *best we have ever had*—surpassing all former efforts as the Pyramids surpass molehills.

J. C. WATTS.

Editor's Table.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you be so kind as to give us your opinion on the following passage:—We read in Genesis v. 27, "And all the days of Methuselah were 969 years, and he died." The question I ask is, whether the years were the same in his day as they are now in ours?
J. L.

ANSWER.—The years in the days of Methuselah were not exactly the same as ours, but the difference is of no consequence as affecting his age. The Hebrew year consisted of twelve unequal months, which, previously to the exile, were lunar months, and a month was intercalated every two or three years, to correct the inequality which would have been occasioned if the lunar reckoning had been adhered to. Still, for all practical purposes, the year was the same as ours, and we have no reason to suppose that, in stating the age of Methuselah, Moses meant anything different from a year in our sense of the word.

Bucknall, March 6, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I find in Mark iii. 28, 29, "All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme; but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation." Are we to understand by this that a man who has so sinned, and repents of his sins, and prays to God for a change of heart, and is determined to live a better life, shall not be forgiven? An answer to this, through the medium of the JUVENILE, will oblige, yours respectfully,

GEO. ALDRIDGE.

ANSWER.—Our correspondent will find some help in the solution of his question, if he will attend to the next verse (the 30th), which says, "Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit." Much has been said and written about the sin against the Holy Ghost. It is certain that all sin may be forgiven, if there be in us the spirit of true repentance and faith in Christ. Nothing can be more plain than this, for it is stated over and over again in the New Testa-

ment; and this plain, explicit, and repeated declaration must be our key to the explanation of such passages as our correspondent refers to. The whole question turns upon what this blasphemy against the Holy Ghost was. And the 30th verse tells us what it was. It was ascribing to Satanic influence works which could not have been performed but by the Spirit of God. Those who were guilty of this blasphemy were the persons who saw those works, who had abundant evidence that they were of God, but who so wilfully closed their eyes against the light as to ascribe them to "an unclean spirit." It was a sin of that time and of those men, and cannot be so interpreted as to invalidate the promise of pardon for sin so often and so plainly made to us. Our Saviour was, in fact, protesting against a Jewish error. Their schools taught that certain punishments wiped off certain sins, and that death wiped off the sin of blasphemy, and ended moral responsibility, whereas this sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost could not be ended by their ecclesiastical censures and punishments, but had a far-reaching responsibility, even to the world to come. It was to them he spoke; it was they who saw his works; it was their notion of disposing of the responsibility of the case that he refuted; but he did not intend to teach a doctrine which would have been at variance with his own teachings as addressed to us: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." At the same time, and while we believe that the above is the true interpretation of this passage, there is no disposition of mind more to be dreaded by man than a captious and unbelieving spirit, which finds its expression and illustration in the infidelity of our times. This disposition sees motes in the sunbeams of truth, seizes on every little discrepancy of science, chronology, or history in the Bible, and parades it before the world as fatal to the claims of Divine truth. Where this disposition is there can be no saving faith, and there can be no coming to Christ for pardon and salvation. We ought to cherish a fair, candid, and reverential spirit as to all that the Bible teaches, and to be careful lest a carping and fault-finding spirit does not land us ultimately on the desolate shores of infidelity.

We have a second communication on the same subject. The above may serve as our answer to both.

Clay Cross, March 1, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Having always been led to understand in my reading, also in my personal conversation, that the present New Testament canon contained all the epistles written by St. Paul, I was somewhat surprised to hear that there were thirty other epistles written by him, not contained in our Bible. If so (I think not), why were they not canonized for our instruction, being, as they must, equally inspired with those that we have? Having been unable to obtain a satisfactory answer hitherto, by answering through the JUVENILE, you will oblige, yours truly,

JOSEPH BRIGGS.

ANSWER.—We never heard of these thirty epistles. Where is the authority for the statement?

March 1, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Would you please to give your opinion on the following words:—"Let thy Spirit go from heart to heart, as oil that is poured from vessel to vessel." These, sir, are words that I have heard spoken by persons when they have been engaged in public prayer to Almighty God. I would like to know if this is Scriptural. I do think it is not; it looks as if the Spirit of the Lord did go from one person unto the other, when they ask in this way. I would like to know also your opinion on unbelief. I have heard persons when praying in a public meeting speak these words (they say), "Lord, I do believe; help thou mine unbelief." Should those that are the saved of the Lord come in this way? An answer, through the JUVENILE, would oblige
W. WREN.

ANSWER.—We do not think there is any harm in these expressions, even if they are not found in the Scriptures. The Spirit of God does in many ways go from heart to heart. Sympathy is one of the instruments which God uses to diffuse spiritual influence. Has our correspondent ever heard a heart-stirring sermon? How did he get his heart stirred by such a sermon? Was it not from the preacher—as an instrument, that such a warming, enlightening, and we will go farther and say, sanctifying influence came? What stirred him, but the words, the manner, the tender sympathy, and the burning eloquence of the preacher? So in a prayer-meeting, or a love-feast, or a good Sunday-school sing, or the heavenly harmonies of the sanctuary, are they not all channels through which "the Spirit" comes to human hearts? At all events, they are such to us. We believe in an ever-present God, an ever-present Holy Ghost in all spiritual relations, and when the great congregation assembles, we fancy we can hear the wings of the seraphim in the place, and angel-whispers all round. We would not give a fig for all the religion in the world except as it is brimful of this human sympathy, which we regard as an outcome of the Divine. Christ says, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst;" and we expect that his presence and power will go from heart to heart in such a relation. As to praying for help to faith it is very proper, and we have a direct instance of the use of the very words our correspondent objects to in Mark ix. 24—"And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Our correspondent says, "Should those that are the saved of the Lord come in this way?" To be sure they should—

"Till faith is lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love."

Monday, February 20, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Reading in Luke vii. 28, I find these words—"For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there is not a greater

prophet than John the Baptist: but he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he." If there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist, how is it that he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he? This, sir, appears to me to be a contradiction. Dear sir, if you could kindly favour me with an answer to this, through the medium of your journal, you would greatly oblige, yours respectfully,

J. W. SHEEBIRD.

ANSWER.—There is no contradiction at all in these words. By the "kingdom of God" we are to understand the Gospel dispensation, and in this kingdom, whoever is a real subject of it knows more, and enjoys more, and has more certain and definite information as to his future destination, than John the Baptist, who was merely a forerunner of Christ, and did not understand the fulness of the Gospel in Jesus Christ. He came to preach the baptism of repentance, and to prepare the way of the Lord, and here his mission ended. As to his personal character, he was one of the most heroic, disinterested, and devoted men that ever lived. In this sense there never was a greater prophet than he, but the people of God under the Gospel are advanced to a higher spiritual station than John attained to, for their leader and teacher is Christ, the latchet of whose shoe John said he was not worthy to unloose.

Threapwood.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to favour me with your opinion on the following:—"Do you believe that the rainbow existed in the antediluvian world or not?" I maintain that it did, simply because it is caused by sunshine and rain, but in the ninth chapter of Genesis and the 13th verse I read thus—"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." Your opinion in the JUVENILE will greatly oblige me.—Yours truly,

W. J. W.

ANSWER.—We expect there was always a rainbow, since there were sunbeams and raindrops. The rainbow was not *created* for the purpose of becoming the sign of the covenant, but was referred to as that sign. The verse may be rendered, "Behold, I *have* set my bow in the clouds," and the attention of Noah was directed to it as the sign of the covenant that the world should not again be destroyed by a flood.

38, Ernest Street, Stepney, February 20, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—We are informed in Genesis iv. 16, 17, that Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. And Cain's wife bare Enoch. The population, according to the previous verses, amounting to three—viz., his father, mother, and himself. I am at a loss to understand who his wife was. An answer to this, in an early number of your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, will greatly oblige, yours respectfully,

JOSIAH T. EDWARDS.

ANSWER.—It is certain there were more persons in the world than the three mentioned. There must have been, else how could Cain have married a wife if there was no wife to be had? The

fact that she is not previously mentioned is no proof that she was not in being.

A correspondent wants to know who Gog and Magog were. We answer, We do not know, and we do not think anybody else does. The commentators say they were the Scythians, but they have little more than their own opinions for their authority. Neither do we know when the battle of Armageddon will be fought. These are mysteries we cannot reach.

DEAR SIR,—In Hebrews xi. 23, I read that—"By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child; and they were not afraid of the king's commandment." Now, if they were not afraid of the king's commandment, why did they hide the child? An answer to my question, through the JUVENILE, will greatly oblige, yours truly, J. M.

ANSWER.—What is meant by their not being afraid of the king's commandment is, that they did not allow the child to be destroyed at its birth, but kept it alive in spite of the king's commandment. As to their hiding it, that was the only way they could accomplish their purpose, for, if it had been known that the child was alive, it would have been destroyed by the officers charged with this cruel decree. The whole transaction shows their courage and trust in God, notwithstanding the king's commandment.

E. C., of Silverdale, will see that his question about the sin against the Holy Ghost is answered in reply to another correspondent.

Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—Having read a letter in the JUVENILE respecting a subscription to be presented to the Rev. Dr. Cooke, for the very valuable services which he has rendered, not only to the JUVENILE, but to the Connexion at large, since I read the letter I have thought a great deal about it. Let us present what we will to Dr. Cooke, we cannot add to his comfort; in my opinion he has everything that will make him comfortable and happy in this life, and money will not buy him a title to the better land—it is without money and without price. I have thought the best thing we JUVENILE readers can do is to have his statue or monument erected; and if all the JUVENILE subscribers will say we will have it erected, I will tell you where I think will be the best place for it—the town in which he was born. I am told he was born at Burslem, in Staffordshire, and if that be so, there is a very good place at the front of the beautiful chapel there; and, if that won't do, there is a first-rate place at the front of the Town-hall. I have heard he is the only person known that Burslem has ever produced who has had the honour of being a D.D., or the editor of either magazine or anything else. As I have named a place

where I think it ought to be, I will mention a sum, £1,000; and I have no doubt the subscribers are prepared to pay that in three months after it is settled to have it. I hope it will meet with every success. I therefore beg leave to move that a full-length statue of Dr. Cooke be erected in Burslem, to stand about twelve feet high. We shall want to hear what the trustees and Sunday-school teachers have to say about it. Hoping this will find publicity in the JUVENILE, I beg to remain, yours truly,

B. B.

HOW I LED MY LIFE.—DEAR SIR,—I write to you hoping to find you in good health. You may think it rather strange of me writing to you in this manner. I was born on the 18th of March, 1848, and from the day that I was born until I was at the age of thirteen years, I never saw the Bible. My father was an infidel, that is, an unbeliever in God, and he taught me to read the works of Thomas Paine, and the works of Joseph Barker, and many other bad books. I went to church one Sunday morning, and my father got to hear of it, and he whipped me severely, and said that I had done wrong. But time rolled away, and my father was laid on his bed of sickness; and when he lay there for three months he began to get worse, and they sent for a class-leader to pray with him. When he came he said, "Have you begun to think about your never-dying soul?" He replied, "Yes, but it is far too late now to pray; so go away, go away, go away! I am damned, and that for ever." But the gentleman still stood in the chamber, and he read two chapters in the Bible, and then he prayed, but all was in vain, and he died—the last words he said, "I am damned for ever and ever." This was the 7th day of September, 1868. I still followed his footsteps as an unbeliever in God, but one day, thank God, I was going to Newcastle, and I met a young man whose name was Henry Willis, a good, religious young man, and he belongs to the place called Felling Shore. He talked to me about my never-dying soul. I was very much astonished at him going so far in the Scriptures, and he told me to get some of your works to read. I did so. I began to read your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and by reading it I found queries, and answers to them which enlightened my dark mind; and now I am happy to say that I have found Christ in my heart, and I never felt happier in all my life than I do now. I cannot express to you my happy feelings. I can now sing—

"Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

I pray that the Lord will bless you for your good INSTRUCTOR, and I pray that the Lord will make me useful in his cause. Sir, I wish you to publish this in your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. JOSEPH HALL.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency.

BAND OF HOPE MEETING, MACCLESFIELD.—A very interesting meeting, as the inauguration of a movement for establishing a branch of our Connexional Band of Hope, took place in Lord Street School, on January 31st. The Rev. F. Jewell (deputation), with Messrs. J. W.

White, Jos. Barclay, F. Beresford, T. Johnson, Jas. Tunstall, T. Bullock, and J. C. Holland addressed the meeting, showing the advantages resulting to youth from the practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. The respected superintendent of the school, James Jackson, Esq., presided. Resolutions were passed, and a committee formed to carry out the above object.

BLACKBURN HOME MISSION.—On Sabbath evening, February 26th, 1871, we held an Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting. There was a large attendance of scholars and friends; our preaching-room being quite full. Mr. H. Robinson, the esteemed superintendent of the school, presided, who, with Messrs. R. H. Clayton, J. Rothwell, J. Wallwork, of Ashton, and the resident minister, advocated the mission cause. The meeting was also interested by recitations from Miss S. J. Bond, Miss Slater; Master Slater, Master Bond, Master A. Clayton, and Master J. H. Clayton. A collection was made at the close, amounting to £1 8s. 6d.

WILLIAM MILLS.

SILVERDALE, HANLEY CIRCUIT.—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, February 26th, 1871. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Hugh Bourne, of Newcastle, presided. The report was read by the secretary, and an address delivered by Mr. William Pickin. The dialogue, written by the Rev. J. C. Watts, of Burslem, and which appears in your February number, was given by two teachers, the scholars singing the hymns to the tunes as written, which had a very good effect, and was much appreciated by the audience. The scholars greatly interested the meeting with a good supply of appropriate recitations and dialogues, interspersed with singing, in which all the children took part, conducted by Mr. John Rowley. The scholars have been busy with their cards for the past few weeks, and the following is the result:—Miss Wright, 14s. 6d.; Nelly Smith, 10s. 3d.; Rachel Green, 5s. 6d.; Martha Rowley, 4s. 8d.; Hannah Lawton, 4s. 6d.; Mary Alice Taylor, 2s. 6d.; Mary Ann Carr, 2s. 2½d.; Alice Whitmore, 2s.; Eliza Edwards, 2s.; Mary Ann Edwards, 2s.; Emma Green, 2s.; Elizabeth Jane Winkle, 2s.; Arthur L. Carr, 4s. 11d.; Herbert Davis, 2s.; Smaller Sums by Boys and Girls, 28s. 1½d.; Public Collection, £2 19s. 8d.; making a total of £7 7s. 10d.; which we regret to state shows a slight decrease when compared with the amount realized last year, but we trust that our earnest and persevering efforts will be attended with greater result next time.

E. J. C.

Our Children's Portion.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and, arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and

vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in

silver bits shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it not very unbusiness-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favour with God and man also; I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now, you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another

penny at the stand of his neighbour. Thus the season passed; the gentleman, finding he could always get a good article of Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through various posts of service, he became at length an honoured partner in the firm.—*Chatterbox.*

HUMILITY.

DR. FRANKLIN, writing to a friend, says: "The last time I saw your father he received me in his study, and, at my departure, showed me a shorter way out of his house, through a narrow passage, crossed by a beam overhead. We were talking as we withdrew, and I, turning partly towards him, he suddenly cried, 'Stoop! stoop!' I did not know what he meant, till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never failed to impart instruction; and on this occasion said, 'You are young, and have to go through the world! stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has been of singular service to me, and I have often thought of it when I have seen pride mortified, and men brought low by carrying their heads too high."

A meek man, says Mr. Henry, escapes many of those perplexities, those woes, and sorrows, and wounds without cause, which he that is passionate, provoking, and

revengeful brings upon his own head. The two goats that met upon the narrow bridge were both in danger had they quarrelled, but they were both preserved by the condescension of one that lay down and let the other go over him. It is the evil tendency of passion that turns our friends into enemies; but it is the excellency of meekness that it converts our enemies into friends, which is an effectual way of conquering them.

WHAT A FALL!

A MINISTER of the Gospel told me, in 1847, one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him on the door-step, clapping his hands, and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me (I could give you his name if necessary), "I spent that night in the house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it; I walked out, and down the hill. There was his child dead; there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep. A man but thirty-five years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple, where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him round, and a wife upon the brink of the grave! Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me I must remain till he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face, and exclaimed, 'What

is the matter? where am I? where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Where is my boy?' he inquired 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way. I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion, I took him to that child's bedside, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a shriek, 'Ah, my child!'" That minister said further to me, "One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral."

The minister of the Gospel who related to me that fact is this very day a drunken ostler in a stable in Boston! Now tell me what drink will do! It will debase, degrade, imbrute, and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and God-like in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking, or hellish. We are united, brethren, are we not, to fight it till the day of our death?

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE BOYS WHO ARE TOO BIG.

GATHER them all into a class, by themselves, and put them under the care of the kindest and most judicious man that can be found. Not a long-winded man, who will weary them with tedious preaching; not a dismal man, who will drive them away with his doleful exhortations; not an austere man, who will shake his head and make grim faces at them; but a good, warm-hearted Christian, a man of tact and enterprise. One who remembers that he was once a young man, passing through this critical state, will do better than one of the stately sort, who never was young.

Poetry.

FAST AND SLOW.

THE HARE AND SNAIL; OR, THE TIME
REGULATOR.

THE watch we wear—time's tell-tale
guide,

When incorrect, we're prone to chide
In going fast or slow;
We touch the regulating spring,
In hope, by gentle altering,
The clicking right will go.

Life is, at best, our ticking-time,
Of moments, months, or years of prime,
Well spent, or not well squared;
This curious frame is nature's clock,
And should its pulse-spring get a shock,
'Twill need to be repaired.

A watch we saw upon whose plate
Were marked such signs as indicate
The rapid and the slow.

Their novelty did thoughts suggest,
By no means void of interest,
As here proposed to show.

A hare and snail were there portrayed,
Where one is hast'ning to evade
Pursuit from foes without;
The other crawls, and fears no foe,
Never in haste, and always slow,
Content to gnaw the sprout.

This watch, if found to go too fast,
Must have the regulator placed
Towards the creeping snail;
But minutes in the day, if lost,
That we may save some further cost,
We draw to pussy's tail.

Methinks we all some semblance bear
To hares and snails, whose natures are
Conferred their spheres to fill;
But man, intelligent and proud,
With immortality endowed,
Is either slow or still.

A glorious trophy he may win,
'Tis offered all who give up sin,
And "make their calling sure;"
No idlers are supposed to run,
None but the earnest hear "Well done,"
And the bright prize secure.

Reader, perhaps we're both too slow,
And ought a little quicker go,
Inclining to the hare;
Then let us pray the Maker's hand
May touch, as if with magic wand,
Our springs,* and set them fair.

Christians should carefully elude
A course in which an aptitude
To ease and rest might tend;
"Watch!" is the motto of their day,
Time well improved, and no delay,
Brings glory in the end.

EDWARD RIGLEY.

*Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

"HOE YOUR OWN ROW."

I think there are some maxims
Under the sun
Scarce worth preservation:
But here, boys, is one
So sound and so simple,
'Tis worth while to know;
And all in the single line,
"Hoe your own row!"

If you want to have riches,
And want to have friends,
Don't trample the means down,
And look for the ends:
But always remember,
Wherever you go,
The wisdom of practising
"Hoe your own row!"

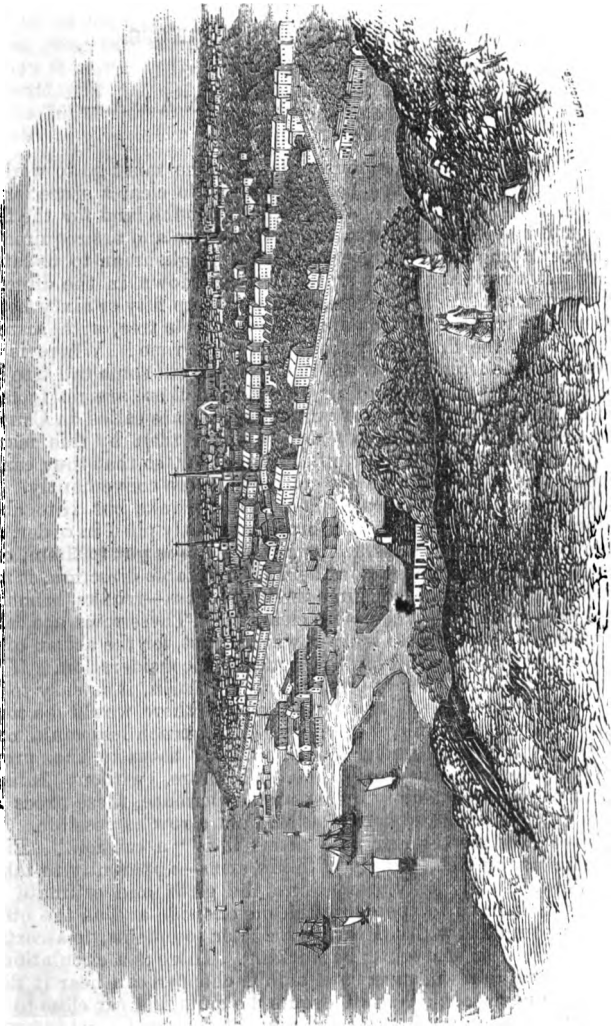
Don't just sit and pray
For increase of your store,
But work; who helps himself
Heaven helps more.
The weeds, while you're sleeping,
Will come up and grow,
But if you would have the
Full ear, you must hoe!

Nor will it do only
To hoe out the weeds,
You must make your ground mellow
And put in the seeds:
And when the young blade
Pushes through, you must know,
There's nothing will strengthen
Its growth like the hoe!

There's no use of saying,
"What will be will be;"
Once try it, my lack-brain,
And see what you'll see!
Why, just small potatoes
And few in a row;
You'd better take hold, then,
And honestly hoe!

A good many workers
I've known in my time—
Some builders of houses,
Some builders of rhyme!
And they that were prospered,
Were prospered, I know,
By the intent and meaning of
"Hoe your own row!"

I've known, too, a good many
Idlers who said,
"I've a right to my living,
The world owes me bread!"
A right, lazy lubber!
A thousand times No!
'Tis his, and his only,
Who hoes his own row!



THE CITY OF TORONTO.
Specially Engraved for this Magazine.

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—V.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE settler has built his house, and now he must go to work in earnest. A few trees have been cut down to clear a space for the house, and a short distance all round it, but the land for the farm has yet to be cleared. There are both science and art required for this undertaking. "I suppose," said an Englishman to us lately, "they put a rope at the top and draw them down in the direction they want them!" Fancy a man climbing up fifty or sixty feet on the straight trunk of a Canadian oak or maple tree, with scarcely a branch on the first thirty feet, to fix his rope! Where is the ladder to come from? It could not be made till some tall tree had been cut down to make it of, and even then there are no tools at hand to make the staves of, or rungs, as they are called in Canada, and besides, the work must be done quicker than by this means. All the trees must be made to fall in one row, so that they can lie and be handled, after they are cut down, more conveniently. All the branches have to be cut off, and the trunks cut into about eighteen-foot lengths, then the branches neatly piled in order, and as far as possible in rows, that when the fire is put to them, on a day when the wind blows upon them in a suitable direction, it may run from end to end, and consume the whole mass—trunks, branches, and chips—and effect a complete clearance. These rows are called "winrows;"—we suppose *wind-rows* is meant, for the action of the wind and the fire on the rows is a material consideration. If the trees were laid one over another in any direction, it is easy to see what a tangled mass of trees and branches there would be to act upon. No person could step among them, much less could oxen be brought to work among them, to haul them to the proper place at the "logging-up" time. Therefore, without ladders, without ropes, and merely by art and experience, these trees are laid down, one after another, in as straight a row as possible.

To see how the chopper goes about it is "a caution." First, he embraces the tree lovingly with his arms—apparently to take a last farewell; but really to measure the girth, and estimate the depth he will have to chop through on one side and on the other. Then, he sounds it with his ear, as a doctor sounds us, to ascertain how the lungs or heart may be working. There is a circulation of sap in a tree, and we suppose a skilful chopper can hear it flow, though we never could; at all events he puts his ear close to the tree all round, to consult with the spirit of the woods, and ascertain how it is going to be when the downfall comes. The real object is

to ascertain whether the tree is hollow, which he can ascertain by a stroke of his axe and listening for the sound. If the tree be hollow, great caution is necessary in chopping it, for no one can tell how it may fall, for the weak side may give way sooner than it should, and not only may the tree fall in the wrong direction, but the life of the chopper may be sacrificed by the tree falling on himself in a direction he never expected. Having "sounded" the patient, he next looks up to see which way the branches may incline, and speculate about the centre of gravity. Next he notices how the wind blows at the time, and having settled all these problems, he chooses where he shall begin the operation. The side over which the tree is to fall must be chopped *past* the heart, and rather lower down than on the other side, so that the fall may be sure in that direction. When one side, and always the side to fall on, is chopped deep enough, he goes to the other side and works away till not more than about two inches of a transverse section remain right through the tree. On this narrow base the tree then stands, and if the wood be thoroughly sound, especially of a maple, which is a very tenacious wood, the tree will sometimes stand quivering for a minute or two—doggedly refusing to fall, although his case is hopeless; but another blow or two, and then a stout push, shakes his confidence and down he comes! Oh, what an awful crash! The falling giant, as if out of revenge for his fate, catches all the limbs of the nearest trees and hurls them down as Samson did his enemies in his fall. Sometimes the entanglement is so great among the branches that not only a mass of them, but another tree or two, may come down all together. "Run, boys, run!" is the cry among the choppers, for who knows what strange turns the falling trees or branches may take? Many a man has been killed upon the spot by being struck by a falling limb, coming down altogether in a different direction from that which was expected. In this case, happy is the man who is not afflicted with rheumatism, and can give good "leg bail." In one or two minutes the whole confusion is over. The immense giant has come down with a thud that made the earth tremble all around. All that he could bring down with him in his fall, he has blended in his own ruin. And now come and see the sight. What an awful smash! Branches rived to pieces, and scattered in every direction. The fallen tree lying still, two or three smaller ones which he carried with him, lying on him, or near him; but tread cautiously, look round, look up, else that dangling limb, which hangs by the bark, may come down upon you and kill you dead upon the spot! The first trouble is over now. There is room to work. The other trees have room to fall, and there is less danger to the chopper. He goes to work on all the rest as he has gone to work with the first tree. He works thus all winter, and by the time the spring opens he has, perhaps, four or five square acres chopped. The "brush," as it is called, all piled, and all made ready for the fire when the next season arrives.

What has done it all? Human strength and the axe. And what is the axe? Necessity everywhere is the mother of invention, and the requirements of the backwoodsman have invented the axe he uses. It has two properties—one to cut and the other to split; that is, it must have the property of a wedge as well as a cutting implement, which is the actual form of the chopper's axe. It is four or five inches broad and seven inches long, with an eye in the head for the handle. It tapers from the eye to the edge, and is rounded on the flat sides. Thus, it is a broad wedge with a sharp edge, and will cut and cleave.

And now for home! All has been done that can be done at present. To attempt to burn the trees when just cut down would be useless, because the timber is green and will not burn. Hence the settler, if he has a farm, will go home to attend to it about the end of March. If he has no farm, he will go and hire himself out for the next summer to some farmer who wants help, and thus earn some money to buy a yoke of oxen and some more provisions for the next campaign in the bush. Thus, he leaves the shanty, leaves the clearing, and goes to work in some of the cleared parts of the country. All the following summer the heat of the sun is drying his fallen trees and the brush, and by the end of August he may come back, or perhaps—which is still better—he may stay away till the end of the *second* summer, by which time the timber will be thoroughly dry, and by the month of August in the second year he can come and set fire to the whole clearing, and in a few days the brush is all burnt, and many of the smaller trees as well, the larger trees themselves being in many instances considerably lessened in size by the fire, and thus a preparation is made for "logging up." All the five acres which have been chopped cannot be logged up the first season, unless there is more force than most early settlers can command. Perhaps three of them may be managed, or at least two. If there are neighbours, one settler brings his hands and oxen to help another, and that other pays him back in the same kind. The oxen are hitched to the partially-burnt logs, by a strong iron chain, and they draw the logs to different distances, so as to bring six or eight of them to one spot. Then the men roll the logs one upon another, in convenient heaps all over the field, when the fire is again applied, and in about a week they will all be consumed.

The land is now ready for the seed. As soon as the fires are exhausted, and the ashes cooled down, which will very soon happen, after a shower or two of rain, the wheat is sown broadcast upon the scorched land, with a proportionate quantity of timothy grass seed. A brush harrow—that is, a harrow made of a large bunch of tree-branches fastened to each other at the but-end—is dragged by the oxen all over the burnt ground and in every direction, several times repeated, and thus the seed becomes mixed with the ashes and burnt earth. Rails are split, and a worm fence made about

five feet high all round the sown patch. And now everything begins to look respectable. The little house stands in the middle of the little clearing, a rude stable is erected for the oxen, and perhaps a cow. An equally rude pen is provided for a pig or two, all of which animals will live in the woods on such provision as they can pick up, in the shape of grass, wild herbs, and the leaves of the lower branches of the trees. The pigs will live on nuts, the roots of plants, and snakes when they can catch them. There are a few fowls about the house, with chanticleer to waken the echoes in the morning. Mother has her cat, father his dog, the children plenty of room to play and tumble about. The wheat soon begins to sprout, and a beautiful greenness appears on the land so lately scorched and blackened by the fire, and the settler begins to have hope. He has made the first hole in the woods—the first commencement to secure a productive farm. Every day helps him on a little farther and adds to his little conveniences. Still the stumps of the trees are all round him, and will be so for the next ten or fifteen years. But he can work among them; his grass and wheat, potatoes and Indian corn, will all flourish notwithstanding the stumps, and when the *third* spring opens—not before, and let all emigrants mark the fact, for they must make their calculations accordingly—he can plant what will keep him for the future. His wheat planted the previous autumn has laid under the snow all winter, and soon pushes on a most beautiful growth. His potatoes will be ready by the middle of July, his corn (Indian corn) the same, and from that July and following autumn he has plenty to eat, and his ox, and his ass, and everything that is his. Up to that third autumn all has been work and waiting and no reward. But then he begins to reap. His wheat is cut down early in September, or even earlier than that. His potatoes, turnips, and other roots are dug up in November, and buried in pits in the field. There is a little cellar commonly dug in the shanty, to which there is access by a trap-door, and here the potatoes are stored for the family use during winter. The pig is killed in December a few wild turkeys may have been shot, or a deer, and these with the other provisions enumerated, secure the family from all anxiety as to the food question. “Boshey,” the cow, affords the children subsistence and butter for the family. There is plenty of wood all round to warm up the shanty on the coldest winter days and nights. A rude plenty there begins to be all round, increasing year by year. The fourth year there is grain to sell, and many other things, and then, but not till then, a little money comes to the little homestead, and a few necessities or luxuries may be bought. It has been all struggle till now. But the day dawns at last, and the hardy settler and his faithful, frugal, hard-working wife shall have their reward.

THE WORDS WE USE:

THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING.

INTRODUCTION.

Do not fear, my young friends, that I am going to give you a long string of words to commit to memory, such as you have in your spelling-book, or that I am about to set you another lesson in grammar.

When I was a schoolboy I used to wish that grammar had never been invented to puzzle me, and to wonder why we were not allowed to spell words as we liked, instead of learning to spell from a book. Perhaps some of you have wished and wondered in the same way, and so I will promise you, to begin with, that I do not intend to add to your trouble. On the contrary, I wish rather to help to make those long rows of tiresome words a pleasure to you, or if not a pleasure, then less a task than they have been to you. Most young people like to know what is the use of things; where they come from; who made them; what they are made of, and how they are put together. If you have a mechanical toy, you want to pull it to pieces to see what is inside. You are inquisitive; you like to know *why* it is so, and *how*. Well, now, I want you to join with me in pulling the spelling-book to pieces. Of course we do not intend to tear it up to shreds; that would do no good.

But let us imagine that these long lines of words are built up loose, like your wooden bricks, and so we give them a little push and down they all come! And now we have got all sorts mixed up together. Here are one-syllables with five-syllables, and twos with fours and threes and sixes. Why, you say, that is just how the words are on this page! Yes, only there are not many of the Con-*stan-ti-no-ple* sort, for I am trying to avoid them. We have got, then, the long rows of words knocked down and mixed up together. Now, let us have a look at them. *Words—what are they?* We have compared them just now to the wooden bricks you play with sometimes; but this was only to illustrate their arrangement in the spelling-book. Let us try another comparison. Words are like money. Money is the circulating medium of property. Words are the circulating medium of thought. If you were in Greenland and wanted to buy a bearskin, or anything else he had to sell, from a native, and were to offer him money for it, he would not take it. The inhabitants of Greenland, like other savage or half-savage people, have not yet learnt the use of money, so you would have to resort to barter—the exchange of one commodity for another. You must give him needles, or buttons, or something else of which he knows the value. But all civilized nations have agreed to use gold, silver, and copper coins of a recognized value, by the help of which they are able to do their business much more

quickly and conveniently. If a farmer had always to deliver so much corn to the grocer for its value in tea or sugar, or if the draper had to give so much calico to the butcher for so much meat, this would be a very troublesome way of doing business. All this is avoided by the use of money. We know exactly how much each piece is worth, and so can purchase what we require without any trouble at all. Now words serve a similar purpose. If I have a thought about anything, and want to tell it to you, I have only to put the thought into words and speak them out, if you are present, or write them down if you are not present, and then my thought may become yours. Each different word has its own meaning, just as each coin has its own value; and when several words are put together we know just what they mean, the same as when several coins are added together we know exactly what they are worth.

However, I have only yet shown you what "words" are like. Let us go a little further. A "word" originally meant *that which is uttered or thrown out by the voice*. One of the great differences, as you know, between ourselves and the brutes is in this gift of utterance. God has bestowed upon us this extraordinary power of producing all sorts of sounds: soft or loud, harsh or sweet. And all these sounds are produced by the simple changes we have power to make in the throat, and in the position of the tongue, the teeth, and the lips. Now, perhaps some of my young readers have not noticed this before. You have all talked and sung, but you have not observed *how*, so let us take an illustration or two.

The sounds of *c* and *g* are produced by the throat. Speak the letters clearly and you will feel it; but to pronounce *t* and *d* you must use the teeth; while, again, to speak the letters *p* and *b* you must employ the lips. Try to pronounce these last two letters without bringing the lips together, and you will find you cannot do so. But if, on the other hand, you wish to pronounce *a*, you are obliged to open the lips, and for *o* you must open them wider still, until indeed your mouth is the very shape of the letter itself. In this way we form the different sounds, of which, we are told, there are altogether about thirty-nine. Now, if you take a word and pull it to pieces, letter from letter, you find it is composed of one or more of these sounds—sometimes only one sound, as in the case of the word "a" used as an article; in other cases more, as in the word "book," which has three sounds.

Now, we have just another step to take and then we shall be able to see what a "word" really is.

If we had no power to tell our thoughts to each other but by means of the voice, what would be the consequence? Why, we should have scarcely any history of former times, and scarcely any of the knowledge gained by our forefathers; none but what they could give us by word of mouth. We could keep no accounts,

send no letters, and so should have no postmen; we should have no power of storing up the knowledge we gain, and so have no books—nothing, indeed, but our memory to depend upon.

What a deal, therefore, we owe to the inventor of writing! and yet no one can tell us who he was. We only know that the original method of writing was of a very rude sort. For the literal meaning of the words "to write" is, "to scratch," "to rub," or "to grave," as they used to do on stone and on the bark of trees. In this way men began to express their thoughts by marks or "signs," until now it is almost as easy to some to write a word as to speak it.

We see, then, that "words" are *the spoken or written signs by means of which thoughts are conveyed from one person to another.*

We have said *spoken or written signs*, because sometimes we use the one, sometimes the other; the spoken being addressed to the ear, the written to the eye. Speaking between two persons is rather like the throwing of balls from one to another. If you were with me now I should utter or *throw out* these words to you, and your ears would readily *catch* them as they fell from my lips; just as you would catch with your hands a number of balls. In writing, of course, it is altogether different; we have to use letters as representing the various sounds of the voice, and these letters are interpreted by the eye.

Now, so far, we have only talked about the use and composition of words. Let me now tell you something about their numbers. It has been estimated that the number of words that we English people have in use amongst us, common and uncommon, is not less than 80,000!

If we could ascertain the number of words possessed, say by one of the barbarous tribes of Africa, we should possibly find they had not 10,000. It is likely this small number is much too large. Now what is the reason of this? Well, the number of words possessed by any people is just in proportion to the amount of knowledge they possess; or, in other words, to the state of their civilization.

All the words that savages know are their own names and those of their idols, the names of some animals, plants, or other natural objects upon which they subsist, or in the midst of which they dwell, and, of course, the ordinary words used in their intercourse with each other. Now, remembering this, let us call to mind the fact that this was once the very state in which were the inhabitants of this island. The ancient Britons, as your English history has told you, were a very barbarous people. Living in miserable huts, their clothing skins, their food roots, their gods idols and natural objects, their sacrifices sometimes human, their whole condition most pitiable. And this being so, the ancient Britons must have had as few words then as the poor Africans have now—only about 10,000 words at the most! And yet now we have 80,000. Where have the other 70,000 come from?

This, among other things, is what I hope to show you. I intend to try to write for you a short and simple History of the English Language, which we shall find is connected in an interesting way with the history of our country; and our gradual growth from a most barbarous to a most civilized people. I shall also endeavour to bring in such remarks on the characteristics of words, their meanings, and the changes that have taken place, as will interest and instruct you.

I write for the young readers of our much-loved JUVENILE, and do not pretend to give information to those who have larger books at hand. For many years, like most of you, a scholar in the Sunday-school, I was glad to read this welcome little book; and now I shall be still more glad if I am able to help it, however little, with my pen.

J. C. S.

PEEPS AT OLD ENGLAND.—II.

DRESS AND FASHIONS.

OUR forefathers showed such good taste in their buildings that we should have expected to find their dresses just as beautiful; and indeed some of them were so, but others were absurd almost beyond belief. Still it is worth our while to read about them. Having nothing to do with them ourselves, we can afford to look at these old fashions honestly, and to see them as they really are. Now if this should at all help us to look at our own fashions in the same way, what a good thing it would be!

Solomon tells us "there is nothing new under the sun." It is not certain that he was speaking just then of arts, fashions, &c., but I have noticed many cases in which the remark is true, even of these. Many of our own foolish fashions were well known in Old England during the Middle Ages. The hooped petticoats of Elizabeth's reign took up as much room as our wide crinolines, and were even more ugly; while the very long trailing dresses worn by our ladies were more than matched by those of old times. At the close of the eleventh century, ladies' dresses were so long that they had to be tied up in knots at the skirts, to prevent treading on them; and in later times they were held up by pages, for the same reason. However, even by the time of Chaucer, the evil had gone very far. Ladies and gentlemen who rode on horseback had skirts so long that they trailed in the dirt and dust of the roads. It is not so very long since the ladies delighted in long wide sleeves; so too did ladies in the Middle Ages—yes, and gentlemen too. In William II.'s time they were so long that (like the skirts) they had to be knotted, to prevent their being trodden on; while in Elizabeth's reign some of the ladies were decked with "sleeves, hanging down to the skirts, trailing on the ground, and cast over their shoulders like cows' tails."

In Henry IV.'s days gentlemen's servants must have felt that long sleeves were often a serious nuisance, for, as Oocleve puts the matter,—

“What is a lord without his men?
Supposing that his foes should him assail,
Suddenly in the street; what help shall he,
Whose cumbrous sleeves so downward trail,
Render his lord?—He may not him avail;
In such a case, he's helpless as a woman,
He may not stand him in stead of a man.
His poor arms, too, find quite enough to do,
And somewhat more, his long sleeves to uphold!”

I have tried to put Oocleve's words into modern English, and should like to treat in the same way many other parts of his poem, but for this I have no space.

The gentlemen of William II.'s time wore boots turned up at the points, and ending in some such ornament as a scorpion's tail, a ram's horn, or a bird's bill! This practice gave great offence to the clergy, who forbade it to those of their own order, and even held synods to condemn it; but though they had influence enough just then to keep all classes in awe of them, and to send thousands of our countrymen to the Crusades, they could do nothing against these pointed shoes, which continued to flourish, and indeed were heard of long afterwards. Thus we read that in Richard II.'s reign, they were “snouted and piked more than a finger long, crooking upwards, and fastened to the knees with chains of gold and silver.” Parti-coloured dresses were worn by both sexes: one half of the dress was of one colour, and the other half of another, one side being, say white, the other blue. John of Gaunt was so dressed when he sat to arrange matters for the coronation of his nephew, Richard II. Cut or slashed dresses were heard of before Henry IV. came to the throne, but in his reign the practice was carried to an extreme length, as appears from one of the laws then passed. No one, whatever his station, was allowed to wear a gown or garment cut or slashed into pieces, in the form of letters, rose leaves, and posies of various kinds, or any like devices, under pain of forfeiting the same, while the tailor who made them was to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure.

What am I to say of ladies' head-dresses during the Middle Ages? Some of them were square, others horned, others like turbans. The Queen of Charles VI. of France wore a head-dress so big that it is said the doors of the palace of Vincennes had to be altered, in order to admit her and the ladies of her suite when in full dress. After horned head-dresses went out, steeple head-dresses of immense height succeeded them. If I were to call them “extinguisher-shaped,” this would give many readers a clearer idea of how they looked. The less said about the good taste of some of the gentlemen's hats in Henry VI.'s day the better; in fact, the gentlemen of Old England, as far as propriety in dress went, were, at the bottom,

not so very much better than the ladies. While each sex, in these matters, had follies of its own, it did not fail to copy those of the other.

The time was when all the fashions I have told you of were thought beautiful and becoming, though we think them just the opposite. This ought to teach you that a style is not really beautiful just because it is in the fashion: indeed, for that matter, many things which now are all the rage will be counted ugly ten years hence, and very silly in fifty years' time. It is the duty of every one of us to dress neatly and carefully, but it does not follow that we ought to set our hearts on the fashions of the day in the way that some do, even when we can afford the cost.

There is one point of difference between our dresses and those of our forefathers, for which we should be very thankful. In many instances, the materials of which our clothes are made admit of far greater cleanliness than was possible then. In the Middle Ages clothes were generally made of leather or woollen; linen was confined to the higher and middle ranks, while silk was scarcely known, and cotton as an article of general wear belongs to a much later period. Many of the cloth dresses of the Middle Ages did not admit of being washed, while at the same time the mode of washing then followed in the case of other articles was much less perfect than ours.

S.

THE DISCONTENTED SNOWDROP.

A LESSON FOR GRUMBLING BOYS AND GIRLS.

EVERYBODY hates grumbling, complaining boys and girls. A grumbling, snarling dog gets more kicks than bones. Some boys and girls are always grumbling if they cannot do just as they like, and have everything they want. They grumble if they are too hot or too cold, grumble because they have to go to school; grumble if their dinner isn't ready; grumble if their clothes are not good enough; grumble because they are poor; grumble when the baby cries; grumble if mother asks them to help her when they want to play—indoors or outdoors, at home or at school, sick or well, they are always complaining, always discontented, always wanting to be something they are not, or to have something they cannot get. Now this never does any good; it never mends anything, nor sets a wrong thing right. Grumbling, discontented boys and girls grow up sour, crabbed men and women. Remember, there will be no grumblers in heaven. Christ would never have taken up a grumbling boy or girl in his arms and blessed them. In the following story you will see how foolish this disposition is, and what mistakes it gets people into. The story is for the little ones; if, however, they ask you big brother or sister to read it for them, do, and don't grumble to do it.

Once upon a time, how long ago I cannot tell, when the snow

had nearly all gone, and the green corn was peeping above the earth as if to feel for the warm sunshine which the snow had told it would soon come and cause it to spring into life, a tiny Snowdrop pushed its way above the earth which had so long pressed it down with a weight as heavy and hard as iron. Unnoticed by any one it hung its head, and talking to itself in its own way, which no one but the birds and the winds could understand, it complained of its situation till it grew quite sad and hopeless, and persuaded itself it was the most ill-used thing in the world. One morning, just as the Sun sent his warm rays right into Snowdrop's face and tried to cheer her drooping heart, a Robin who had just got out of bed, looking for his breakfast on the bottom of the hedge, hopped right against poor Snowdrop. "Oh, you pretty little thing! where did you come from?" chirped Robin.

With a sigh said Snowdrop, "Out of the hard cold ground, where I have laid in the dark, oh, so long! and now I am here I cannot move from this spot; no one takes any notice of me. If I were like you, with your gay clothes, your red breast and sparkling eyes and sweet note, and could fly wherever I chose, then I should be happy, and people would admire and love me; as it is, I must live and die here a poor miserable Snowdrop."

"Foolish little flower! don't you know," said Robin, "it is not my gay dress that makes people love me, nor yet my bright eyes, nor sweet note? It is not what we are, but what we do, that makes us happy. Don't you know everybody loves me because I covered the 'Babes in the Wood' with leaves? and that is the reason why boys don't throw stones at me, or rob my nest of my little ones."

"But what can a little flower like me do?" sighed Snowdrop.

"I don't know," answered Robin; "but depend upon it, you are of some use in the world, or God would not have sent you here. However, cheer up, and wait."

Just then their conversation (which you boys and girls could not have understood) was interrupted by a hard heavy tread. Robin flew off into a tree hard by. A man with heavy boots, coarse dress, and sad face, came along, his eyes bent upon the ground; but seeing little Snowdrop, his look brightened, and he said, "I must take you, my pretty flower, for little sick Nelly."

Robin, watching from the tree, saw him stoop down, and with his large shining knife carefully take up Snowdrop and carry her away. He heard little Snowdrop sigh to the wind, "Oh, dear; this is worse than all: I shall be sure to die now!"

Robin, flying after him, saw him enter a little white cottage, where of course Robin could not follow, but we can; only we must be careful not to dirty the clean sanded floor. There we should see a woman whose face looked as bright and cheerful as the shining kettle which sang on the fire, as plain as a kettle could sing, "Father, breakfast's ready." Father, however, turns to a little low cot in the corner, and says, "How's Nelly this morning?"

Nelly, seeing the Snowdrop in father's hand, said, as her eyes brightened, and her poor wan face lighted up with joy, "Oh, father, how pretty! do let me look."

"Wait a little," says father; and going out he soon returns with Snowdrop nicely placed in a pretty little flower-pot. "There, Nelly; that's for you."

"Oh, I'm so glad, father; it's so long since I saw a flower."

Then little Snowdrop's heart was glad, and she thought, "After all I am of some use;" and when Nelly went to sleep, glad and weary, her mother took Snowdrop on to the window-sill outside the house, where Robin saw her, and perching on an apple-tree close by, heard Snowdrop tell how the sick Nelly had talked about her, and how she had gladdened the poor sick child, till Robin said, "Didn't I tell you you would be of some use if you only waited?"

And thus every day did Robin and Snowdrop talk, till Nelly was able to get out into the sunshine and scatter crumbs for Robin. By-and-by the warm weather came, and Snowdrop began to droop and die. Nelly, grown well and strong, was sad when she saw this; but her father said, "We will bury Snowdrop in the ground, and when the snow comes again, and the warm summer is gone, you will see her pretty white flowers again."

So they carried Snowdrop into the garden. Nelly stood by and saw her father dig a hole and put Snowdrop in: then Robin heard Snowdrop faintly whisper, "I'm so glad I was of some use; I will never complain again because I cannot be what God never meant me to be;" and as Nelly skipped back into the cottage Robin heard her say, "Mother, Snowdrop doesn't know how much good she did to me." Then he sang his sweet song, which meant, "If you are a good and obedient girl I will come again with the snow;" then he spread his wings and flew away over the hills. R.

JIM CLARK, THE LETTER-CARRIER.

ON a very cold wet day in January, in the year 1840, a strong, well-built young man might be seen ascending a steep path which led up to a very high mountain in Wales. The man was well wrapped up, and so he needed to be, for the wind blew in strong, fitful gusts, sending snow and hail against him, so as to prevent him at times from finding his way. And yet he struggled on manfully, as if he was determined to show the elements that he wouldn't be driven back by them—that he had a mission to perform, and, in spite of wind and weather, perform it he would.

Yes, Jim Clark, the letter-carrier, was well-known in that neighbourhood as a brave, fearless young man. Jim had been the postman for more than ten years, and during that time he had braved many a tempest, and twice, while going up one of the mountains, he had nearly lost his life. But these drawbacks

didn't damp Jim's courage a bit—they only served to make him bolder, and gave him strength to meet the dangers which he was exposed to. Well, as I told you at the beginning of this little story, Jim was plodding his way up the side of this steep mountain, for he lived in a nice little cottage at the very top, along with his mother and two sisters. He had finished his day's labour, and was returning home, singing to himself that beautiful hymn, "Home, sweet home," which we often sing in our Sunday-schools. The night was quite dark, the snow was falling faster and faster, and the wind, as if to keep time with it, blew fiercer than ever. Jim had now got near home, and was thinking of the comforts that awaited him; the cheerful faces and kind words that would greet him there, when suddenly, as he was passing by a deep slate quarry, his foot slipped, and with a loud cry of anguish, he was hurled into the dark abyss below. Poor Jim had always gone home so regular at night that, as the evening wore on, his mother and sisters began to be afraid that something had happened to him, so, in order to satisfy their fears, they took a lantern and set out in search of him. They had not gone far before they heard the poor fellow groaning dreadfully, and, guided by the sounds, they at length found him lying on a heap of broken slates, and so terribly out about the head and body that they hardly knew him. With the help of a farmer, who lived near them, they managed to carry him home, and put him to bed; but, alas! it was nearly over with poor Jim. There he lay, panting and suffering; and while his dear sisters were trying to ease his pain, by bathing and bandaging his wounds, his mother, who saw that before long he would have to stand before his Creator, was giving him spiritual counsel.

"Look there, mother," said Jim, feebly, pointing to a corner of the room.

His mother looked, but could see nothing.

"There, there! look now!" exclaimed Jim, eagerly.

"Well, James, I can't see anything," replied his mother, tenderly stroking the hair back from his burning forehead.

"Can't see anything! why it was an angel calling me away," then, turning to his sisters, he muttered, slowly, "be kind to mother, and——" but Jim's spirit had gone to that rest where pain and sorrow are unknown.

For many years Jim had been a Sunday-school teacher, and was beloved by his scholars and those with whom he had laboured. He was well known in the village as a good, fervent Christian—one who loved to mingle with God's people, whether in the cottage or in the sanctuary, to pray with them, sing with them, and in everything to promote God's glory. Many were the tears that were shed over poor Jim's grave; many the hearts that were sad as they took a last look at the coffin that contained the remains of him they loved so dear, and whom death had so suddenly snatched away from their midst.

S. F.

LITTLE CHARLEY.

A VERY rich gentleman was once riding in his carriage through a certain town in England, and happening to look out of the window, he saw a little ragged boy selling newspapers. The gentleman was struck with the lad's looks, for, notwithstanding his tattered clothes, he had a fine bold face, which was lit up with smiles. The gentleman ordered his carriage to stop, and beckoned the lad to him. The little fellow, in answer to a variety of questions put to him, said that his name was Charles Cooper, but that the lads called him "Little Charley;" that his parents were very poor, and great drunkards. They lived in one of the worst parts of the city, where fever and famine were daily associates, and where drunkenness and crime knew no bounds. He said that his parents were very cruel to him, and often gave him a good thrashing if he did not take home money enough to satisfy their craving for drink. Little Charley told his tale in such a straightforward way, that the gentleman was much interested in him, and telling Charley to get into the carriage, he drove to where the little fellow lived. When they arrived there, the gentleman was amazed at the amount of wretchedness, filth, and vice which he saw. In one corner lay some dirty straw which served for a bed; two barrels, with an old shutter stretched across, intended for a table, and two broken chairs, formed the whole of the furniture. The lad's parents were both drunk, and swore violently at the gentleman for bothering with their son, and in vain did he try to convince them that it was for their own welfare that he had made the visit. He at length, however, got their consent to take their son away with him, and at once took the lad to his own home, and had him properly cared for.

Little Charley was so overjoyed at his sudden change of fortune, that he asked one of the servants who his kind benefactor was, and when he was told that the gentleman's name was Sir Archibald Turner, the richest merchant in the city, his astonishment was great. Charley was placed in Mr. Turner's office as errand boy, but very soon, by dint of perseverance and hard work, he rose from that humble position, and at length became a partner in the house. But little Charley didn't forget his parents when he rose to be a great man. No, he was too thoughtful for that. He placed them in a comfortable position, so that they wanted for nothing; he persuaded them to sign the pledge; he got them to attend the chapel and prayer-meetings, until at last they became honourable and worthy members of society.

Now, my young friends, this ought to serve as a lesson for you. Perhaps your heavenly Father has placed you in better circumstances than this little news-lad. No doubt you have a nice comfortable home; you have kind, loving parents; you have

been taught to attend the Sunday-school and God's house, and to lead a Christian life. All these are advantages which many boys and girls do not possess, and therefore you ought indeed to be very thankful for them. You can show that thankfulness in a number of ways: by showing others the way to God; by telling them that there is a loving Saviour watching over them; and that if they live a righteous life here below, they will eventually receive a crown of glory in heaven. Some of you may become very rich, like little Charley, but you must not forget those who are poor, nor those who are suffering on beds of sickness; but you must make use of your riches to drive hunger away, and to lighten affliction. You can pray for those who do not know how to pray, and show the way of light to those who are in utter darkness, and then, when you have finished working here, your heavenly Father will receive you with open arms, and give you a place at his right hand for evermore. S. F.

KEEPSAKES.

I DARE say you all know what a keepsake is; most of you have some little treasure which you prize for the sake of the friend who gave it. It may be a doll, or a book, or a likeness, but whatever it is you love it and take care of it for somebody's sake, to remind you of their love to you and to keep your love warm and strong towards them. When I was a little girl at school, another little girl made me a tiny bookmark, with the word "Love" in blue silk letters, and though we did not meet again for many years, I never saw the little marker without thinking of Nellie.

If you were to look into the cupboard of a lady I know, you would see two small china cups and saucers adorned with gaily-painted flowers and butterflies, and their owner would tell you that they were given to her nearly forty years ago by a good minister's wife, and that she values them, not for their bright colours, but for the sake of the giver, and often they have reminded her of her friends while they were absent, doing mission-work beyond the broad Atlantic.

Now I want to speak to you of the best keepsake in the world—the Holy Bible, which has been given to all, rich and poor, children and grown people, given to them by their best friend, our heavenly Father. It reminds us of the great love of God to us, and of his dear Son's living and dying for us. It tells us also how we may please him all the time we are away from him, and how we must live, so that we may go to be with him after we die. Then we read in it of the beautiful home prepared for us, of its golden streets, its white robes, its river of life, and the trees bearing many kinds of fruit; and, above all, of the Lamb who will be its light and glory.

Now, dear children, will you not love your Bibles for the sweet

stories and promises they contain? Will you not read them and study them and keep them for the sake of your dear Saviour, who loved you and gave himself that through his death you might have everlasting life?

M. H. H.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

TOM.—Well, Jim, where are you going in such a hurry?

JIM.—I am going to our Missionary Meeting; you don't know how pleasant it is; I would not miss it for anything you could give me. Besides, I am going to recite a piece.

TOM.—What is a Missionary Meeting? I never heard of one before.

JIM.—Don't your teachers at the Sunday-school tell you about them? if they don't they are very different from ours. But I will tell you a little about them. Missionaries are men whom God raises up, and makes them feel they must go to far and distant lands, to try to teach poor heathen people how they can get to heaven; they teach them to love God, instead of bowing down to images of wood and stone.

TOM.—I never heard of these things before, and I am very much interested. But how do the missionaries get there?

JIM.—I do feel sorry you never hear of these things; we have monthly reports, which tell us about the missionaries who go abroad in ships. The young people of England have bought a beautiful ship for the purpose of carrying these servants of God to their distant homes. Ofttimes their lives are in danger. Our own dear missionary in China, Mr. Hodge, was nearly killed with robbers, but God preserved him.

TOM.—What do the missionaries live on?

JIM.—Our different societies send them money; at our school we have little boxes, and we put in all the money we can spare, then our teachers send it to London, and the general treasurer sends it on to our missionaries.

TOM.—Have you got a box? I should like one, only I have no money to spare, my father only gives me fourpence a week.

JIM.—Only fourpence! why, I have only twopence a week, and yet I can give some to the cause of God. We must give in the right spirit, and then God will bless us. My teacher says we ought to give as the Lord prospers us.

TOM.—What do you mean when you say, as the Lord prospers us?

JIM.—I mean that all we have comes from God, and we ought to give some back to him who gave it all to us; we should give a little to the cause of Christ, and keep the rest for ourselves.

TOM.—Do you give anything out of twopence a week?

JIM.—Yes, I do; I give a halfpenny a week regularly, and when there is a collection I give a penny, and every month I pay for my magazine, which is such a nice one; the rest I keep to buy other things with.

TOM.—Well, you do surprise me! to do all that with only twopence a week; why, I spend all my money in apples and cakes, for if you go on Sunday afternoon to Mother Griffith's, she will give you such a lot; then I treat the other boys, and it makes you look big to be able to buy a lot, and treat your friends.

JIM.—I don't agree with you, Tom, for I do not think it right to buy on Sundays, for we are told to keep God's day holy; then you show pride because you have more than the other lads, which is not good. However, it is never too late to mend; turn over a new leaf, and you may as well begin by coming to our Missionary Meeting to-night, then you will hear more than I have time to tell you about.

TOM.—Yes, I would, only I have not got more than a penny for the collection; will that do?

JIM.—Oh yes; I am so glad to hear you say you will come, I am sure you will be delighted. Then, Tom, there are more ways than one to get missionary money.

TOM.—How?

JIM.—I will soon tell you. Now, suppose you had a tame rabbit, and she had young ones, well, put one away from the rest, and when it is grown sell it, and put the money into the missionary box; that will be honouring the Lord with your substance, and so the Lord says our barns shall be filled with plenty, and our presses burst out with new wine.

TOM.—That is a good thought; I will begin a new life from to-day; I will give to the Lord one of my chickens, and all the money I get for eggs I will put into the missionary box.

JIM.—Dear Tom, you must say with God's help I will do better for the future; my teacher says we can do nothing without the help of God, but we are to ask and it shall be given, to seek and find, to knock and it will be opened to us. If we trust to ourselves we shall do nothing, but with the help of God we shall be able to stand. But listen, the children are singing, "From Greenland's icy mountains." Now for a delightful meeting and a good collection. ECAM.

Editor's Table.

DEAR SIR,—I am always well pleased and highly delighted by reading the instructive as well as interesting pages of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR AND COMPANION, and especially that part under the title of "Editor's Table." Dear Sir, under the same title, when convenient, will you please to favour me with, and at the same time benefit a great number of readers by, an explanation of Luke xxiii. 42, 43?—"And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Then there is another passage of Scripture, where our Lord told Mary Magdalen not to touch him, for he had not as yet ascended into heaven. Did Christ mean that the

thief should be with him in a garden: if so, there must be a middle place, and if he did not mean that, why did he say to Mary that he had not yet ascended into heaven? An answer to the above will greatly oblige, yours truly, C. C.

ANSWER.—The word "paradise" is an Asiatic word meaning a garden or place of enjoyment or pleasure. There is not much difficulty about the words of our Lord, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." The souls of the righteous do not sleep after the death of their bodies, but are introduced into a state of happiness—here called paradise—as soon as their bodies die. There they exist awaiting the general judgment, after which they will be introduced into a higher state of happiness called heaven. As to the words, "Touch me not, for I am not ascended to heaven," they mean that Mary was not to cling to him, for he was not to leave his friends just yet, but they were to go and tell his disciples that he was risen. Mary wanted to retain him, and talk with him as she had done before his death, in the expectation that he would immediately leave her, but he used words which showed her that she need not do that, for he would have still the opportunity of staying a little longer with his disciples, and conversing with them.

Hyson Green.

DEAR SIR,—I desire to ask your opinion upon Acts ii. 34; also John iii. 13. By favouring me with an answer, through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, you will oblige, W. P.

ANSWER.—As to John iii. 13, it seems to be plain enough. No man had ascended up to heaven, which was a figurative expression to indicate that no man had risen to such a height of light and wisdom as to tell of those "heavenly things" spoken of in the twelfth verse, and which had been revealed alone by Him that came down from heaven. And as to the expression, "is in heaven," it was an attribute of Christ that he was omnipresent, and so, as the omnipresent God, was in heaven and earth at the same time.

Oldbury, March 12th, 1871.

DEAR SIR.—On coming from my class the other night, I looked at the moon. I write to ask you whether the moon is an inhabited body, or whether it has an atmosphere or not? S. H.

ANSWER.—We do not think the moon is an inhabited body, and for this reason, that the best astronomers allow that it has no atmosphere. We never see more than one side of the moon, and that always the same side. What there is on the other side we really do not know, but should suppose the two sides are subject to the same conditions. But really this is not a question we should be called to answer in these pages. Any school-book on the subject will furnish this information, and our young friends should not take up time and space by useless questions, which can be answered in the school, or by anybody who has the slightest knowledge of astronomy.

Coseley, March 10th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel obliged to you if you will inform me how the account of Saul and David can be reconciled in 1 Sam. xvi. 14 and 23; also xvii. 55—58. We read that when the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, his servants were instructed to provide a man who could play well, and that one of them said he had seen a son of Jesse, that was cunning in playing, &c. And when David came to Saul and stood before him, he loved him greatly, and he became his armour-bearer. And that Saul said to Jesse, "Let David, I pray, stand before me," &c. Did this occur before the battle of Ephes-dammin, in which David slew the Philistine? If so, was it not strange that Saul did not recognize his armour-bearer, and one who had so often stood before him, and played with his hands upon the harp, and whom he loved greatly? Also Matt. iii. 11:—by being baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Also, Acts v. 13, 14, there appears a difficulty in the statement that of "the rest" none were willing to unite with the disciples; while we are told also that "many were added to the Lord." By answering these questions in the next issue of the INSTRUCTOR, you will greatly oblige

H. ROLLASON.

ANSWER.—We cannot tell whether the event occurred before the battle of Ephes-dammin or not. It may be that in arranging this part of the book, whoever did it, he may have placed these two sections out of their proper chronological order. But there is no accounting for the forgetfulness of great people, deeply occupied in affairs of state—and especially when they are subject to the lamentable fits of mental derangement Saul was. It is just possible he might have forgotten all about the lad. What is there difficult in the passages about being baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire? Fire is an emblem of purity, force, and light, and all these the Holy Ghost brings into the human soul. The servants of God were literally baptized with fire, on the day of Pentecost—"there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

The last point alluded to by our correspondent is to be explained in this way. By the occurrence in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, the authority of the apostles was so manifested that a dread rested on all the people, for many signs and wonders were wrought amongst the people; but for "the rest," that is, those outside of their rank—whether they were dignified personages or not—they durst not join, or equal themselves to the apostles, or pretend to assume the functions belonging to these men, and as a proof of this the people "magnified them," and as a result, believers were the more added to the Lord.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The Apostle Paul, in 2 Tim. iv. 14, said, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works." These words seem to express a desire for revenge, and they seem to be exactly contradictory to Paul's teaching,

for he said, Rom. xii. 20, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," &c. &c. Besides, Jesus himself said, Matt. v. 44, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," &c. Now, sir, Paul's desire, stated in the words, "The Lord reward him according to his works," seems to be flatly opposed to the words of Jesus which I have quoted. By showing that the desire of Paul does not clash with his own teaching, nor with the teaching of Jesus (through the medium of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR), you will oblige, yours very sincerely,

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

ANSWER.—The question is, is there to be any dealing with wicked men, and disturbers of the Church, and hinderers of the salvation of souls? There are points at which even Christian forbearance may cease, and "judgment may be laid to the line, and justice to the plummet." Paul had done all that he could, probably, to mollify and save this most mischievous man; he had borne with him as long as he could, or as it was right to bear with him. It was not a *personal* offence that Paul resented, but an offence against God and souls, and the Church. And he did not take the matter into his own hands, but referred it to the Lord. "The Lord reward him according to his works." Our opinion is that the feeling expressed by Paul was very justifiable under the circumstances.

Hunslet, March 30th, 1871.

SIR,—Will you be so kind as to give me an explanation in the monthly JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, on Luke iv. 25, as I had a controversy with a friend who does not altogether believe in the Bible? By so doing you will greatly oblige

A CONSTANT READER OF THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ANSWER.—Our friend must surely be mistaken in his reference; we cannot understand what is the difficulty in such a passage as he refers to; or what objection even an infidel could raise against it. Let us know what the trouble is, and we will try to remove it.

Huddersfield, March 28th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Having been much interested with the explanations you give to all inquiries, I would venture to ask you kindly to explain to me the following passages. I read in Matt. xxvii. 34: "They gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall: and when he had tasted thereof, he would not drink." I also read in Mark xv. 23: "And they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but he received it not." When I compare them together, they seem to contradict each other. An explanation on the above passages will greatly oblige, yours respectfully,

A. SCHOLDS.

ANSWER.—Not at all. Vinegar was sour wine, and whether it is called wine or vinegar is of no consequence whatever. As to the

myrrh, one account mentions it, the other does not; but that is no contradiction. Many things are related by one evangelist which are not related by another; but that is no contradiction. It is rather to the credit of the Bible that these things are so, for they prove conclusively that there was no conspiracy among the writers of it to fabricate a story, but each writer tells us his own mind, as he was directed to do so by the Spirit of inspiration.

Hunwick Lane Ends, March 16, 1871.

SIR,—We find in reading Matt. v. 48, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Can a Christian be as perfect as God, when we read in 2 Peter iii. 18, "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?" If you will give us your opinion on the above passages, you will oblige us as readers of your JUVENILE.

CALEB RIDD,
THOMAS MINNS.

ANSWER.—They were to be perfect in love, in kindness, and in mercy, as their Father in heaven was—that is, in their degree and manner. It was not expected that they should equal God, but only so far as human beings can do so, and so there would be perpetual room for them to grow in grace, although in one sense they might be perfect.

We have no more space to devote this month to this department. One or two more inquiries must wait.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF "JEHOVAH?"

EARLY one morning, a few days ago, a little girl, not yet five years of age, came to me with the above question.

I shall not readily forget that upturned face, and those inquiring eyes, as my little daughter asked, "Papa, what is the meaning of 'Jehovah'?" I answered, "My dear, it is a name which the Lord takes to himself, and by which he has been pleased to reveal himself to us; it signifies the self-existent, or he who subsists of himself, and gives being to others."

Of course I could not expect that my young inquirer would fully comprehend the meaning of my answer; still, she seemed pleased to know that the name referred to God.

I write the above to encourage our young friends to ask questions. If you have got a word, a name, or a passage of Scripture which you do not understand, ask your parents, or teachers, or, better still, our excellent Editor, for an explanation; if the latter, you will be sure to get an intelligent answer, and, further, we shall all be instructed by it.

Ask questions: that is the way to knowledge, to influence, to happiness, to usefulness, and to heaven. "For ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." From a child Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation.

W. W.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

HURST JUVENILE MISSIONS.—Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in our chapel on Sunday afternoon, March 19th, 1871. The meeting was presided over by our esteemed friend Mr. John Clayton, of Ashton. After the reading of the report, addresses were given by the Rev. John Robinson and Messrs. John Tommis and Abel Wallwork. Several recitations on Missions were given by the scholars in a very pleasing manner. Suitable hymns were sung by the children, which greatly enhanced the success of the proceedings, and great credit is due to our choir-leader, Mr. John Rowley, for the great pains he has taken in teaching them. The following is the financial statement for the year:—Collected by Miss Wareham, £1 14s.; by Misses Dyson and Hulme, £1 10s. 8d.; by Miss S. E. Wallwork, £1 5s.; by a Little Girl, 10s.; by Messrs. Buckley and Elson, 12s. 1½d.; 1st Class Females, £2 1s. 1d.; 2nd Class Females, £1 13s. 0½d.; 1st Class Males, £2 4s. 7d.; 2nd Class Males, 8s.; collected at meeting, £11 16s. 6d.; making a total of £23 15s., being an increase of £7 12s. 11d. over last year.—Yours truly, ABEL WALLWORK, Secretary.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Sunday afternoon, March 19th, 1871, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in Mount Zion Chapel, our respected minister, the Rev. G. Hallatt, presiding. The meeting was made a very interesting and profitable one by speeches of the Rev. G. Hallatt, Mr. J. Kitson, and Mr. G. Chater, Jun.; dialogue by Sarah Ann Simcox and Sarah Ann Lewis; dialogue by Price Lewis and Charles Coxall; recitations by Edwin Bibb, Richard Hudson, Hannah Davies, and Fanny Yates, together with suitable hymns, which were nicely sung by the children and congregation, accompanied on the harmonium by Mr. Joseph Bibb, our organist. The children have been more successful this year than hitherto, nearly doubling the amount of last year. Thomas Loach collected £2 0s. 2d.; Edwin Bibb, £1 6s. 1d.; Richard Hudson, £1 0s. 4d.; Arthur Kitson, 15s.; Charles Coxall, 8s.; Hannah Davies, 15s. 6d.; Mary Jane Lewis, 11s.; Sarah Ann Simcox, 7s. 3d.; Smaller Sums, 16s. 1d.; Mr. Chater's Family Box, 14s.; Public Collection, £1 6s. 11d.—total, £10 0s. 4d.

T. S. JONES.

KATESHILL.—Dear Sir,—We held our Juvenile Missionary Meeting on March 12th, 1871, in our chapel at Kateshill (Dudley Circuit), and it was one of the most pleasing and interesting occasions I ever attended. Our esteemed friends and ministers, Messrs. Williams and Bridgewater, presided, and delivered telling speeches; and then came the most pleasing part of the business, that of the recitations of the juveniles, who acquitted themselves admirably well, especially a dialogue on our Mission to China, which was recited by two of our senior scholars, John Perry and John Davies. The singing in this piece was most thrilling and soul-refreshing, both afternoon and evening, so much so, that worldly people said they would not have missed hearing that upon any account. The teachers worked well and

hard to make it a success, and they were rewarded with God's blessing, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it. It was the best meeting we ever had, for our collections amounted to £2 7s. 6d., being the most we ever collected on such an occasion. I hope this is the beginning of good days for Kateshill.—JOHN PERRY.

CULCHETH, MANCHESTER NORTH CIRCUIT.—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Saturday, February 18th, 1871. After tea the chair was taken by one of our Wesleyan friends, S. Carter, Esq., and addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. Piggin, J. Orme, J. Innocent, Messrs. W. Newberry, J. M'Namee, and M. Wells. The Rev. J. Innocent, in the course of his speech, enlivened the meeting by singing a verse of "Here we suffer grief and pain," in the Chinese language. The report showed that during the year there had been collected: by Members of the Committee, £7 9s. 7d.; by Cards, £2 6s. 8d.; by Boxes, 6s. 6½d.; Lecture by J. Innocent, 15s. 8d.; Interest from School Savings-bank, 1s. 6d.; Surplus from Tea-meeting, 2s. 0½d.; Public Collection, £2 9s.; Special Donation for the Home Missions, 10s.; making a total of £14 1s.; the expenses were 3s. 6d., thus leaving £13 17s. 6d. as the proceeds for the year, being an increase over the previous year of £1 5s. 5½d. R. A. POTT.

AMBLER THORN, HALIFAX NORTH CIRCUIT.—Our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held on Sunday, the 12th of March. The occasion was one of great interest, and the chapel was densely packed with people. The children gave great satisfaction with their singing and recitations. The meeting was presided over by E. Gratton, and the collection amounted to £6 3s. This is nearly two pounds more than last year's collection. E. G.

ST. DOMINGO SUNDAY-SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE, BEECHFIELD ROAD, NORTH EVERTON, LIVERPOOL CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—In December last the teachers of the above school resolved upon establishing a Band of Hope, and at the same time appointed a president and Band of Hope committee. The committee took action as early as possible, and commenced the Band of Hope meetings on Thursday, the 2nd of February, continuing them fortnightly until the 30th of March, during which time ninety-five signed the pledge. The average attendance was ninety-six per meeting. On the whole our meetings have been very satisfactory, and the committee think they have every reason to be thankful for the success attendant upon their efforts. On Easter Monday, April 10th, we held our first "demonstration," consisting of addresses, recitations, dialogues, and singing; and, although the matter had not been entered into so spiritedly by the friends as the committee could have wished, there were about 150 present, in addition to nearly 100 who were taking part in the proceedings. Our valued friend Mr. Joseph Wade presided. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Townson, M.R.C.S., a gentleman standing high in his profession and actively engaged in the good work of the temperance cause in this town, and Mr. Edward Sanners (the "Happy Ned" of Ashworth's Tales). Any disappointment felt in reference to the numbers present

was entirely dispelled by the exceedingly good tone of the meeting. The speakers seemed fully up to the mark, their addresses being most enthusiastically applauded. The members of the Band of Hope were also in good trim, and therefore performed their parts—singing and reciting—so as to give general satisfaction. Owing to the length of the programme, our esteemed minister, the Rev. John Hudston, was obliged to forego the pleasure of delivering his address; and as the meeting did not conclude until nearly ten o'clock, only two signed the pledge. The committee, however, believe that many will be influenced by the demonstration to join our cause at the next meeting. During the summer season the meetings will be continued monthly. As the columns of the INSTRUCTOR have so kindly been opened for Band of Hope reports, we have pleasure in communicating the above, hoping that it may stimulate our friends in all parts, either to undertake a similar work, or enter more earnestly into the cause where it has been espoused, so that we may form a strong "Connexional union" against the reign of "King Bacchus."—CHARLES J. CARR, President; GEORGE BUCHANAN, Secretary, *pro tem*. April 17th, 1871.

ZION BANK, LEEDS FIRST CIRCUIT.—According to a time-honoured custom, the Annual Meeting of Zion Sabbath-school Bank was held on Shrove Tuesday, February 21st, 1871. The schoolroom being decorated by our female teachers and senior scholars for the occasion. Tea was provided at five o'clock, at which the gathering was not quite so good as on past years. At half-past six the meeting commenced, at which our very highly-esteemed and much-respected friend Mr. Councillor Dixon presided, the pleasant look of whose countenance fills one with happiness. After a few remarks, in which he expressed his pleasure in being once more amongst his Zion friends, he called upon the secretary, Mr. Henry W. Hemsworth, to read the report, which showed the school, on the whole, to be in a tolerably satisfactory state. After which the meeting was addressed by the Rev. W. Dunkerley, Rev. M. Bartram, Messrs. J. Bradford, W. Malthouse, J. Walker, T. Stones, and W. Sunderland. At the close, Mr. G. Walker, one of our old superintendents, moved, and Mr. J. Butler seconded, a vote of thanks to the chairman, which brought the meeting to an end. Much satisfaction was expressed at the speeches delivered, and many regarded it as the best meeting they had ever attended. It is to be hoped that the impressions made will not soon be eradicated.

H. W. HEMSWORTH.

BAND OF HOPE TEA-MEETING, HORSFORTH.—A tea-meeting, as the inauguration of a Connexional Band of Hope, took place in Ebenezer School on Good Friday, April 7th. After tea a public meeting was held, Mr. Joshua Pollard in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. C. D. Ward, our esteemed superintendent, B. Hellowell, and other friends, showing the advantages resulting to youth from the practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. Recitations and dialogues were given by members of the Band of Hope (male and female). The meeting was enlivened with singing from the Temperance Melody, Miss Proctor, of Leeds, presiding at the harmonium.

ELIJAH HUDSON.

Biography.

ELIZABETH GENNER.

ELIZABETH GENNER died January 8th, 1870, at Cornsay Colliery, near Esh, Durham, aged fourteen years. She was born October 18th, 1856, at Watery Lane, Tipton, Staffordshire. Soon after, her parents removed to Church Lane, and she became a scholar in St. Paul's Sunday-school, Dudley Port. At an early age she was fond of going to the Sunday-school, and always tried to get there in time, and to do so she has often gone without her breakfast. She tried to gain the affection of her dear teacher, who is now in glory, and manifested great attachment to the house of God, and the place where his honour dwelleth. The means of grace were precious to her; often would she say, "Mother, shall I go to the prayer-meeting to-night?" and it was while she was at one of these meetings that she gave her heart to God, in the Ragged School at Horseley Heath, a branch school from Dudley Port. Soon after, she became a member of Mr. Chatwin's class, meeting at half-past eight o'clock on the Sunday-morning. She was very obedient to her parents, and was always willing to do anything she was asked, and often would she say, "Father, let us sing that beautiful hymn,—

"He is sitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
My stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land."

Circumstances caused her parents to remove to the North of England, and for some time after she looked well and blooming, and used to sing—

"In the glittering skies my Father lives,
And I am going home;
But heaven He to His children gives,
I am on my journey home.
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home."

But her health, like the morning dew, soon disappeared, and she was afflicted with typhus and gastric fever. With lamb-like patience she bore the afflicting rod of the Almighty; and when the fever was raging the doctor ordered her hair to be cut off her head, and mustard plaisters to be applied. She was never heard to murmur, but bore it with resignation. She thought she should get better, but God saw otherwise. Her father asked her if the devil tempted her; she said, "He has no power over me, because I put my trust in the Lord." Her hope was in Christ, and he was her all in all.

On the Sunday before her death, her father asked her if he should read a portion of the Scriptures, and she said, "Yes." So he read the fourteenth chapter of the Revelations, and at the second verse she stopped him, where it says—"And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps,"—and said, "Father, are there no women harpers in heaven?" and her father, unable to speak for some time, being bathed in tears, asked her if he should pray for God to bless and help her, and she said,

"Yes."

After the father had prayed, he said, "Does the Lord help you?" and she answered, "Yes." "Are

you going to wear a crown of glory?" and she answered, "Yes." Her father said he should not like her to lose her way, and she shook her head, "No." In a short time after, she raised up her bony arms towards heaven, and exclaimed, "They are come," and her father said, "Who, the angels?" and she said, "Yes." Her father and mother asked her if she was going to leave them and go to heaven, and she said, "Yes, and would like to meet you

there; I want you to go with me." Between five and six o'clock she pointed three or four times to the corner of the room, and her father told her he could not see anything; so she turned his head with her pale hands, and said she could see Jesus. Her father requested her to give him a sign before she departed, and a minute or two after she lifted her hands towards heaven, and exclaimed, "Yonder! yonder! yonder!" and she fell asleep in Jesus.

Our Children's Portion.

DO IT WELL.

SAID Harry, throwing down the shoe-brush, "There, that'll do; my shoes don't look very bright. No matter; who cares?"

"Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," replied a serious but pleasant voice.

Harry started and turned round to see who had spoken. It was his father. Harry blushed.

His father said, "Harry, my boy, your boots look wretched. Pick up the brush and make them shine. When they look as they should, come into the library."

"Yes, pa," replied Harry, pouting; and taking up the brush in no very good humour, he brushed the dull boots until they shone nicely.

When the boots were polished he went to his father, who said to him, "My son, I want to tell you a short story. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the proverb, 'Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.' The boy went to be a servant in a gentle-

man's family. He took pains to do everything well, no matter how trivial it seemed. His employer was pleased, and took him into his shop. He did his work well there. When he was sent on an errand he went quickly, and did his work faithfully. When he was told to make out a bill, or enter an account, he did that well. This pleased his employer, so that he advanced him step by step until he became clerk, then partner, and now a rich man, and anxious that his son Harry should learn to practise the rule which made him prosper."

"Why, papa, were you a poor boy once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son; so poor that I had to go into a family and black boots, wait on the table, and do other little menial services for a living. But doing those things well, I was soon put as I have told you, to do things more important. Obedience to the proverb, with God's blessing, made me a rich man."

Harry never forgot the conver-

sation. Whenever he felt like slighting a bit of work he thought of it, and felt spurred to do his work well. "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," cheered him in his daily duties.

A COLLIER BOY GROWN INTO AN M.P. Among the speakers who took part in the debate on the Mines Regulation Bill in the House of Commons the other night, we observe the name of Mr. George Elliott, the Conservative member for North Durham. There is probably no member of Parliament better qualified to give an opinion on the regulation of mines than Mr. Elliott. From his earliest days he has been connected with collieries. At a very early age he worked at Monkwearmouth as a poor collier boy. As he advanced in years his knowledge of colliery work increased, and he soon got to be overlooker, and eventually viewer. By dint of constant study, perseverance, and sobriety he saved money, and his employers soon found it would be as much to their interest as his own to admit him to a partnership.

Mr. Elliott, we believe, has now collieries in different parts of England, and owns shares in other collieries, which employ, in the aggregate, nearly 10,000 men. —*Bradford Daily Times.*

"WHERE DOES JESUS LIVE?"

To many people the Saviour is very far off—too far, indeed, to bless or to help, or save in time of need. Others have a different experience, an experience of Christ with them and Christ in them.

"Where does Jesus live?" asked a missionary once, in a mission-school.

"Please, sir, he lives in our alley now," said a little boy who had lately found the Saviour.

Such an experience as this is sweet. To have Christ dwelling, not only in heavenly glory afar off, but also in our streets, in our alleys, in our homes, and in our hearts—this makes our dreary world look bright, and the world to come look brighter still.

"While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

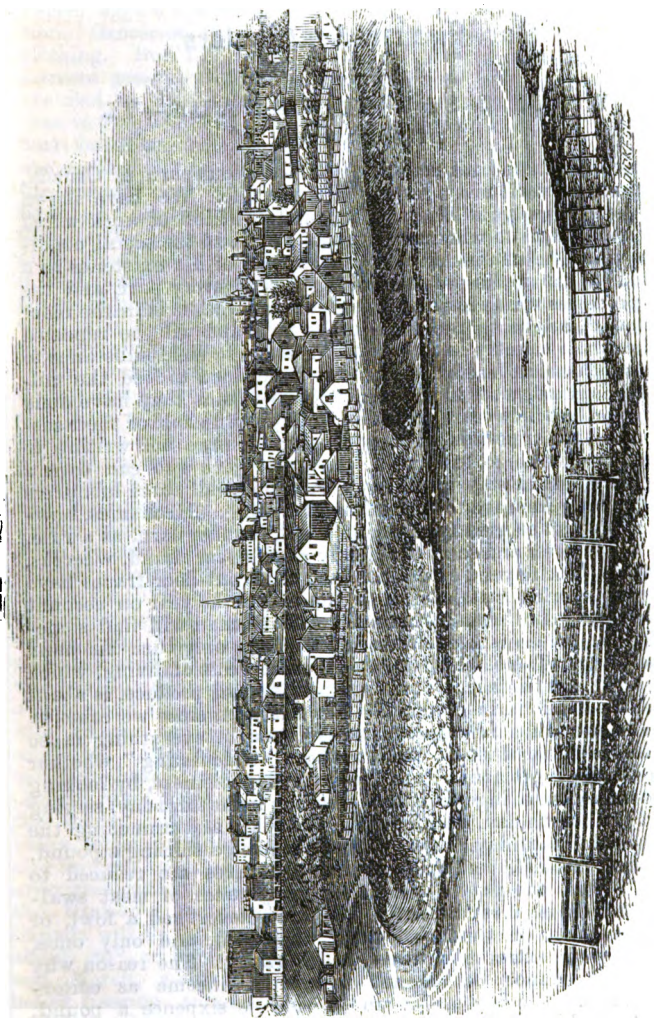
Poetry.

LOSS IN DELAYS.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee:
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to nought.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Festered wounds ask deeper lancing;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
Time and place give best advice;
Out of season, out of price.



LONDON, CANADA.
(Specially Engraved for this Magazine.)

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—VI.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have conducted our readers through various parts of Canada, and through various stages of Canadian life. We have shown them the geography of the country, and the kind of work which every man has to do who means to succeed; and the social condition to which he attains in the earlier stages of his existence as a farmer. What applies to one part applies to every part, and the same processes which have made the country what it is in the older settlements, are being repeated in the new, and will be repeated till the whole country is occupied and made to yield substance to millions of unborn human beings. It is destined to feed the millions of England, who, if they multiply as fast as they have done during the last fifty years, will have to import the half of their sustenance by the time this century is out. We are not writing to persuade people to go to Canada. Let every one who can earn a living in England stay where he is, but almost all farm labourers would greatly improve their condition by going. Mechanics, however, might not so greatly mend their lot, for they earn, as a rule, good wages here, and can work nearly all the year round, whereas, in Canada, bricklayers, carpenters, and other out-door trades have to suspend work for at least three months in the year on account of the frost. But even then an industrious man will find something to do, for he is a poor creature who can only turn his hand to one thing. The chief advantage is in the cost of living, which for most things, in fact, everything the land can produce, is about one-half what it is in England. For our part, since we came to England, we can hardly for shame eat enough, everything is so dear in the shape of food. We have been "calculating" whether it is possible to get nourishment out of a piece of meat, by looking at it one day, smelling it the next, roasting it the third day, serving it cold the fourth day, hashing it the fifth day, and crunching the bones on the Saturday. Meat is tenpence and a shilling a pound, and when cooked, perhaps, the sixteen ounces are reduced to twelve. Thus one pays a penny for every ounce of meat swallowed, which is most absurd! We have never had a fowl, or goose, or duck, on the table since we landed, and only once, when we were extra thoughtless, had a rabbit. The reason why is, that it cannot be afforded from such income as editorship secures. The best meat in Canada is sixpence a pound, fowls two shillings the pair—generally not more than one and sixpence. Turkeys three to five shillings, butter nine-

pence, eggs sixpence a dozen, and everything else in proportion. Groceries are a little dearer than in England, and so is clothing. But this latter item is of little consequence, for the farmers generally spin their own wool, and both men and women are clad in homespun. Boots and shoes are dearer in Canada than in England, and generally not so good. Silks and satins are dear, but a woman does not need these, for print is just as good if she could think so. In the cities people generally dress well, but the material used is not so good as is worn by the same class in England; for this reason, that really good things are dear. But there is this peculiarity about dress—especially “go-to-meeting” dress, that it always looks clean, because there is no smoke to soil it, and plenty of clear bright weather to bleach it. Light colours are more prevalent than in England, and hence the ladies look like what they have been said to be—“angels in petticoats,” bright semi-celestials sent to adorn the world.

In a country so large as Canada there will be some difference in climate and natural productions. It is almost as big as all Europe, and there is a great difference in climate between Russia and the south of France. The greater part of Canada is in latitude 45° to 50° . It embraces Nova Scotia on the Atlantic and British Columbia on the Pacific, and contains, altogether, now that the Hudson Bay Territory and British Columbia are added to it, 3,389,945 square miles. The whole of Europe contains 3,762,069 square miles, so that the dimensions of the Dominion of Canada are about 372,124 square miles less than the whole of Europe. It is, therefore, a very large territory, and what it may become by the time the bright-eyed girls and boys who now read these lines are grandmothers and grandfathers, and approach sixty or seventy years of age, it is hardly possible for us to say. As to temperature, it is no use dwelling upon averages, for a place may be as hot as an oven one day and as cold as ice in a week or two after; but put a man into the oven and he would be roasted no matter what the interval might be. At all times the question is, What is the extreme, and can man bear it. The extreme of heat we have ever known in Canada was 120° in the open sunlight, and about 110° in the shade, and the extreme of cold 20° below zero or 50° below freezing. In either case these extremes do not last long, else no flesh could endure it. In Quebec, we believe, the cold is even greater than this in winter, and we suppose it will be so in the Hudson's Bay Territory, but the general average in Upper Canada will be, in July and August, which are the hottest months, about 80° or 90° in the shade, and the cold, in February and March, which are the coldest months, will be from 15° below freezing, to zero, all the rest of the season both hot and cold, is milder than this. The wind seldom blows when it is very cold, and there is generally a slight breeze when it is hot, both of which providential arrangements are merciful, for if there were

high winds when it was very cold it would peel the flesh off, and if there were no breezes when it is hot, we should be dissolved into animal oils.

The climate is dry, and steady for weeks in the same condition. There is little damp, no continuous fogs, and bright sunshine nearly every day, even in the coldest weather. When it storms it storms, both as to rain, wind, and snow, and then rests for several weeks to help us to recover. In snowstorms there is no use in going out—labour must be suspended for the day, and the “critters” taken care of as well as circumstances permit. The snow upsets all our calculations. Meetings, for instance, may be called, but they cannot be held in a snowstorm—nor, perhaps, for many days after. Farmers cannot leave their homes even to go to market with their grain; and there is no help for it, but for the farmers to turn out with their ox teams and cut their way through the drifts, thus clearing the way for the public generally. In these driving storms the snow is small snow-dust, not large broad flakes, and it drives through every hole or space in the fences, filling up the concession lines which cross its course. There may be three or four of these storms in the winter, and the rest is bright clear weather, and as cold as anybody likes it. So with the rain storms in spring and summer. Commonly they are preceded by dreadful thunder and lightning, and then a downpour of rain that floods all the land. Last summer was an awful one in this respect. Six times in the months of July and August these thunder-storms came on. The heavens gather blackness, the clouds roll over each other; and a dark purple glare fringes them behind, which leads one to think that the doom of creation is at hand. Then the lightning flashes all round the heavens, and in about fifteen minutes the wind rises to a hurricane, and the rain sweeps down upon the earth in overwhelming torrents. It seems impossible for anything to resist the violence—not even a house, or a barn, or a mighty oak. Sometimes they cannot resist, and miles of woods and miles of human homesteads are visited with ruin and desolation. Sometimes the storms will take a straight line about a mile wide, and as long as till it comes to the next lake or wide open plain where it can disperse itself, leaving in this wide and long line nothing but one entangled ruin, which it will take a generation to put to rights. Four nights last summer we sat up till near morning, with a sharp knife laid beside us, expecting every moment that the barn would be struck, and we should have to run with the knife into the stable and cut the horses’ halters, and let them out; for, if the barn had been struck, it would infallibly have been burnt down—as scores were in the country—and the horses destroyed. We saw the lightning fling itself into the most fantastic forms imaginable. Sometimes it would be a sheet, repeating itself several times, and covering the whole neighbourhood with a brilliant flame. Then it would be “forked,” darting

down to some given object which had attracted it—and, if that object were a tree, shivering it to atoms; if a barn or a house, setting it on fire—and thus it would go on for one or two hours, during which any man, in it, had better say his prayers and be ready, for any moment may be his last. Next morning Nature would smile as if nothing had happened; the cooling rain would have soothed the sweltering earth, and a fine summer freshness would be felt by man and beast. Then four or five weeks of fine dry weather, then another storm, and so all through the summer. Taken as a whole, the climate is healthy—wonderfully bracing in winter, and wonderfully purifying in summer, for one sweats everything bad out of the system, only there is rather too much of a sweat. The diseases prevalent in summer are ague (but only in new and swampy parts), sluggish digestion, and liver complaints, but only, or at any rate, chiefly, to those who stuff themselves with too much animal food. One cannot always lie a-bed at nights for the heat; a sofa, or even on the carpet, with just one sheet over you, is as hot a bed as you can bear. The ague, when it comes, comes like neuralgia, always at one time of the day. We knew a little boy in Toronto who had it, and it always came on at twelve o'clock, just before dinner, and of course spoiled the dinner. One day the little boy was desperately hungry—twelve o'clock had not struck, and the dinner was scarcely ready. He thought he would get his dinner for one day before the shakes came on, and he said, "Oh, mother, give me my dinner before I sh-sh-sh-shake," but the shake took the poor little fellow before he had finished his request, and he pronounced the last word as we have written it. If you never had the ague you don't know what shaking means—it uses you much as a terrier dog would use a rat.

Winter sports in Canada are, sleighing, sledding—this latter for boys—skating, snow-shoe racing. Summer sports are, sitting in a rocking chair, if you can afford the time. Almost everybody has horses—all farmers certainly—and in winter the travelling is all by sleigh or railroad. The sleigh is a wagon box fixed on a frame with runners underneath. These runners are "shod" with iron or steel, the horses are "hitched" to the sleigh as to a common wagon, and twenty people will sometimes manage to crowd into the box, and as each horse has a string of bells round his neck, or fastened to some part of the harness—

"You may hear music wherever they go."

This present writer had always one horse, and generally two, and drove his carriage as a gentleman ought to do; but now, alas! he is in reduced circumstances, and owns ne'er a horse at all. A "cutter" is a small light sleigh designed to hold two persons, and adapted for one horse. With a good horse we can travel eight miles per hour in one of these cutters. We have travelled sixty or seventy miles a day in

one of them. We shall now close for this month. We have many more things to tell our young friends, but we do not intend to tire them. Perhaps one, certainly two articles more, will finish the "yarn" we have been spinning, and then we shall go to something else. The engraving this month is a representation of one side of the city of London in Canada, where we have lived for nearly thirteen years.

LESSONS FROM HISTORY.—I.

LOUIS XVI.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."—SHAKESPEARE.

PERHAPS this sentence in small type puzzles the young reader. He says to himself, "Why, the head that wears a crown is a king's head; and if there be any head in the world that can lie down and be easy, it is surely the king's. If I were a king, I know I would be easy. I would take good care nobody troubled me. I would have soldiers to fight for me; servants to wait on me; carriages to ride in; parks and gardens to walk in; nice soft beds to lie down in; the very best things I could get to eat and drink; and I would take good care nobody disturbed me. This is what I expect kings do. Then, how can it be said, that the head that wears a crown is uneasy? There is a long name here printed in capital letters—"Shakespeare"—as if he were the man who said kings are uneasy. I wonder who *he* was, and how *he* got to know so much about kings."

If my little friend will be patient a while, I will relate the story of King Louis XVI. of France.

This unfortunate monarch was born Aug. 23, 1754; married a beautiful Austrian princess May 16, 1770, that is, when he was scarcely sixteen years old; became king May 10, 1774, just before he was twenty years of age. "*All too young*," as he himself said. He was kind and benevolent, of a peaceful and contented disposition, and quite pious. He dearly loved his charming queen, and wished for nothing so much as to be let alone. He was fond of hunting, music, reading, and good company. He had also a fancy for smith work, and had a room fitted up in the palace, which he called his shop, where he kept his tools, and practised the mysteries of lock-making, having hired a blacksmith to come regularly and teach him. In this way he wished to live until it should please God to take him to celestial mansions and a blessed eternity. So you see he was not a man likely to make trouble, either among his own people, or among surrounding nations; yet trouble came to him, and he was far from being easy.

France at that time was short of money, and the king was very poor. You open your eyes at this, and seem as much astonished as ever. You always thought a king was rich, and that he was the

last man in the nation to be poor; yet King Louis was poor, and short of cash. In the book of Proverbs it says, "The destruction of the poor is *their poverty*." And this is as true of poor kings as of other poor people.

When a king is short of money taxes have to be increased; and the French people had been taxed and taxed until they were impoverished, and, what was worse, their patience was exhausted. They would stand it no longer. Several bad harvests had made food very dear, and work very scarce. In July, 1788, a fearful hailstorm almost destroyed the harvest of that year. As the driving hail came down people lifted up their hands, and cried out for fear, while tears ran down their cheeks. Such was the public distress, that the king called together the States-General. This national assembly gave a new set of laws to France, limited the power of the king, crippled the nobility, degraded the Church, and commenced the *first* French Revolution.

While all this was going on the king, you may be sure, was very uncomfortable many a time. Things got worse until Sunday, July 12, 1789. A Sunday in Paris is a melancholy thing to contemplate at any time; but this particular Sunday stands pre-eminent among bad French Sundays. The walks and gardens around the Palais Royal were thronged with pleasure-takers, as usual, singing, dancing, conjuring, eating and drinking under the trees, games and fun, were all going on in the bright sunshine, when the men began to talk politics. In a short time everybody was excited. The cry was raised, "To arms!" A young man jumped upon a table, plucked a leaf from a tree, stuck it in his hat for a cockade. Everybody else got a leaf for a cockade, until the trees were stripped of their foliage. The mob dispersed then in different directions to seek for fire-arms.

After such a Sunday there came an appropriate Monday. All shops containing fire-arms had been plundered. The armed mob then went to the hospital of St. Lazarus, attacked and destroyed it, took from it fifty-two cart-loads of eatables and drinkables, and seized upon what arms they could find there. This kind of work was so exciting and interesting that the mob resumed it on the Tuesday. A military hospital, called Hôtel des Invalides, was attacked. The governor was kept in bed by some; while the rest ransacked the place. They found great quantities of muskets and ammunition, and then went off to the Bastille. This great building was a state prison, where many horrible cruelties had been done. The mob attacked it, smashing chains, firing at the soldiers, shouting and yelling, and at last took it and destroyed it. As the king was undressing to go to bed, a servant told him all that had happened; and there was no sleep that night for the "head that wore the crown."

Things got worse in France, until, on Oct. 5, 1789, ten thousand women, wild, hungry, violent, marched to the king's palace at

Versailles, besieged it, occasioned a riot on a large scale, and compelled the king to go to Paris with them, and to reside there. This was a queer predicament for a king to be in. You may be sure there was many a night when the king did not sleep well, and when his head was far from being easy.

At length the king could bear it no longer, and determined to run away. Now, what do you think of that? A run-away king! You have heard of lads running away from school, of soldiers running away from barracks, of criminals running away from prison; but for a king to run away because he is so miserable is a most prodigious thing. Well, it is a fact, Louis XVI. did run away. But in five days he was captured and brought back. He was now worse off than ever, was treated like a prisoner, and was strictly watched and guarded.

At length this poor king was brought to a trial, and condemned to die. France was in a state of complete revolution, and the lowest people had the government in their own hands. We read in Judges, "In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes." We may be quite sure dreadful things were done when every man could please himself what he did. That was the state of things in France when Louis XVI. was condemned to die. On a cold morning in January, 1793, that head which had worn a crown—a crown which had been worn by sixty kings in succession—was laid on the block. The last prayer was said, the axe descended swiftly, the royal head was chopped off at one hard blow, and rolled into a bag set to catch it. A priest stood by and said, "Son of St. Louis ascend to Heaven!" The executioner picked up the bleeding head and showed it to the rabble, who set up loud shouts and cheers.

Barnsley, May 3rd, 1871.

HENRY MARSDEN.

PEEPS AT OLD ENGLAND.—III.

UNHEALTHY HOUSES.

"OLD ENGLAND" must be a tempting subject, for others are "peeping" at it besides myself. "J. C. S.," for instance, is going to write "a short and simple history of the English language, which we shall find is connected in an interesting way with the history of our country, and our gradual growth from a most barbarous to a most civilized people." As too much on one subject is always a bad thing for a magazine, I think we had better take one more "peep," and then give over. All along I have tried to show you how much better off you are than English boys and girls who were born in past ages; if this helps you to feel more thankful for the mercies you enjoy, I shall be very glad.

No one will deny that our forefathers in the Middle Ages knew how to rear beautiful and durable buildings; but unhappily,

through ignorance, they often made them unsafe, uncomfortable, and unhealthy. Then, as now, London was the chief city in the kingdom, yet it was anything but a pleasant place to live in. While the thatched roofs and wooden walls of its houses caused frequent fires, the narrowness of the streets, through which light and fresh air could hardly find their way, favoured disease. The common belief is that there were no sewers in those days. I should not like to say that; but, at least, there were very few of them, and the result was, that heaps of filth stood in front of the street doors. No proper care was taken to remove them quickly; nor had the people a plentiful supply of water, which they needed, even more than now, for the purposes of cleanliness. Ranken draws a dismal picture of the state of the cities of Western Europe in the fifteenth century:—"The floors of the houses being commonly of clay, and strewed with rushes or straw, it is loathsome to think of the filth collected in the hovels of the common people, and sometimes in the lodgings even of the upper classes, from spilled milk, beer, grease, fragments of bread, flesh, bones, spittle, excrements of cats, dogs, &c. To this cause Erasmus, in a letter of his, ascribes the plague, the sweating sickness, &c., in London, which in this respect was like Paris, and other towns of any size in those times."* In such cases, the rushes or straw should have been changed very often, or (if this might not be) they should have been done without altogether, and the floor regularly swept. Why I dwell on these unpleasant matters, I shall soon explain. How ready we are to blame God when we are ourselves in fault! When any great plague or disease came among them, our forefathers used to think that it was a special judgment sent by God, and of course it was; but they seem never to have dreamed how much the evil was caused by their own filthy habits.

Chimneys were known in the Middle Ages; but we are told they were found only in the kitchens of most houses: "If fires were lit in other rooms, the wood smoke was left to escape at the various crannies and imperfect closures of the roof, windows, and doors." The doors and windows spoken of, did not, like ours, fit exactly into their places, and glass being far from common, they used lattice windows, so that they had plenty of air in spite of themselves. An old proverb taught that no house was wholesome in which a dog could not creep in under the door, or a bird fly in at the closed windows, and on the whole this was quite true. Of course, the draughts and gusts of wind which found their way in would cause much discomfort, as well as such complaints as colds, rheumatism, &c.; yet so little was cleanliness attended to, or offensive substances removed, that this constant stream of air was really needed, and did far more good than harm. After what I have said (and it is only a small part of the truth), you need not be surprised at the fearful nature of the plagues which once raged

* "History of France," Vol. V., page 416.

in London. For instance, in or about the year 1348, after all the grave-yards had been filled up, 50,000 corpses were buried in the waste lands of the Charter House; while, in 1361, more than 2,000 died in one day.

Many of you will have guessed why I name these matters, but some will say to themselves, "Well, all this is very dreadful, no doubt; but what has it to do with us?" Why, it has everything to do with us; for the same causes which killed off numbers of our countrymen then, kill them off now; often they may work in a different way, but they are fearfully active, as we find to our cost. A gentleman, who knows all about these matters, tells us that some even of the cottages on the breezy hill-tops of Wales, which might be among the healthiest places going, have through such causes as I have named, become nests of fever.* A few years ago the village of Scootherne, near Lincoln, was visited by fever, and it turned out that this arose from foul water and bad drainage. The best workman in this place died of the fever; this cost the Union £12, and the newspapers told us that to keep his five children would cost, at least, £600 more—a sum for which the parish might have been drained and many lives saved besides those of the Harrisons, to say nothing of wives and children kept from want. Well might John Wesley write, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." If ever, dear children, you live to have houses of your own, see to it that you are not only quite cleanly yourselves, but that everything around you is cleanly too. Don't despise health; don't forget how much it depends on little things. Rather put up with less of show and pleasure than live in an unhealthy house, badly drained, or with bad water. If you attend to these things, you are likely to live all the longer, and be all the more healthy, and that has much to do with both happiness and usefulness. S.

THE WORDS WE USE: THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING.

CHAPTER I.

WORDS GIVEN US BY THE CELTS AND ROMANS.

I SUPPOSE you will not have forgotten the number of words we have in use amongst us. If you have, I must ask you to look back to what was said last month. Where has this immense crowd come from? This is the question to which now we must begin to seek an answer. You have often seen a great crowd of people at a fair, or during an election time, and you have noticed, too, how many different sorts of people there were—young and old, short and tall, good and bad, well dressed, ill dressed, those whose looks you liked, and those whose looks perhaps you didn't like. In some of the principal streets of London you may see a throng of this sort

* See *The Builder*, a well-known journal.

any day. If you watch the crowd closely for a little time, you will see that some are continually dropping out, one here, another there, and another yonder, still the places of those who disappear are soon filled up by others, so that the crowd, though always changing, yet always appears the same. The first question that usually comes to your lips in reference to all these people is, "I wonder where they have all come from?" Now, if it were possible for any one to tell us the origin of them all, he would doubtless unfold a very wonderful story. A good proportion we should find had not come very far, but belonged to the place or the neighbourhood surrounding. Others we should discover had come from distant parts of our own country, or from foreign countries near at hand; while the face and dress of a few more would tell at once that they had travelled thousands of miles—the fur-clad Russian, the turbaned Turk, the thick-lipped flat-nosed African, the pig-tailed Chinese, or, perhaps, an Indian, or American, or visitor from some other land.

Very much the same is it with this crowd of words. *There is the same change.* Words that have been used for hundreds of years dropping out, and never used again, or else going out of use for a time and coming up again, like people going away from the crowd and coming back again; and of these perhaps I may be able to tell you when I speak of the *changes* of words. But whether the same come back or not, others are sure to come and fill up their places. *There is the same variety in the words themselves.* Old and new, long and short, good and bad, pretty words and ugly words, some we can roll on the tongue as easy as a sugar-plum, and others that are so hard to say that sometimes we call them "crack-jaws." There is the same variety in their *origin*, by which, of course, I mean *where they come from*. Some words have been born in our own country, just as some of the people were in the town where we supposed the crowd to be. Others, and of these a very large number, have come from countries not far from our own. For instance, we have got a good number from France, since that country was called France, and some from the same country when it had its ancient name, Gaul. A still larger part of this crowd of words has come from the countries which border upon the North Sea, now called Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, and Norway.

And just as among the host of people we were able to pick out a few who had come much further than all the rest, so among the host of words we shall find some which more distant countries, such as Turkey, Persia, China, and America, have contributed to our stock.

I told you just now that some of the words now in use came from Gaul, which is the ancient name of France. And now I must tell you something about these, while, at the same time, I point some of them out to you.

Most of you will be able to read the newspapers, and those who do will have read very much lately about this very country. Perhaps you have frequently got out your map of France, that you

might follow the German armies in their victorious marches; and so you have learnt the geography of that country so well, that you could tell the position of Paris, Metz, and Orleans as well as you could that of London, Birmingham, and Newcastle.

Many hundreds of years ago France was a very different country from what it is now—covered with immense forests, like those in America, no roads, no bridges, no towns, only the rude huts of the barbarian inhabitants, made of branches of trees plastered with mud, which they could put up and pull down again almost in a day. These people were called Celts, which means, “those who hide themselves in groves and forests;” and they were so called because it was their custom to find their way into the very thickest parts of the woods whenever they were threatened with danger, or wanted to enjoy in quiet the spoils of their many wars. Now these were the people who brought the *first* words to this country—for these, so far as we know, were the first who ever lived in this much-loved land of ours—and, of course, the words they brought were those they used themselves.

When did these Celts come? It is so long ago that no one can exactly tell. But we know it must be near 2,500 years since, for it was long before our Saviour lived on earth. When they came they found the country very much like their own, but they soon managed to find their way into every part of it, though, of course, they dwelt in the largest numbers in the southern parts of the island, because that was nearest to the land from whence they came.

These are the people we now speak of as “Ancient Britons,” which means, as you know, the old inhabitants of Britain. *Britain* is the oldest name of the country, and many think it is taken from a word used by the Celts, *brith*, or *brit*, meaning “painted,” referring to their custom of staining their bodies with a blue colour called woad.

We have not many words used by us now that were used by them then; the reason of this I shall tell you next month. Still, we have some, and now I will tell you of them. Some of our names of places are Celtic names, that is, they were given by the Celts. When they came across what we now call the English Channel, and landed on our island they found a country uninhabited, and so without any names. But when they began to settle in different parts they would require names of some sort to distinguish one part from another.

Now, just a few of those names have continued to this day. Those names of places which begin or used to begin with *Aber*, which means, the “mouth of a river or harbour”—Arbroath, Berwick, Aberystwith; with *Caer*, “a fort or town”—Caerleon, Carlisle; with *Dun*, “a hill, or fort on a hill”—Dunbarton, Downs; with *Lin*, “a deep pool”—Linlithgow, Lynn; with *Tre*—Coventry, Oswestry. In some cases you will see the spelling is altered, and in this last case the *tre* is at the end of the

word, and not the beginning. Now it will give you both pleasure and profit to seek out these names, and such as these, upon the map. There are some other words, too, we have in common use, and which I will just point out. The "basket" you carry, the "gruel" you take, the "flannel" and "coat" and "buttons" you wear, your mother's "gown," the joiner's "glue," the prisoner's "fetters," the sailor's "tackle" and "mop," all have Celtic names. So also the steamer's "funnel," the shepherd's "crook," the Scotchman's "tartan," and "plaid," and "kilt."

When you speak of a "happy" girl, or a "sham" fight, or the "pranks" of a mischievous boy, you use words which the Celts also used many years ago. You will not have forgotten either that the "Druids" were the priests of the Ancient Britons, and that they called their poets "bards," just as sometimes we now call ours.

These are not all the words of this class that still live in our language, but they are among the chief. So that, whenever you meet with them, you will have the pleasure of knowing that, though they are slightly altered in spelling, and perhaps in meaning too, still they are among the oldest of all; like those old-fashioned, funny-shaped houses that may be seen in almost every town, and which we all like to look at because we know that they were there long before the host of other houses that have been built up around them.

And now, if I have not tired you, there is another source from which a few of our words have come, which I want to show you. Those of you who have read your English History—and I hope there are not many who have not—will remember that the Romans, after having conquered Gaul, came, in the year 55 B.C., to Britain, and came again and again, until in the year 84 A.D., they were masters of the entire country. They continued masters, too, for nearly 400 years. If you were in India, you would meet with a large number of native Hindoos, wearing the native dress, observing the native customs, and who had never been away from their native land, who would yet be able to talk with you in your own language. How is this? Why you know the reason. India for many years has been under the government of England. Not all of it, but the greater part. An Englishman is the viceroy or governor. There are English magistrates, English tax-gatherers, and English soldiers. There are also schools in which the natives are taught to read and speak the English language, while there are many thousands of English people who always live there.

What we do now in India, the Romans once did in Britain. They took everything into their own hands, and ruled the land for themselves. And just as some Hindoos now learn to speak English, so then some Britons learnt to speak Roman, or, as it is also called, Latin. By-and-by the Romans were obliged to leave Britain.

They took away as many of their treasures as they could, and

hid the rest in the earth, but they could not take away the names they had given to places, nor the words they had taught the people. There are very few, however, of the words they left that remain to this day. But I will tell you what these few are, and you must try to remember them. All the names of towns or cities having *chester* or *caster* in them—these two words meaning “a camp.” I need only remind you of Manchester and Doncaster. I want you to seek out the rest, of which there are several, on the map. Pontefract is another name, and means “a broken bridge.” Portsmouth and Bridport are both made up with the Roman word *portus*, meaning “a gate, entrance, or harbour.” The only other word I have to mention is one you all know very well. The Romans made four good roads between different parts of our country, and they called them *strata* or *streets*. So that you see this word was first used as the name of an open country road. Now, however, we do not use it for our country, but for our town and city roads—those which are paved and lined with houses. These we now call “streets,” and this name was left us by the Romans, the first conquerors of this our land.

You have learnt, then, where two sorts of the words we use have come from, still, only a very small number. When we write again we shall have to tell you something more.

Let us thank God that he has given us the power of speech ; and ask him to teach us so to use it that we may hurt no one with it, but bless many !

J. C. S.

Editor's Table.

DEAR SIR,—I desire an explanation of Isaiah vi. 7—“ And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips ; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.” Would you please to explain how a live coal could take away sins ? An answer will much oblige yours truly,

JOHN GRANGER BRADLEY.

ANSWER.—The “live coal” is simply an emblem of the purifying power of God's holy spirit when applied to man's nature. In this instance the live coal was applied to the lips because the prophet had been just complaining that he was a man of “unclean lips ;” that is, he could not speak God's message as he ought to do, because of his infirmities, and this live coal removed his disqualifications. It was not a hot cinder which was literally applied, for that would have burnt his mouth, but a Divine power and influence signified by this appearance of a live coal.

DEAR SIR,—Having had the following question put to me, and not being able to answer the same, I beg an answer from your valuable pen of Matthew xxvii. 7—“ And they took counsel, and bought with

them the potter's field." And in Acts i. 18—"Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out." How can it be said in Matthew that the chief priests bought the field, and in Acts it says that Judas bought the field? By the reconciliation of these two passages you will much oblige yours truly,

J. G. BRADLEY.

ANSWER.—A man is often said to buy a thing when he merely furnishes the money to do it. Another person or persons may merely be his agent or agents. This is exactly the case before us. Judas found, or gave the money, and was thus the actual purchaser, although the chief priests were the agents.

Oldbury, May 1st, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Please oblige me by an interpretation of Revelations xiii. 18.—"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six." You will oblige, yours very sincerely,

SAMUEL HILL.

ANSWER.—The beast here mentioned is generally supposed to be Mahomet and the Mahometan religion, which arose about 666; but we have before told our young friends that we are not very deeply skilled in the "beasts," or "goats," or "horns" mentioned in some mysterious parts of Scripture, and we cannot say for certain whether this beast represents Mahomet or not.

In Jonah iii. 4 I read—"And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." Were these the only words which Jonah used, or did he adopt this as a text. Yours,

AN ENQUIRER AFTER THE TRUTH.

ANSWER.—We should imagine he adopted the words as a text, on which he enlarged more or less.

May 1st, 1871.

SIR,—By carefully reading St. Paul's several epistles to the Churches I find that the early Christians met together every Sabbath-day to remember Jesus, by celebrating the Lord's Supper, as Jesus commanded his disciples to do. Paul also warns the assemblies or Churches to keep the traditions as he had delivered them; and warns them also not to forsake the assembling of themselves together; and warns them, too, to beware of schisms in the body of Christ. Now, what I wish to know is this—how are we to justify ourselves for not attending to the inspired way of worship? We, as Methodists, meet to hear a sermon; the early Christians met to remember Jesus in the breaking of bread. An early answer would oblige an old subscriber.

X. P.

ANSWER.—We deny our correspondent's assertion, when he says we do not attend "to the inspired way of worship." We do not meet to hear a sermon only, but to sing and pray as well;

and, in addition to this, we break bread together at our love-feasts and sacraments. He says, "The early Christians met to remember Jesus in the breaking of bread." Did they meet together only to break bread? If our correspondent says so, we say prove it.

Oakenshaw Colliery, April 12th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—You will much oblige one of your subscribers if you will explain in your next impression of the JUVENILE these passages of Scripture—Proverbs xx. 1, and Proverbs xxxi. 4, 6.

ANSWER.—We do not see what explanation these passages need. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." That is indisputable. And equally so, that "it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink." But if there be cases which a physician may think require the application of wine or stimulants—cases where patients are "ready to perish"—we do not know that anybody objects to such medicine in such rare cases. But such cases are rare, and in no wise justify the use of these things as beverages.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you be so kind as to give us your opinion on the following passage? We read in Genesis ii. 16, 17—"And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Was not man here placed in a state of probation? If so, it appears to me that he was intended to sin. An early answer to this, through the medium of your JUVENILE, will oblige a Sunday-school teacher.

M. C.

ANSWER.—Our correspondent draws rather a curious inference when he supposes that because man was placed in a state of probation he was thereby "intended" to sin. As well might we say that a steward who is placed in a position of trust and responsibility was thereby "intended" to commit theft. That which was intended was that he should *not* sin, but keep the law of God, and resist temptation.

Liverpool, May 6th.

DEAR SIR,—Can the Parable of the Ten Virgins be explained to mean the portions of believers—the five wise to be those who are waiting and expecting the coming of Christ; and the five foolish those who are to remain on the earth as witness against the beast mentioned in Revelations xiii. 11—18, to be destined for future glory, when all shall be gathered home to the supper of the Lamb? An answer through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will greatly oblige yours very sincerely,

A TEACHER.

ANSWER.—We should consider the interpretation our correspondent mentions rather far-fetched. The Parable of the Ten Virgins represents the wisdom of those who kept their lamps trimmed, and watch, and are faithful; or, on the other hand, the folly of those who are careless and at ease in Zion. The coming

of the Lord to us is the end of our probation, whenever that may happen; and the case of these wise and foolish virgins shows our doom, just in proportion as we imitate the one class or the other. As to the beasts, we have already said we do not understand the beasts. Let those explain them who can.

We have a question from a correspondent at Brickfield Road, Liverpool; but, unfortunately, the note stuck to the envelope, and got torn in opening the letter. We thought we had preserved the fragments, but on collecting them we find part is missing. Will our correspondent be kind enough to repeat his question?

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

TALBOT STREET JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, SHEFFIELD SOUTH.

—DEAR SIR,—It is with feelings of great pleasure that I have to inform you that we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, March 26th, 1871. The meeting was presided over by our much esteemed Superintendent Mr. P. J. Smith. After reading the report, able addresses were delivered by Messrs. A. Galley, J. H. Parkin, G. Garlick, J. S. Robinson, F. W. Smith, G. Holmes, and T. Senior. Several interesting recitations on Missions were given by the scholars. Our friends both old and young seemed greatly interested in the meeting. Suitable hymns were sung by the scholars, and great credit is due to our leading singer for the pains he took to teach the children the hymns. During the past year many of our young friends have worked hard in order to hand over to the Treasurer more than last year, and we are happy to state that we have raised the sum of £14 7s. 4d., or 3s. 4d. more than last year; and we trust by God's help that we shall have a larger sum to hand over next year. Yours truly,

GEORGE EDWARD WILLIAMS, *Secretary.*

BETHESDA SABBATH SCHOOL, MELBOURNE STREET, GATESHEAD.—

I am happy to inform the friends of our Connexion that we exhibited our Christmas-tree on Monday, December 26, 1870, in the school-room, on which was displayed a large quantity of useful and ornamental articles, from which we realized £11 12s. 6½d., £5 being handed over to our secretary and treasurer of the Juvenile Missionary Society, for which we are very thankful. Our Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held on April 16th, 1871. The chair was occupied by our excellent secretary of the school, Mr. Thomas Wilson. After the chairman's remarks, the secretary's report was read, which showed an increase on last year, 1870. Last year we received from Christmas-tree, £5 0s. 6d., by collecting cards, 11s., by collection, May 8th, 1870, 10s. 9d., making a total of £6 2s. 3d. This year we received from Christmas-tree, £5, by collecting cards 15s. 6d., by collection, 9s., making a total of £6 4s. 6d., which shows an increase of 2s. 3d. After the report was read, Mr. W. Gillis, one of our teachers, favoured us with an eloquent

and stirring address. We had also a splendid, beautiful, and most interesting address delivered by our excellent, beloved, and highly esteemed friend Mr. Edward Smith, of Fellingsshore. Taking for his subject "Help," he divided it into four parts, and urged upon us, whatever we did to do it hopefully, earnestly, lovingly, and prayerfully. The collection was made; the meeting then terminated. I pray God's blessing to rest upon us in the grand and glorious work of spreading the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. If we cannot be missionaries abroad we can be missionaries at home. There is a work for all of us to do. Souls are dying day after day; men are being lost. What are we doing in order to save them? When we look around us and see so much sin and wickedness pervading our towns and villages it behoves us to be up and doing. So let our light so shine in the world that men may take knowledge of us and say we have been with Jesus, and be led to glorify our Father which is in heaven. Work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work. I remain your sincere and faithful brother in Christ,

JOHN WATSON.

HULL CIRCUIT, SYKES STREET, BAND OF HOPE.—On Wednesday evening, April 27th, a meeting was held in the school-room, Sykes Street. The room was literally crowded, and above one hundred persons were unable to gain admission. Mr. F. Oliver occupied the chair; the meeting was addressed by Messrs. T. B. Runton, H. Dyson, T. Stather, W. Colley, and W. F. Newsam. Interesting dialogues and recitations were given by some of the members of the Band of Hope, and the proceedings were enlivened by the excellent singing of the Stepney choir. The meeting was one of unusual interest, and at its conclusion a large number signed the pledge.

M. WALLER.

SYKES STREET SCHOOL, HULL CIRCUIT.—On Sunday afternoon, April 30th, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting. Our esteemed superintendent, Mr. T. B. Runton, presided, and the meeting was addressed by Mr. J. Bedford, Rev. Barker (of Beverley), and Rev. T. Guttridge. The report showed that £8 18s. had been collected by books, and £1 11s. 11d. by cards; and that since the last annual meeting we have had two meetings in the school-room, the collections at which amounted to £1 6s. 10d. This, with the collection on Sunday afternoon, £1 16s. 6d., makes a total of £13 13s. 3d., being an increase of 16s. 5d. over last year.

F. R., Secretary.

Hull, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you a report of how our Band of Hope is proceeding in connection with our Fence Sunday School. I may just say that if our ministers throughout the kingdom would only encourage the commencement of Bands of Hope in every circuit, we should not be troubled (as we now are) with our elder scholars deserting the schools, for we find that public-houses and singing saloons prove greater attractions to the young, and draw away scores of our most intelligent youths from the Sunday-school. You will oblige by inserting the following in the next issue of our JUV-

NILE—FENCE SUNDAY SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE, MACCLESFIELD.—A Band of Hope has been commenced in connection with the above school, and two general meetings have been held, the first on March 3rd, and the second on March 30th. Both were well attended, the school being filled to excess in each case, between 400 and 500 persons being present. Recitations, dialogues, and singing were given by the children and friends, and two very pleasant evenings were spent. So far we have enrolled above 90 members. May God bless our efforts, and multiply our numbers. Yours respectfully, D. BULLOCK, Sec.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE CIRCUIT, WEST MOORE.—MR. EDITOR.—DEAR SIR,—It affords me much pleasure to inform you of the great success of our first Band of Hope Review, which took place on Saturday, April 22nd. The meeting was presided over by Roland Lambert, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who gave a very touching account of the evils emanating from the non-abstinence of mothers. Mr. A. Miller also addressed the crowded meeting. During the course of the evening the Sabbath school children recited appropriate dialogues and poetry, and sang many choice melodies. At the close of the meeting a collection was taken in support of the funds, and several names were added to the list of *total abstainers*. I may also mention that, following the suggestion thrown out by the Sheffield Band of Hope Committee, we have established a Clothing Club in connection with our Band of Hope, which has already proved itself to be an excellent undertaking. Hoping our present success will stimulate us to still further exertions, I am yours respectfully,

April 29, 1871.

ADAM MASON, *Secretary*.

DARLASTON JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING.—DEAR SIR,—On Sunday, April 30th, the Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held at Darlaston, and we find that the results of the year's effort on behalf of our Missions have been most gratifying. The following sums have been collected:—Master Abraham Sambrookes, £1 5s. 4½d.; Miss N. Lowe, 6s. 8d.; Miss S. J. Badger, 5s.; Miss E. Mason, 3s. 6d.; Miss E. Evans, 3s. 6d.; Miss M. Carrington, 3s.; small sums, 2s. 9d.; Master W. Barnes, 2s. 6½d.; subscribed by the children in the school, 8s. 8½d.; subscribed by Mr. Bissell, 4s.; collected at the meeting, £1 1s. 1d.; total £4 6s 1½d. This sum is 12s. 4½d. in advance of the amount realized last year, and, for Darlaston, is very creditable indeed. The meeting was an excellent one, the pieces being recited and the hymns sung in a most pleasing manner. J. J.

44, Little Queen Street, Leeds, May 11th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to be able to send you our annual report for insertion in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I do so all the more readily because our young friends have exerted themselves so exceedingly well this year, as will be seen in the report. Hoping you will be able to get it in next month or the month after, and with my congratulations to you on succeeding our dear Dr. Cooke as editor of our Magazines, I am, dear sir, yours truly, E. W. WHITELEY, Sec.

VENTNOR STREET JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, LEEDS FIRST CIRCUIT.—We held our annual meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 30th, 1871. In the absence of our worthy friend, Mr. Wm. Ruddock, our old tried friend, Mr. John Gowing (school superintendent) occupied the chair, and ably presided over the meeting. The secretary read the report, which showed a great advance had been made upon last year's effort. We were then engaged raising funds for clearing off the debt on our place of worship. This year the scholars, by cards, books, and boxes, have raised the noble sum of £7 7s. 2d.; collected by Hannah E. Tinker, £1 8s. 3d.; M. A. Horn, 17s.; Arthur Ripley, 16s.; Clara Garnett, 11s. 9d.; Charles Chapman, 10s.; H. E. Roberts, 10s.; Mary Richardson, 7s. 2½d.; Emily King, 7s. 1d.; Wm. Edw. Whiteley, 6s.; Thomas Norton, 4s. 9d.; Henrietta Whitaker, 3s. 6½d.; Wm. Briggs, 3s. 6d.; Florence Walker, 3s. 4d.; Emiline McGill, 3s. 1½d.; A. E. Richardson, 3s.; M. A. Mitchell, 3s.; and Wm. Simons, 3s.; small sums, 6s. 7½d.; raised by public collections, £3 17s. 7d.; by proportion of circuit Juvenile Missionary Meeting, 15s. 5d.; making a total of £12 0s. 2d., being nearly £10 over last year. Several recitations and short addresses were given, and taking all things into account we had a good meeting.

E. W. WHITELEY, *Secretary.*

Correspondence.

DR. COOKE'S TESTIMONIAL.—DEAR SIR,—In the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for this month I have seen a letter in which it is proposed to present a testimonial to Dr. Cooke for the very efficient services he has rendered to the Connexion. I heartily agree with the proposal, but I differ in one or two points from your correspondent. I do not think the testimonial should be a statue or anything erected to his memory, nor do I think help superfluous. Those who have known and loved the Doctor will ever remember him, and I believe his name will be perpetuated to many generations. Dr. Cooke has faithfully served the Connexion as editor and book steward for the last twenty-two years. To his pen we are indebted for some of the most able theological works, and he has devoted his time, health, strength, and talents for the good of the Connexion. Then let the Connexion take the matter up energetically, and make him a suitable presentation that may be of some real service to him in his latter days. Let the thing be done systematically; appoint a treasurer, and then let the Sunday-school teachers and scholars throughout the Connexion do what they can to raise a sum which we, as a denomination, shall not be ashamed to present to our dear and much esteemed friend Dr. Cooke.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Prince's End, Tipton, April 13th, 1871.

REV. J. H. ROBINSON.—DEAR SIR,—Having read a letter in the JUVENILE signed "B. B.," I wish to offer another suggestion to our

teachers and scholars respecting a testimonial to the Rev. Dr. Cooke. Although I quite agree with your former correspondent that we cannot add to the comfort of our late editor by any presentation we may make, still I do not think a statue is the best way in which we could show our esteem and love for him. I think it is scarcely reasonable that £1,000 should be subscribed by the whole Connexion and expended in a monument to be erected in the small town of Burslem. I would not like it thought that I belong to that school of utilitarians who believe statues to be a waste of money. If our denomination had a large chapel centrally situated (say in London) where all its annual gatherings were held, and which was considered as the "head-quarters" of the Connexion, I would second the erection of Dr. Cooke's statue *there* with all my heart; but to hide it away in the comparatively unfrequented town of Burslem would be, in my opinion, an injustice to Dr. Cooke and to the Connexion. Having criticized B. B.'s scheme, I now offer my own, which I venture to think will serve all the general purposes for which a monument could be erected, and have the additional advantage of being eminently useful. I beg to suggest that the £1,000 be spent in establishing a scholarship in connection with our college, to be called the "Cooke Scholarship," and that it be open (under proper conditions) for competition to all the scholars in our schools, the winner to have the advantage of three years' training to fit him for a professional course. This is the bare idea; I leave the arrangement of details to abler heads. I dare say the project would take considerable trouble in carrying out, and perhaps more money would be required to effect it, but I feel sure if it were taken up with a will it would be well supported; and who can say but that it may be the first of a number of scholarships to be so formed as memorials of eminent ministers and friends? In concluding, I would just say that I think our late editor would more appreciate a testimonial which should take the form of a benefit to others. Hoping you will kindly publish this letter in the *JUVENILE*, I am, dear sir, yours truly,

THOMAS PINNOCK.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Our friends are not going to make anything of this business by writing about it in the miscellaneous way they do. Instruct your representatives to the next Conference to confer together; lay down a plan, and arrange for co-operation. We take it for granted that there is a desire to raise and present some testimonial. What the amount raised might be we cannot say. There should, in all such cases, in our opinion, be something to look at and remain in the family, as for instance, a good silver tea-service, with a suitable inscription. A statue is of course absurd, but such a family memento as we have suggested is always pleasing, not to the family only, but to every one who sees it. Then, as to any surplus—do with it what is best, and let friends consult together at the Conference and decide. In the meantime, if you wish to do anything, don't talk about it only, but go to work. Let each school appoint a treasurer, and let him pay the money over, after Conference, to whomsoever may be appointed and for such use as may be decided upon.

Biography.

MARY LUCY ANN ROYSTON.

MARY LUCY ANN, the second child of John and Mary Ann Royston, was born Jan. 18th, 1849, in Pottery Field, Hunslet, Leeds. In early life her parents took her to the Wesleyan Sunday-school and chapel, thus bringing her under religious influences, and endeavouring to fulfil the command—"Train up a child in the way he should go." While in connection with the Wesleys she manifested strong attachment to the school and the house of prayer. In April, 1862, the Methodist New Connexion chapel and schools, Dewsbury Road, were opened; she then expressed a desire to attend them—not from love of change, but because they were much nearer home. She attended the Methodist New Connexion chapel and schools till her fatal illness. Her sickness commenced on the Friday of Hobbeek Feast, 1870; her death took place at two o'clock on Monday morning, October 3rd. Because of the peculiarity of her affliction, she was interred on the following Tuesday. Her resting-place, till the general awakening, is the graveyard of Wyke Church, in the vicinity of Low Moor.

The means for furnishing a lengthy and minute account of her life are scanty. She seems, from a child, to have kept herself very much to herself. She seldom, and then with great reservation, opened her mind to others. One would imagine that she wished to "blush unseen," like an obscure flower. Even her parents, who were in daily converse with her, and her com-

panions, who frequently met her, knew little of her experiences. It seems to have been her natural disposition, fostered by habit, to be "little and unknown." In her countenance there were indications of a quiet, placid, and unostentatious spirit. There has been nothing very striking and remarkable in her short career; at least nothing is known of her which partakes of the extraordinary. At home she was quiet and unassuming. She was very obedient to her parents; not at all contradictory. Her parents, never reproved her, because she never needed it. She "answered not again." She loved her parents with true affection. It was not often she told them this, but her many acts of kindness and self-denial proved to their satisfaction that she did love them. Her mother has been the subject of much physical debility, and the care of the household often devolved upon Mary. She sustained the care and performed the duties admirably. In this department she had the activity of Martha. Such was her tact in domestic matters, that one said she might have had many years of experience. The testimony of her mother is exceedingly expressive; she says—"I have lost my right arm." She was "a keeper at home;" she was a "helpmeet" for her mother; she had a high sense of order and domestic neatness; she liked everything in its proper place. She was an utter stranger to slovenliness; she observed the command—"Let all things be done decently and in order."

The same principles governed her in the world. She was sent to learn the dressmaking business, and for two years she conducted herself with strict propriety; she was scrupulously honest; she was always at her post at the right time. The testimony of the lady under whose care she was placed is, "I scarcely ever met with one like her." She could trust her at all times, with anything. She kept the command, "Servants, obey your masters."

As a companion she was faithful and trustworthy; she was a true friend; she kept her engagements to the letter; she hated gossip; she never slandered, she rather discountenanced it; her companions were well chosen; she preferred the company of the faithful. Those who associated with her deeply deplore her loss.

Little is known of her religious life. Her natural timidity and reserve were seen here. So close was she on this subject, that even her parents did not know, until her sickness, that she professed herself a member of the Church. About three years ago she commenced to meet in class, but from some cause, not stated, she did not sustain it. On a Sunday evening, last January, she was deeply impressed with the importance of giving herself to God. Being requested to go into the vestry for prayer and counsel, she consented at once, and yielded herself up to the power of saving grace. On the Monday evening following she joined class; since then her Christian walk has been uniformly consistent. In public worship she was devout; she was intensely fond of the school and chapel; she often requested others to stay with her sick mother, that

she might have the privilege of worship. She was not a demonstrative Christian; she seems to have been gently led by the Spirit. On her deathbed she said—"I sought the Lord quietly." It may be said the Lord opened her heart, not broke it. There is no evidence that she was a difficult subject for Divine grace to deal with. She did not care to tell everybody of the change; "she pondered these things in her heart." Like Mary, in the Gospel, she sat quietly at the feet of Jesus, to learn the lessons of his grace.

In giving publicly her religious experience for the last time, she repeated with fervour—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

As she lived, so she died, peacefully, trustingly, hopefully. In affliction she never murmured. As an evidence of her calmness and resignation, she made arrangements for her interment. She pointed out the spot where her dust should sleep—the place where rested the ashes of her forefathers; she said she had done with this world, and she spoke of her hopes of heaven. She waited with the calmness of Christian dignity the closing scene; "she fell on sleep," underneath her "the everlasting arms."

Her sun went down before it had reached the meridian. Her life was like the shortest day in winter, with none of its coldness and storms. Death came not with "leadens fingers, but with his soft, feathery touch."

The death of the above was improved by the writer on the 16th of October.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we
will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encom-
pass the tomb;

Thy Saviour has passed through its
portals before thee,
And the light of his love was thy guide
to the tomb."

J. P. GOODWIN.

Our Children's Portion.

"THE OLD WOMAN."

ONCE she was "mother;" and it was, "Mother, I am very hungry," "Mother, mend my jacket," and "Mother, put up my dinner;" and "mother," with her loving hands, would spread the bread and butter, and stow away the luncheon, and sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the impetuous little curly pate that made her so many steps, and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth.

Now, she is the "old woman," but she did not think then it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years, and saw her boy to manhood grown; and he stood transfigured in the light of her own beautiful love. Never was there a more noble son than he—honoured of the world, and staff of her declining years.

Aye, he was her support even then, but she did not know it. She never realized that it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil, that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of a dark despair.

She only knew how she loved that child, and felt amid the mists of age his love would bear her gently through its infirmities to the dark hall leading to the life beyond.

But the son has forgotten the mother's tender ministrations now. Adrift from the moorings

of home, he is cold, selfish, heartless. "Mother" has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is "the old woman," wrinkled, grey, lame, and blind. Pity her, O grave, and dry those tears that roll down those furrowed cheeks! Have compassion on her sensitive heart, and offer it thy quiet rest, that it may forget how much it longed to be "dear mother" to the boy it nourished through a careless childhood, but, who in return for all this wealth and tenderness, has only given back reproach! Reader, are you guilty of like ingratitude?

THE LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

KNOWING that all the children in my class were constantly occupied during the week, I feared that the duty of prayer was sometimes neglected. I insisted one Sabbath on the importance of prayer. At the close I asked a little boy of ten years of age, who led a very uncomfortable life in the service of a master sweep—

"And do you ever pray?"

"Oh yes, sir!"

"And when do you do it? You go out very early in the morning, do you not?"

"Yes, sir, and we are only half awake when we leave the house. I think about God, but cannot say that I pray then."

"What then?"

"You see, sir, our master

orders us to mount the chimney quickly, but does not forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top. Then I sit upon the top of the chimney and pray."

"And what do you say?"

"Ah, sir, very little! I know no grand word with which to speak to God. Most frequently I only repeat a verse that I have learned at school."

"What is that?"

My scholar repeated with much fervour, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

THE chief place of the manufacture of marbles—those little pieces of stone which contribute so largely to the enjoyment of "Young America"—is at Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse of which is carefully turned to good paying account by being made into small balls, employed by experts to knuckle with, which are mostly sent to the American market. The substance used in Saxony is a hard calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with the hammer. These are thrown, by the one hundred or two hundred, into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of concentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the same diametric size, is placed over the stones, and partially resting upon them. The small block of wood is kept revolving while the water flows upon the slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned into spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are henceforth called

marbles. One establishment, containing only three of these mills, will turn out fully sixty thousand marbles in each week. Agates are made into marbles at Oberstein, by first chipping the pieces neatly round with a hammer, handled by a skilful workman, and then wearing down the edges upon the surface of a large grindstone.

THE RESULT OF ONE MAN'S EFFORT.

ABOUT a year since a gentleman in business in New York city, and largely interested in the cause of temperance, had occasion to visit England in one of the steamers of the Cunard line, and noticed on the first day out the mid-day distribution of grog to the fore-castle hands. The same evening he visited the fore-castle, and found that but two of the seamen were temperance men. With their aid he instituted evening meetings, and every night stayed late with the men, telling temperance anecdotes, singing songs of like character, &c. Towards the end of the voyage he prepared a pledge sheet, which twenty-four of the steamer's hands signed, including cooks, stewards, coal-passers, &c.

On reaching the dock, entirely to the surprise of the signers, he presented each of them with a sovereign, which he requested they would deposit in a savings-bank, that it might be a nucleus for future savings, and received a promise from each that they would write once a year to him, and state how they were keeping their pledge, and how the sovereign of each was increasing. These letters have lately been received, and go to prove how much good may be accomplished

by a person individually, if he works with his whole heart. Twenty of the signers write to say that they have kept their pledge, many of them enclosing certificates to that effect from temperance societies to which they belong. Eighteen send proof that their sovereign is yet in the savings-bank, and that it has been added to in one instance to the extent of several pounds. Two, by reason of sickness, had drawn out and spent the original sovereign, but had since then deposited several shillings towards its renewal. One letter came from a sailor now serving in a British man-of-war, where he was daily laughed at for keeping his pledge, but which he, nevertheless, had kept, as was shown by a certificate enclosed from his superior officer. Of the remaining four nothing has been heard; but the giver of the sovereign has not yet lost hope that he will speedily hear from them, as they may be now on service in distant parts of the world.

INHERITED INEBRIATION.

DR. BROWN, a well-known English writer on insanity, says: "The drunkard not only enfeebles and weakens his own nervous system, but entails mental disease upon his family." The author of an elaborate article in the eighth volume of the "British Psychological Journal," in describing a class of persons fond of intoxicating drinks, says: "They are the offspring of persons who have indulged in stimulants, or who have weakened the cerebral organizations by vicious habits."

Mr. Darwin says: "It is remarkable that all the diseases

arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary to the third generation, increasing if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct."

Dr. Elam, a London physician, in a recent work upon "Physical Degeneracy," writes of the effects of alcohol as follows: "All this, fearful as it is, would be of trifling importance did the punishment descend only on the individual concerned, and terminate there. Unfortunately this is not so, for there is no phase of humanity in which hereditary influence is so marked and characteristic as in this. The children unquestionably do suffer for or from the sins of the parent, even unto untold generations. And thus the evil spreads from the individual to the family, from family to community, and to the population at large, which is endangered in its highest interest by the presence and contact of a morbid variety in its midst."

THE DEVIL'S HARVEST.

CAREFULLY compiled statistics show that 60,000 lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States.

100,000 men and women are annually sent to prison in consequence of strong drink.

20,000 children are yearly sent to the poor-house for the same reason.

300 murders are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance.

400 suicides follow in this fearful catalogue of miseries.

200,000 orphans are bequeathed each year to public and private charity.

200,000,000 dollars are yearly

expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost in time wasted from the same cause. Is it not time to drive that which produces such results from our country? Can we be human if we hesitate to lend our aid to such a cause? Do not humanity and religion both demand it, as a duty we owe to our race? Let him who reads this lay it to heart.

"Intemperance, with its train of woe,
Is rife wherever we may go;
On every hand we meet the foe.

"The victim of this woeful curse
Is robbed of honour, health, and purse;
And hope of heaven, which is much
worse
Than all beside."

THE THREE SIEVES.

"Oh, mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One——"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, *Is it true?*"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, *Is it kind?*"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And, *Is it necessary?*"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your

tongue, dear Blanche, and don't speak of it. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all."

BIBLE ARITHMETIC.

ADDITION.

"Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity" (2 Peter i. 5—8).

Add in your own heart this perfect number of seven graces together, and if these things be in you, and abound, they will make you neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

SUBTRACTION.

"He that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins" (2 Peter i. 9).

MULTIPLICATION.

"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord." (2 Peter i. 2).

"He that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness" (2 Cor. ix. 10).

DIVISION.

"Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty" (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18).

A LITTLE STORY FOR BOYS.

I FOUND somewhere the following little scrap, which has in it a lesson for boys.

A crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and, pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away, when a voice far above him said: "Little boy with a straw hat, look up!" A lady leaning from an upper window said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow! God bless you for that!" As he walked along,

he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the old lady's smile, and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his Heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

A CHILD'S RELIGION.

THE Gospel involves no conditions that a child cannot fulfil; it imposes no requirements that a child cannot meet. A child may trust its promise, realize its blessings, and anticipate its rewards. The death of Jesus is the child's plea, the grace of Jesus is the child's strength, pleasing Jesus is the child's easiest rule of right, and going to be with Jesus is the child's best thought of heaven.

Poetry.

POLLY PANSY.

PRETTY Polly Pansy
Hasn't any hair—
Just a ruff of gold down,
Fit for ducks to wear.
Merry, twinkling blue eyes,
Noselet underneath.
And a pair of plum lips,
Innocent of teeth.
Either side each soft cheek
A jolly little ear,
Painted like a conch-shell—
Isn't she a dear?
Twice five fingers,
Ten tiny toes;
Polly's always counting.
So, of course, she knows.
If you take a tea-cup,
Polly wants to drink;
If you write a letter,
What delicious ink!

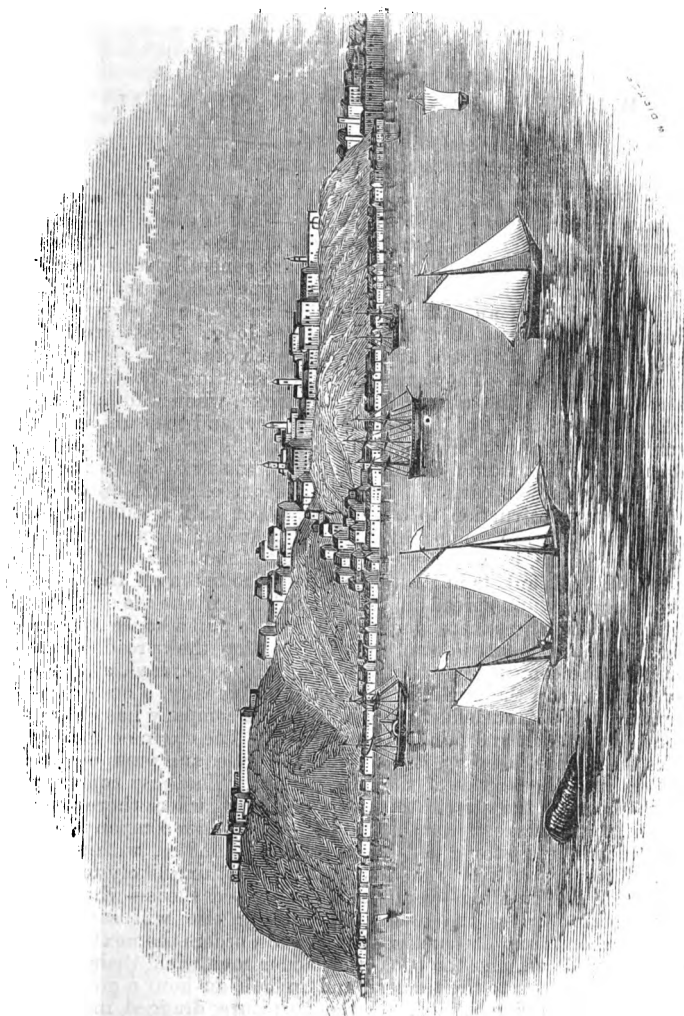
Helps you read your paper—
News of half the town—
Holds it just as you do,
But, ah, it's upside down!

Polly, when she's sleepy,
Means to rub her eyes,
Thumps her nose so blindly,
Ten to one she cries,

Niddle noddle numpkin,
Pretty lids shut fast,
Ring the bells, and fire the guns,
Polly's off at last!

Pop her in her cradle,
Draw the curtains round;
Fists are good for sucking—
Don't we know the sound?

Oh! my Polly Pansy,
Can it, can it be,
That we ugly old folks
Once resembled thee?



QUEBEC.
(Specially Engraved for this Magazine.)

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—VII.

BY THE EDITOR.

PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

Our First Fire.—Whoever goes to Canada must expect a fire. The houses are many of them built of wood—even in the cities—and when one of these takes fire the whole row is almost sure to go. Those houses which are built of brick or stone are generally roofed with wood, that is, with shingles—thin slices of pine wood, from four to ten inches wide, half an inch thick at the bottom, and shaved to nothing at the top, and about sixteen inches long. These are laid one upon another like slates, and lap over each other like slates, so as to turn the water. They are nailed to “sheeting” boards, laid transversely across the rafters, and they make, when well laid, an excellent light roof. But the climate is so dry, and the sun so hot in summer, that after a few years these shingles become so much tinder, and a spark from a chimney in a high wind will ignite them, and burning embers carried by the wind from other buildings on fire will carry destruction to a whole street or half a village in a few hours. We are compelled to have a ladder always reared against the house, by which we may climb to the roof, and if there is a fire all the blankets in the house have to be taken off the beds, soaked in water, and spread upon the roof to prevent the shingles igniting. Sometimes there is no remedy but to pull a house or even several adjoining houses down, in order to stop the spread of the fire. The fire companies, which are admirably organised, and the bravest fellows in the world, have an engine company, a hose company, and a hook-and-ladder company. Each company has charge of one department and minds its own work. The engine company works the engine, keeping it going all the time, and pressing bystanders into the service if they are needed. The hose company lays the hose on the streets to the hydrants, or, where there is no hydrant, to the nearest pump. The hook-and-ladder company have long ladders, and strong bill-hooks on long handles, with sharp axes. They are at liberty to hew away at anything likely to take fire outside the building—verandahs, fences, and sheds—whenever the “captain” gives the order. If nothing else will save the neighbourhood from destruction, the captain orders the next house to be pulled down, and the hook-and-ladder men wield their axes, stick their hooks into the timbers, and in half-an-hour a good and pretty house is demolished, all the furniture dragged into the streets, and the inmates sent wherever they can find shelter. Thus rapid and fearful destruction often takes place on the shortest

notice, and sad loss happens to many poor families. In the large cities there is plenty of help at hand, for everybody on hearing the fire bell rushes to the fire; besides which, there are waterworks and firemen at hand. But in the country villages, where there are no engines and no waterworks, hundreds of persons by these fires become houseless in a single night.

So "Fire! fire! fire!" was the cry we heard in the middle of March, 1852, a bitter freezing night as we ever remember, and a bright light shining into the house showed us at once that the fire was close upon us, in fact at the next house. It commenced in the shed or stable behind, of which our shed and stable was only a continuation, and there was a row of them of about six, all of which were burnt.

Every one knows how he feels when woke up suddenly out of his first sleep. The soul seems gone out of the body; whether we are in creation or out of it is hard to say. We first clutch at one bed-post, then at another, then rush to the window to jump into the open air, and then grope for our stockings and garters. All these antics we played, and then pulled the wife out of bed, and every mother's son and daughter of the children. In about five minutes some glimmering of sense had come over us, and we understood all about "the situation." The first thing was to see that all were dressed, and count heads, to make sure that all were ready to start out the moment the house began to burn. Then the question came, What can we save? Next to her children and her prayers, of course, a woman's heart is among her bonnets and dresses, or what amounts to the same thing, the drawers and trunks where they are stowed away. These and our clothing were all made up in such fashion as the time admitted of. Our first thought was towards the few miserable skeletons of sermons we had in a box, which box had it been pitched into the blazing shed would have been a mercy, for we should have been compelled to make more sermons, and better, else we had been living a good while to very little purpose. Preachers should always burn up the stock every five years or so, and manufacture afresh, even if they use the same texts, for then each new creation would bear the stamp of riper powers. Up to forty or fifty years of a preacher's age, Darwinism may be said to apply to his sermons. They develope from—well, we will not say what they are at first, but commonly they are not very advanced entities, probably sometimes *none* entities. Wife secure, children secure, dresses secure, sermons secure, we were then ready for the world, and all this was a work of from five to ten minutes. This done, what next?

We have long held the opinion, and we believe it is founded on sound philosophy, that when a man is in trouble, humanly speaking, the best thing he can do is to howl. It relieves pain, and is besides a sort of defiance of the enemy. It has this inconvenience about it, that it distresses those who are around us, but when they understand the matter they can soon learn to adapt themselves.

So we rushed into the street and sent up a cry that aroused all the neighbours, set the bells ringing, and brought plenty of help. The sheds were half gone already; the load of hay we had got for the horse we had bought, but which horse had not fortunately arrived, was consumed, with about five pounds' worth of firewood. No water, or none of any amount, could be had, for the hydrants were frozen. The hook-and-ladder men saved us, for they pulled down whatever was likely to communicate the fire to the house, and in about one hour all the fright was over and we were all safe, sermons and all. We enjoyed the bonfire, which blazed away for two hours longer on the ground, and we learnt a lesson by that fire, and that was always to lay stockings, garters, and clothes straight, and in one place, so that there might be no such groping as there was that night for the future. Once again we had a narrower escape from fire than this which happened in Toronto. We lived in London then. The fire was carried by the wind in burning embers 500 feet from the fire. We had all gone to see this fire, and on turning round we saw our own premises on fire. We ran home immediately, taking as many hands as we could get, and found only one person at home—a daughter, who had bravely fought the fire and kept it down within manageable limits till we arrived. The stable was on fire, all the straw in the yard was blazing, the horse nearly suffocated with smoke, one place on the printing-office roof was ignited, and another on the house roof, and in five minutes more there would have been no salvation for the whole premises. Thanks to a kind Providence and the help of friends, the mischief was arrested just in time. The "skeletons" were again saved, and having been twice saved we have never burnt them, thinking there must be something about them entitling them to some respect and a better destiny.

A second time the printing office, after having been removed "down town," was threatened with destruction from a fire opposite, a fire which destroyed six stores, and kept us all night fighting the flames. A little hand fire-engine saved us this time. There was a fourth fire, which we did not see, on our premises. A friend met us in the street and said, "Do you know that your house was on fire this afternoon?" We answered, "No." He replied, "But it was, only we soon put it out." This is all our experience in the "fire department," as far as our own property and family are concerned. But hundreds of our neighbours, both in Toronto and London (Canada), have been swept bare, and some of them more than once. Things are gradually mending. Steam fire-engines are introduced, and water is of more easy access. Wooden houses are giving way to brick and stone, and, what is better still, the rogues who used to set fire to their own houses, with a view to get the insurance, and burn their neighbours out as well as themselves, are many of them burnt out of the country; and, as a consequence, better times may be expected for all the

honest people. There were seventeen fires the first three months we lived in Toronto; and about one-half the business part of London has been burnt out since we knew it. Montreal has been visited twice and Quebec twice with tremendous conflagrations since we knew them; but what does it signify if we do get burnt out now and then, through the extreme heat and dryness of the climate in summer? one feels a warmth from the sun that gets to the very centre of one's existence, and that compensates somewhat for the loss of a few houses.

Our First Canadian Ride.—A Methodist preacher on horseback! That horse his own, saddle and bridle included! What Methodist preacher on earth, be he never so humble, could resist the temptation to show off a little when he was so near the condition of a lord? We never were rich enough to own a horse all the time we were in England, nor was there one in the whole Connexion—we mean a Levitical horse—when we left it. The last horse there was we rode to death on the Thorne circuit, and it several times nearly rode us to death, for of all the tumble-down creatures that ever a man mounted it was the greatest case. No horse ever used its knees so much. Whether it acquired this habit from the piety of its riders is open to question, but it had the habit of falling on its knees as no other horse we ever knew had. Many a good man has jeopardized his life on that horse, and we were glad to know that it plagued and endangered no others after we had done with it. Of course laymen have horses all the time, but they can afford it; the sons of Levi cannot; and that makes all the difference. In Canada the case is very different. Whatever else a preacher has, he must have a horse—at least those of them that travel the country circuits must. We had to travel 800 miles of circuits, and, of course, we had to buy a horse. That horse was bought, and all the necessities belonging to it; and one Saturday afternoon in the middle of April, 1852, we resolved to show the animal—the new saddle and bridle—ourselves, and, indirectly, exhibit the respectability of the Methodist New Connexion to the wondering people of Toronto. The thaw had set in, and the streets were, as they always are at that season of the year, full of slush and mud. We set out on our journey, intending to pass on the principal streets and return home to tea. All went well till we got towards the bottom of Bay Street, but there a little cur dog ran at the horse's heels and bit him. This caused him to kick and rear, and he threw us off, one foot remaining fast in the stirrup. We shudder as we write these words, and can hardly write them for trembling, as we recall our awful plight at that moment. Many a time since then—scores of times—and even now that we are three thousand miles away from the scene—the recollection of this awful situation has come back to us, and does come back to us, in the night-time as we lay down to sleep, and the tremor is there, and has been there for twenty years, just as we felt it then. The horse set off,

dragging us by the stirrup through the mud, and we had not the least hope of ever being rescued alive. Fortunately a man was near the spot, who stopped the horse, and we were delivered from our imminent danger.

There is a comic side to most things, and, strange as it may appear, when we were on our feet again, thankful as we felt to a kind Providence, and serious enough in our feelings, yet when we stood there by the horse, the man looking at us, and we looking at the condition of a good new suit of black clothes, dragged as we had been through the mud, and as much daubed therewith as if we had been rolled in it, we burst out laughing. The ridiculous appearance we made, the show ended, the man himself laughing at us, the idea what a figure we should make returning through the streets home again—all this was too much for the gravity which the occasion called for, and we could not but laugh.

When one is in a mess, the best way is to get out of it as soon and as well as one can. The question was, how shall we get home? Shall we walk and lead the horse, or, defying criticism on our inglorious plight, shall we mount again and ride home? There is, we believe, nothing morally wrong in falling from a horse, provided we are sober at the time; and so, having nothing to be ashamed of but bad horsemanship and our soiled clothes, we resolved to mount and ride home. It was a grand sight for the boys at the street-corners, one little imp among them shouting, "Aye, mester, did you fall?" We had to pocket the affront as we best could, and get out of the gaze of everybody, glad to hide ourself from the peering, jeering on-lookers as we passed. On arriving home we found "all well," as the common phrase is, except ourself; and how much soap and water it took to put us and those clothes right we are afraid to say. That which hurt us most was the manifest contempt of the horse for his rider; for he said, as plainly as a dumb animal could, "Why did you disgrace me and yourself in this way?"

Is it a Bear or an Old Woman?—Human beings ought to have a great interest in bears. For, first, the old Icelandic saga or legend says that the cub of a bear is at first a human child. "The belief is still found," says a recent writer, "in Iceland, that the bear is in reality a spell-bound man; he is born a man, but as soon as the child is born the bear-mother puts her paw over it, and then it becomes a bear-cub instantly." The same writer says, "An Icelandic peasant once found a female polar bear in great distress, and took her into his barn and gave her cow's milk to drink. Later in the evening he went out, and found her in the act of bringing forth her young ones. The man caught one just as it was born, and it was an ordinary female child. He took her into the house and brought her up till she was several years of age. She grew well, and nothing extraordinary was noticed about her, except this, that she always wanted to get out, and down to

the sea. At last she succeeded in getting away; and when she was on the ice, her mother, the bear, was seen to meet her, and strike the girl with her paw, and the child was instantly turned into a bear." Some will say this is an idle story. Well, we can only say we have copied it from an article on "Animal Worship among the Old Scandinavians," by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* for July, 1871, and our readers can make of it what they like.

Our chief interest in the bear is that he has a tremendous paw, with claws about two inches long, and as hard and sharp as if they were made of steel. He will scratch the flesh off your bones in very little time, and make sausage-meat of you before you are aware. Besides, he can squeeze you as hard as a hydraulic press, and flatten you out so that your tailor would not know you afterwards. Hence we all remember the motto of the arms of the Baron of Bradwardine, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, "Bewar the bear;" and it is a natural sentiment written on the heart of every person in Canada, "Bewar the bear."

One Sunday afternoon in the month of July we had preached in a rather remote place, in a "log" chapel, about fourteen miles south of the village of Durham, in the county of Grey. We had to drive to that village after preaching; and as we knew that the moon was at the full, and that the evening would be cool as the sun went down, we were in no hurry to start. It was, in fact, nearly seven o'clock when we left the place. A pleasanter drive we had seldom enjoyed in Canada. Between the place where we preached and Durham, and about four miles from Durham, there lay the great three-mile swamp, crossed by "corderoy" bridges, and a road of the same kind all through the swamp. This was as great a place for bears as any in Canada, and as dismal a swamp as Mrs. Stowe's "Dismal Swamp." Thick cedars grow on each side the road. Frogs croak or whistle all round you by the thousand. The owl cries such an unearthly cry as you never heard from any other fowl or beast. Wolves howl in the distance, and all sorts of buzzing beetles, bats, and insects strike your hat or your face as you go along. It is as gloomy and lonely a place in the night time as there is in all creation, and just the place where you might be scalped or murdered, and nobody would be the wiser respecting you.

The daylight had entirely disappeared before we reached the swamp, but a beautiful moon was shining overhead, and the cool of the evening was delightful after a hot sweltering day. We had made preparations—the preparations which every wise man had to make when he went long journeys from home in the backwoods of Canada twenty years ago—as follow: A handy axe, a bed-rope, and a few nails. The axe to cut down a sapling in case you broke a shaft of your carriage, or a whiffle-tree, or anything of the kind; the bed-rope to serve for a brace to repair said damage, or other that might happen; and the nails—why, nails are always useful—

even to a preacher when he is preaching, if he can only drive one home and make it sure. But, alas! some sermons have no nails in them, only "small tacks," and they don't stick. Well, all these things we had in a carpet bag at our feet, as we were driving along, ready for any emergency.

Descending the hill down to the swamp, we saw a dark figure approaching us, and we said to ourselves, "Here is a bear as sure as taxes." The figure had all the appearance of one. It moved along noiselessly; evidently there were no shoes on its feet, for there was no grinding sound, such as you hear when one is walking with shoes on, on a gravel road. "Whoa, Charley," we said to the horse, "you and I are in for it now! But keep still, my good creature, till I get ready for the fight." We unlocked the carpet bag, took the axe out, put the whip into the socket, grasped the reins tight with our left hand, and held the axe in our right. "Go on, Charley," we said, and then we began to sweat as hard as we could sweat, and we felt a knocking against our ribs inside, which we suppose arose from an affection of the heart, such as all persons feel who are terribly frightened. The dark figure approached nearer and nearer, and just as noiselessly as at the first; at last it came close up, and "Good night, yer honour," was the sound we heard from the bear. It was a barefooted old woman in a black cloak, with a shock of dark tangled hair and no bonnet on her head. "You old witch, how you have frightened me, I thought you was a bear!" was our parting benediction. All that we remember till we got to Durham was considerable applications of a pocket-handkerchief to wipe the sweat off the face and brow, and the feeling of a damp shirt from the same cause, which we did not get rid of till we changed it for our night gear on going to bed. We shall never forget that "Good night, yer honour." It was the liveliest bit of sarcasm that was ever addressed to mortal man.

THE WORDS WE USE: THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING.

CHAPTER II.

ANGLO-SAXON WORDS.

WE have only partly answered as yet the question that has been put respecting the source from whence our words have come. We have referred to the Celtic and the Roman, now we must speak about a much more important source—the Anglo-Saxon. If this seems a hard name to you, never mind, learn it; it will be easy enough by-and-by. We are told it was in the year 418 A.D. that the Romans left Britain. It was an unfortunate time for the Britons, because about then they were fearfully harassed, as indeed they had been for some time before, by the Picts and Scots, a fierce people who lived among the Highlands of Scotland, and who fre-

quently came down from their hills in immense numbers, pushed their way right into England, once almost as far as London, putting the inhabitants to death, and marching off with as much of their property as they could carry. While the Romans were here they assisted the Britons in driving back these invaders, but when they left the Britons were powerless to resist their enemies, so at last they determined to ask the help of the Saxons. Who were the Saxons?

If you look at a map of Europe, you will find in the north-western corner of the continent a narrow arm of land jutting out into the sea, the most northern part of which indeed is called *Jutland*, and part of which peninsula belongs to the Kingdom of Denmark. If you have found it, bring your finger down from Jutland, and just below, in the same peninsula, you find Sleswig and then Holstein. Then below these two provinces flows the noble river Elbe. When you have noticed where this river is, come farther down the map till you find the river Rhine. Now the Saxons were the people who dwelt in the parts just pointed out, especially in the neighbourhood of the Elbe. There were several different tribes, among whom are particularly mentioned the Jutes and the Angles; but they seem mostly to have been all classed together, and called Saxons. Some say they were called Saxons because of the short sword they carried, and which was called a *sax*, or *sax*. But this is not certain. They came first to this country about the year 450 A.D., and, as the Romans had done before them, they came again and again, until, about 100 years after, a great part of the country was under their power. They came first to help the Britons; they finished by helping themselves. Instead of friends, they proved to be foes. Turning their power against those they had come to assist, an immense number of the Britons were slain, a few were allowed to remain among their conquerors, the rest were driven into the western parts of our country, especially into Cornwall and Wales. And here you have the reason we promised last month to give, why there are so few Celtic words in use amongst us now. The Saxons did not come and mix up with the Celts or Ancient Britons, they drove them out, with the exception of the few we have mentioned already. These few were mostly employed as slaves, and most likely the few Celtic words we have were taken by our Saxon forefathers from these Celtic slaves. Perhaps you ask, "Are there any descendants of the Ancient Britons in the western parts of our country now?" Yes, there are. Very few in Cornwall; but Wales is still peopled by them. Those of you who have been in Wales will remember you could not understand the Welsh people when they spoke in their own tongue. Why? Because the Welsh is really the Celtic language, such as was spoken by the Ancient Britons. Not exactly the same, for during all these hundreds of years there have been many changes; still, very much the same.

When the Saxons had driven out the Celts, they seem to have set to work to make the country as completely a Saxon country as possible. They gave our island a new name. England means the "Angle's" or "Engle's land"—the Angles being, perhaps, the most numerous of the Saxon tribes. The Saxons also gave the names to most of the divisions of England. Let us look at a few of them. And here we shall be able to do just a little *pulling to pieces*, an employment which young people like so much.

Take the name of one of the counties in the South of England—Sussex. Divide the word into two parts, *Sus-Sex*, and by the time you have done this, perhaps you have already guessed that this is the name of that part of England which was first called the Kingdom of the *South Saxons*. *Es-Sex* meant Kingdom of the *East Saxons*, and *Middle-Sex* that of the *Middle Saxons*. There used to be also *Wes-Sex*, the Kingdom of the *West Saxons*. Afterwards, that is some time between the years 550 A.D. and 600 A.D., other Saxon tribes came across the German Ocean, and formed what was called the Kingdom of East Anglia, and this they divided into two parts: the part belonging to the "North folk" and the part belonging to the "South folk," now called *Nor-folk* and *Suf-folk*.

Then, again, about the year 547 A.D., another powerful force of Saxons, or Angles, landed at Flamborough Head, and about seventy years after this (617) they seem to have possessed themselves of all the country "north of the river Humber," and this part they called *North-umbria*. Afterwards this extensive division became cut up again into several smaller ones, but the old name is still left in *North-umberland*.]

Then we have all the *shires*. Notice how much this word is like *share* and *shear*. With the *share* of the plough the farmer *cuts* or *divides* his land into furrows; with large scissors, called *shears*, he *cuts* the wool from the back of the sheep when spring-time comes, and the comfortable covering is needed no longer; and with the sickle he *shears* or *cuts* his corn. A kind-hearted, unselfish child, such as I hope every one of my readers is, likes to *share* or *divide* his good things with his companions. Thus, you see, to *share* is to *cut off* or *divide*, and a *share* is a part cut off or divided from the rest. And a *shire* is simply one of the parts into which the Saxons divided the country for the purpose of government; most of the parts being called after the principal towns.

Yorkshire and *Lincolnshire*, because of their large size, were divided again into three parts, called *tredings*, or *thirds*. The division is still found in *Yorkshire*, only the spelling in the course of years has got strangely altered to *riding*. There is the North *Riding*, the East, and the West.

The Saxons gave the greatest number of our names of places. Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why so many of the names of our towns and villages ended alike. You will understand the reason when you learn what some of these name-endings mean.

Let me try to explain a few. Perhaps you have noticed that some names end with *stow* and *stead*. Both these mean "a place." Then others end with *lea* or *ley*, meaning, both of them, "a meadow." Others, again, with *wick* or *wich*, meaning "a bay," "a village," or "a castle." *Thorpe* also means "a village," and *ton* "a town."

A *ford* is a place in a river, or other water, where it is shallow, and so may be passed through on foot by man or beast. *Hurst* signifies a wood. It is not necessary to tell you what *field*, *marsh*, and *moor* mean, for they explain themselves. There are, however, two other name-endings which I must mention. The first is *ness*. This really means "a nose," or something which stands out prominently, as the nose does from the face.

Now, if you seek out on the map all the "noses" you can find standing out into the sea, I can promise you you will find some very funny-shaped ones amongst them. In one place you will find "The Naze," which means the same thing. The last I can mention is, I think, the best of all. I refer to the common ending, *ham*, meaning "home." Some of the towns whose names end with *ham* are now among the largest in the country, such as Birmingham and Nottingham. But they, along with all the rest having the same ending, have all sprung from one Saxon home. However rough and fierce the Saxons were, they always loved their home; and since those early days the love of home has had a deal to do with the prosperity of our country. And if my readers wish to be worthy descendants of their Saxon forefathers, they will take care to do nothing to spoil the happiness of home.

The names of the days of the week were given, too, by the Saxons. When they came to this island they were pagans, not Christians; and like some other pagan nations, they set apart each day of the week to the honour of some particular God. The first two were the *Sun's day* and the *Moon's day*. Tuesday was dedicated to the honour of *Tiwisco*, the god they supposed to watch over their interests in times of war. Wednesday was called after *Woden*, who is said to have been one of their early kings, who after his death was worshipped as a god. *Thor*, the god of thunder, gave the name to Thursday. *Freya* was the wife of Woden, and Friday was called after her. Then Saturday is said by some to be the day of the planet *Saturn*, and by others to be the day of *Saetes*, a water-god.

And now I will conclude by telling you something about three or four titles given to certain persons in this country. And first we have *king* and *queen*. These are both Saxon titles. In the early Saxon times the king was the one who was chosen by the people when engaged in war. He was expected to take the lead in all their expeditions, and to him they generally rendered a full obedience. He was called the *cynig*, which probably means "the son of the nation." The queen was the *cwen*, or "lady of the

king." The spelling is altered now ; but if you read the "c" as if it were a "k," you will see these words are the same.

You are aware that some of our noblemen are called *earls*, and some of the principal men in our towns, *aldermen*. Those of my readers who live in towns will no doubt have seen the aldermen along with the councillors, when on special occasions they have been walking in procession, arrayed in their scarlet robes trimmed with fur. Now in early times these two titles meant very much the same thing. An *earl*, or *ealdorman*, was one who belonged to the higher classes of the nation. A prince, a governor, a bishop, or an archbishop, was each an *alderman*. Now, however, an earl is a nobleman next in rank below a duke, and an alderman is a magistrate of a town next in rank below the mayor.

Another time we shall have more to say about the words that were brought to this country by the brave Saxons of old.

GLANCES AT THE BLACK COUNTRY.

I ALMOST think I can hear some of my little readers ask—as they read the title—"The Black Country! what is that, and where does it lie?" I will try to tell you.

Not many years ago a Londoner's idea of it was, that it was a tract of country covered by coal-dust, cinders, and ashes ; that the scanty grass which existed here and there on its surface was rusty-brown, instead of green ; and that the leaves of the stunted trees were dyed black by the smoke and soot floating in the air. It was thought that the semi-civilised inhabitants were, without exception, grimy and dark of skin, and that the linen of an occasional sojourner would never recover its pristine whiteness after a short stay in this dismal region. But, as railways and newspapers have brought about a more frequent communication with the Metropolis, these ideas have, like many others, been greatly modified ; and if now and then an absurd story of the ignorance and rudeness of Black Country folks finds its way into the London comic papers, most people are wise enough to know that neither the country nor its inhabitants are quite so black as some "delight to paint them."

But my little friends are anxious to know the geography of this strange place, so I must commence by telling them that it lies in South Staffordshire, and includes a little of the bordering counties of Warwick and Worcester. Now if you will get a moderate-sized map of England, you will find nearly at the bottom of the county of Stafford the large and important town of Wolverhampton ; and if you will trace with your finger a line from it to the still larger town of Birmingham in Warwickshire, you will have gone over nearly all the land known by the title of the

Black Country. It includes the towns of Wolverhampton, Bilston, Wednesbury, Darlaston, Tipton, West Bromwich, Oldbury, and Smethwick, and contains many thousands of inhabitants.

As most people are aware, its chief product is iron—iron in all its forms: iron-ore, crude metal, cast-iron, puddled-iron, finished bar-iron, sheet-iron, and manufactured iron. Almost every process going on in this neighbourhood seems to have something to do with iron, either in its manufacture or in its further transformation into articles of ornament and use. The mines supply the ore, the collieries provide fuel, the clay quarries send forth fire-clay for furnace-building, and the lime-pits yield a flux. And after the iron has reached its malleable condition, it gives employment to numerous and various trades—such as chain and anchor smiths, locksmiths, anvil and vice smiths, nailers, file-cutters, tube makers, engineers, machinists, boiler and girder makers, cut-tool makers, &c. &c.

The impression made on a stranger by the appearance of this busy, noisy, smoky world will very much depend on the circumstances in which he first sees it. If he enters it on some dim, damp November day, he will not be likely soon to forget its look of utter depression and the feelings produced thereby. He will probably see its whole extent overshadowed by murky clouds of smoke and steam, kept from rising by the humid atmosphere, which distils a cheerless drizzling rain over the sodden desolate earth. He will find streams of dirty water tracing their sluggish way to dank dark pools; dirty sparrows with drenched coats chirping disconsolately from the eaves of the smoke-begrimed houses, whose walls are warped and cracked by the mining operations underneath. The monotonous roar of the surrounding ironworks, only relieved by the occasional shriek of a railway whistle; the languid flames of the furnaces, which seem scarcely able to resist the universal depression; and the gaunt ruined pit-frames, haunting like ghosts the deserted mounds: all these combined will make a picture of desolation and dreariness which cannot fail to produce a feeling of melancholy in the beholder.

But the Black Country does not always bear such a gloomy appearance, or it would be unbearable to live in it. On a fine summer day everything looks bright and cheerful; if the air is calm the smoke will ascend from the great chimneys almost perpendicularly; the flames from the furnaces will be hardly noticed because of the bright sunlight; the gardens—for there really are places called gardens—will be gay with hardy flowers and green with vegetables; the numerous pools will reflect the fleecy clouds as they pass overhead; and the miles of canals will gleam like streams of silver; the house-sparrow will be heard with his cheerful note; and on every side will be seen the "green borderland" which surrounds this land of iron.

But it is universally admitted that the greatest impression is

made on a visitor if he enters this strange land at night; then indeed he may prepare to be astonished. Let him take his stand on Dudley Castle Keep, or on the Beacon Hill at Sedgley, and such a sight will meet his gaze as will not soon be forgotten. He will see all round him, as far as eye can reach, furnaces, forges, mills, and collieries, all illumined, beyond the pyrotechnist's skill, with fire and flame. He will then probably consider the propriety of changing the title, and calling it (as one of our local poets has done) the "Land of Fire." The blaze of the blast-furnaces rises and falls like waves of fire, and the light and flame seem to throb with conscious life as they burst in view and die away again for a second. The glare from the ironworks spreads along the sky like the reflection of the aurora; and the lines of lamps on the high-ways, and the many-coloured fires of cinder and coke, shine like jewels in the darkness. Amid the stillness of the night, the clang of chains and the thud of mighty hammers, the roar of revolving wheels, and the peculiar rushing noise of the blast-furnaces float confused and mingled to the ear, and fill the mind with awe and wonderment, such as would be felt in the presence of one of Nature's grandest works. A weird place indeed is the Black Country at night.

"TOM BROWN."

"FORWARD!"

ABOUT two years ago, when our Conference was being held at Halifax, I was walking, along with some friends, from the town in which I then lived to Halifax, in order to be present at the Conference love-feast.

As we were crossing a bridge which spans the railway, I was struck by a word which was written in chalk on one side of the bridge. It was the word which I have taken as my text, or motto. I suppose some previous passer-by had written it there as an intimation to some friend whom he expected to follow him, that he had gone forward, and this word "forward" was intended to urge the friend on in his journey.

I remember saying to those with me, "If Mr. Donald saw that, what a grand speech he might make at the Conference tea-meeting!"

But he did not see it, and the speech remained unmade. I had never afterwards thought of this little trifling incident till a few nights ago, as I was walking out with two friends and speaking about our JUVENILE, it suddenly occurred to me that it might perhaps be an appropriate subject for a few remarks in our Magazine.

The first idea which occurs to my mind is the sad thought that during the past year we, as a body of Christians, have not gone

"forward." While we have in some respects made progress, in others we have not. The numbers which represent—so far as numbers can represent the value of spiritual work—the results of a whole year's preaching, and praying, and working, show a decrease.

It is time that we all, teachers and scholars, young and old, those who can do much and those who think they can do little or nothing, set ourselves to thinking about this, and, what is more, to praying about it, and to working to remedy it and to prevent such a disheartening state of things in the future.

There are many ways in which it may be said we must go "forward."

We want our schools to go "forward." It is, indeed, a subject for thankfulness that they are as prosperous as they are; but we might, and *must*, make them more prosperous. In most—nearly all, I should think—of our schools there is room for more scholars. And round every school there are living many children and young men and women who do not attend any school, and some, perhaps, need only a kind invitation, or a little persistent urging from some friend, to induce them to attend school.

Suppose every little boy should say to himself, "Well, I know Tom Sharp"—or Joe Brown, or whatever his name may happen to be—"he does not go to any school; I will ask him to come to ours;" and suppose every little girl says, "There is Mary So-and-so, in our street, who does not go to a Sunday-school; I will try to bring her with me to ours." Why, if all did not succeed, many would, I am sure; and this would be one means of getting "forward."

Then we want our different societies to go "forward."

In most congregations there are some seriously disposed persons who need only a kind *personal* invitation to join the Church and to give their hearts to the Saviour; and nearly every member of the Church knows some one whom he would like to see saved, and "brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus." Suppose we each did our duty in this respect, what a year of progress we should have! Why, if each member during the next year were to be the means of bringing one sinner to the Saviour, we should double our numbers, besides more than doubling our own spiritual life and energy, and, therefore, our own happiness.

I will mention just one more way of looking at this subject.

We must go "forward" as *individuals*. This is the most important of all.

On our progress as individuals depends our progress as a community; in proportion to the degree in which we, *each one of us*, make the word "forward" our motto, will be in a great measure the success attending our efforts.

Just think for a moment of the inducements we have to go forward. The man for whom the word "forward" was written in the

incident which first suggested this subject, was encouraged to go forward by the thought that his friend was looking out for him, expecting him, perhaps waiting for him; and he was perhaps cheered by the thought of the sweet conversation they would have together when he overtook him.

Well, we have stronger inducements than this. When we arrive at our journey's end, we shall join those who have "gone before;" perhaps some of you, my dear friends, have lost a father or a mother, a sister or a brother, who has died "in the Lord." There we expect to meet with them once more; and not only with those friends whom we have known and loved here below, but also with the good men and women of whom we have often read and heard—the patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, and the good and pious of all ages. What a glorious company! But, brighter, and better, and sweeter than even all this, we shall see our blessed Saviour, "whom having not seen, we love;" we shall be with him, for ever and ever, in that happy land, where

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

One thought more. Let us not be discouraged if we do not seem to get on so well as we should wish; if our efforts seem to be unattended by any signs of success.

When the farmer sows his seed, he does not expect it to spring up immediately, and perhaps bear fruit in a week or two; but he waits patiently, knowing that in due time God will make it spring up and bear fruit.

Or suppose the man who was following his friend, after going a mile or two, had said to himself, "Well, I have been going on now for two miles, and I do not see my friend yet; I will go back, as I shall never catch him," he would have been very foolish, for the road has a great many turnings in it, and perhaps if he had gone a few yards farther, and turned the corner just before him, he might have seen his friend almost close to him.

So when we work for Christ, success is often nearer than we think, and if we only persevere a little longer, we shall ultimately succeed.

Let us all then determine, by God's help, to go "forward;" "let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." Remember that

"'Tis onward, onward, we must go,
Our calling to fulfil;
With sin and Satan raging so,
There is no standing still."

J. W. F.

Editor's Table.

Tinton, June 18th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you oblige by giving your opinion on the Rich Man and Lazarus—whether it is a parable or matter of fact—in your next month's JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR?—Yours truly,

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

ANSWER.—It is a parable; but it is also intended to set forth a matter of fact. It is intended to teach, not a fanciful theory, but a stern reality in the everlasting destiny of immortal beings.

DEAR SIR,—Is drunkenness a sin? Some persons say yes, others say no. Nahum i. 10 says, "For while they be folded together as thorns, and while they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry." (See 1 Cor. vi. 10.) Your opinion would oblige,
W. WREN.

ANSWER.—There can be no doubt that drunkenness is a sin. Both the passages referred to, and many others that might be quoted, prove this beyond dispute.

Huddersfield, May 19th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I read in 1 Tim. vi. 16, "Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see; to whom be honour and power everlasting;" and in 1 Cor. xv. 53, it says "for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality." I will ask you, shall not we have immortality just the same as God or not? An answer through the medium of your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige, yours truly,
F. WOOD.

ANSWER.—We are, as to the soul, immortal, and shall be so for ever. Death is not annihilation, or a state of sleep. We shall be conscious of happiness or woe from the moment of our death through a never-ending eternity. In this sense we shall be immortal like the immortal God.

Liverpool, May 1st, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please to explain 1 John v. 16, 17? And you will greatly oblige,

A SCHOLAR OF ST. DOMINGO'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

ANSWER.—There are sins not unto death, as, for instance, sins of infirmity and not of deliberate intention. Mistakes of judgment, weakness of memory, and short-coming in duty arising from these. These are defects more than sins. But every true Christian lives continually in the spirit of repentance, and, as to these defects, he prays continually that he may be forgiven. He may himself—and others may for him—pray that such sins may be forgiven; and they are, through the mercy of God in Christ, forgiven. And for all sins there is a general promise of forgiveness, upon repentance,

to every soul of man. But the Apostle says "there is a sin unto death," and for this he says "I do not say that he shall pray for it." It is difficult to say what the Apostle refers to here. It is supposed that he refers to some maxim of the Jewish law, that there are some offences against that law that cannot be forgiven, because the law specifies the punishment awarded to them, and that law cannot be altered. But, whatever he refers to, the passage cannot be supposed to repeal God's merciful promise of forgiveness to all repentant sinners, or our duty to pray for them. The passage is undoubtedly a difficult one to explain. Dr. Clarke gives an explanation with which we are not satisfied. The explanation in Alford's Greek Testament is far more to the point than Dr. Clarke's. It is impossible to go into it without filling many lines with Greek words which our young readers could not understand, and therefore we will only say that, in our opinion, the Apostle was enjoining a spirit of sympathy and compassion on all Christians—a spirit of mutual care and watchfulness over each other, that, when they saw each other going astray, they might pray for each other, and thus be the means of stopping the erring in their course of error. When they were to cease doing this we will not take upon ourselves to say, for we do not know "the sin unto death" which is excepted, nor can we measure the infinite compassion of God.

Oldbury, June 1, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—As a reader of your valuable Magazine, will you be so kind as to give me an explanation of the following verses of Holy Writ, viz., "Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." (1 Cor. iii. 12—15.)

A TEACHER.

ANSWER.—Well, the Church is a building founded on Christ "the chief corner stone." We are all helping to build it up; or, at least, trying to do so. Preachers are, Sunday-school teachers and other labourers are. Some try to do this in their own way, and perhaps with not the right sort of material. Some preachers try to build up the Church with nice, elegant sermons, as nice as if they had been made by a pastrycook or a manufacturer of artificial flowers; and perhaps some Sunday-school teachers may do their work in the same way, with "gold, silver, precious stones;" and there are others who bring only "wood, hay, or stubble"—worthless materials, all of them, for the purpose. The fire will try all this work—the fire of this world's wear and tear; and if not this, then the fire of judgment. If his work abides he shall receive a reward, because he laboured with common sense and honesty to

do some good while he lived. If not, the fire will destroy it; yet, even in this case, the workman himself may be saved, because, though he did his work foolishly, he did it sincerely, and he may be saved "yet so as by fire"—a difficult, almost an impossible salvation his will be. We know of no other explanation we can give of the passage; and the inference is, what we do for God, let us do it honestly, soundly, practically, and lastingly, and not ignorantly and with a vain mind. Then we shall receive our reward.

Gornal Wood, June 6th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please favour me with an explanation of the following passages?—"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" (Job xxxviii. 31, 32.) Does the Lord mean the seasons of the year by these terms?—Yours truly,
D. M.

ANSWER.—No; he does not mean the seasons of the year, but certain astronomical constellations which were supposed to have an influence at certain seasons of the year. "Pleiades" (Hebrew, *cimah*) are the seven stars which we English people call the "*hen and chickens*," at the end of the constellation Aries, in the left shoulder of the Bull, and near the Ram's tail. And we are afraid that in saying this we don't make anybody much wiser; but if our young friends will ask such questions as this, we must answer them in the only way they can be answered. Pleiades, with its "sweet influence," was supposed to open the flowers and ripen the fruits; while Cesil, or "Mazzaroth," had a contrary effect. To go fully into the subject we should have to quote from several Jewish Rabbis, and this would not be edifying in a "JUVENILE" INSTRUCTOR.

Sheffield, June 16th, 1871.

SIR,—I am much surprised at you in not replying to my letter that I sent you on the 2nd of March last. I now ask you for your opinion on Matt. xii. 32, "Whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Now, sir, in St. John iii., part of the 16th verse, is "Whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." An explanation of Matt. xii. 32—in what way we may speak against the Holy Ghost, and how it is there is no forgiveness? Sir, your explanation of the above passage will be esteemed a great favour.—I remain, yours respectfully,
WILLIAM B. BOOTH.

ANSWER.—If "William B. Booth" will turn to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for April, 1871, pages 103 and 104, he will find that we did explain the subject on which he seeks light; and at the close of the explanation we said, "We have a second communication on the same subject. The above may serve as our answer to both." That second communication was his; but having explained the subject in reply to another correspondent, what was the use of going over the same ground again, and that in the same Magazine?

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

STAFFORD.—Dear Sir,—On Sunday afternoon, May 14, 1871, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the chapel. The attendance was very satisfactory indeed. Our esteemed minister, the Rev. E. Hall, occupied the chair; and after a few opening remarks by the chairman, a very pleasing report was read by the secretary, Mr. H. Greenwood; then followed some very interesting recitations and dialogues by the scholars, who acquitted themselves admirably; and several hymns were sung at intervals, which added greatly to the interest of the meeting. The collection was taken up by two of the elder scholars, which amounted to £1 1s. 9d.; collected by children's cards, £3 12s. 6½d.; total, £4 14s. 3½d.; being an increase upon last year of £2 5s. 0½d. Thus we are led to thank God for all his mercies, and pray that we may go on prospering until our Lord shall say—"Well done; it is enough." But I must not omit to say that great credit is due to the dear children for their earnest and arduous labours in the mission cause, having only had their work in hand three weeks.—J. E. S., Assistant Secretary.

BRUNSWICK SUNDAY SCHOOL, LONDON FIRST CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—Doubtless the subscribers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be pleased to hear that the mission cause in connection with our schools has not been forgotten by our scholars during the past three years, in which period no account of our working has appeared in the pages of your magazine. At the results of the financial year ending March, 1871, we have reason to rejoice. Our finances were in a favourable condition, notwithstanding the many difficulties that have arisen on every hand, and we, with thankful hearts, would praise God for the successful issues that have attended our humble efforts in this truly great and important work. On Sunday afternoon, March 26th, we held our annual meeting in the chapel, at which a large concourse of children assembled from King Street, Lorrimore, and St. George's New Town Schools, and also a number of adult friends. Mr. J. R. Shrubsall presided—the report and balance-sheet for the past year were submitted and approved. The meeting was addressed by a representative of each school—Mr. Alfred Howard, for Brunswick; Mr. Henry Howard, for King Street; Mr. Benson, for Lorrimore; Mr. Berry, for St. George's New Town, also by Mr. Bean, superintendent of the school in connection with Peckham Mission. The balance in favour of the society was £21 2s. 1d., inclusive of £1 14s. 9½d. collected at the meeting.—I am, Sir, yours, F. BAXTER, Secretary.

HURST BROOK, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in informing you that we held our Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the chapel on Sunday last, the 21st inst. One of our superintendents, Mr. John Ashworth, occupied the chair, and the

meeting was addressed by our esteemed minister, the Rev. E. Wright, and Messrs. J. J. Kenworthy, J. Whittaker, Joseph M'Lean, Samuel Short, senior, and John Whitworth. Suitable hymns were sung by the children and the chapel choir, and a collection was made amounting to £2 0s. 1½d., being about £1 in excess of the collection of last year. This is mainly due to the extra effort that was made, for which our missionary committee are exceedingly thankful.—Trusting that you will give this an insertion in your JUVENILE, I remain, yours obediently, JNO. WHITWORTH, Secretary.

QUIET STREET CHAPEL, BATH.—A very interesting meeting was held in this chapel on Sunday afternoon, the 7th of May, to hear the report of mission work by the church and Sunday school for the past year. Mr. Maund was appointed chairman, and opened the meeting with an extremely suitable address, succeeded by the reading of the report, which showed a fair increase on the subscriptions of the preceding year; the scholars' collections were, by their box, £1 17s. 1½d., and by books £2 2s. 8d.; the total proceeds from other books and boxes added to these amounts, and including the public collections on 7th May, were £21 12s. 8d., after payment of expenses attendant on our mission services; and of this sum £5 have been remitted for Home Missions, and the balance (£16 12s. 8d.) for foreign. The meeting was then continued by James Dowding reciting very effectively the Macedonian's cry for help, and a reply in the words "Here am I, send me." Other pieces were recited and sung, and the interest of the meeting was greatly enhanced by the addresses of the Rev. A. Leach and Mr. R. H. Moore. We hope the extent of our support of the Missions has not yet reached its maximum.—J. F. G., Secretary.

ST. PAUL'S, DUDLEY PORT (OLDBURY AND TIPTON CIRCUIT).—Dear Sir,—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in our chapel on Sunday evening, May 14th, 1871. The meeting was presided over by our esteemed friend, Mr. Samuel Hipkins. After the reading of the report by Mr. Benjamin Hipkins, addresses were given by Messrs. T. George, E. Price, S. Sheward, J. Sheward, and J. Morris. Suitable hymns were sung by the children, and several appropriate recitations were given by several Sunday-school scholars, including the dialogue on our China Missions, given by Masters Chas. Southall and Enoch Ganner. The report showed the amounts collected by children to be—boys (twenty-one), £2 14s. 9d.; girls (thirty-one), £4 10s. 2d.; total, £7 4s. 11d.; public collections, £4 8s. 5d.; making a total of £11 13s. 4d., being an increase on last year's total of £2 12s. 7d.—Yours truly, J. MORRIS.

LEEDS FIRST CIRCUIT, BETHESDA CHAPEL.—Dear Sir,—On Sunday afternoon, April 10th, we held our Juvenile Missionary Meeting in connection with our Sabbath school in the above place of worship. Our well-trying and highly-esteemed superintendent, Mr. Nathan Whiteley, occupied the chair. The secretary presented the report, which was not of so favourable a character; it showed the amount raised to be £4 10s. 4½d., which is less than last year, and is not as we expected, but we hope the next year to make up for the deficiencies in the two former years. Short addresses were delivered by our

esteemed friend, Mr. Braithwaite, from Woodhouse Lane, and Messrs. S. Roodhouse, A. Hepworth, and B. Driver. Also a number of recitations and dialogues were given by the scholars, which added greatly to the interest of the meeting. We pray that God may bless all our scholars with the spirit of missions, and may they work more nobly in the year which they have just commenced, than ever they have done before.—WILLIAM HENRY BATES, Secretary.

VENTNOR STREET JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, LEADS FIRST CIRCUIT.—We held our Annual Meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 30th, 1871. In the absence of our worthy friend Mr. Wm. Ruddock, our old tried friend, Mr. John Gowing, school superintendent, occupied the chair, and ably presided over the meeting. The secretary read the report, which showed a great advance had been made upon last year's efforts. We were then engaged raising funds for clearing off the debt on our place of worship. This year, the scholars, by cards, books, and boxes, have raised the noble sum of £7 7s. 2d. Collected by Hannah E. Tinker, £1 8s. 3d.; M. A. Horn, 17s.; Arthur Ripley, 16s.; Clara Garnett, 11s. 9d.; Charles Chapman, 10s.; H. E. Roberts, 10s.; Mary Richardson, 7s. 2½d.; Emily King, 7s. 1d.; Wm. Edw. Whiteley, 6s.; Thos. Norton, 4s. 9d.; Henrietta Whitaker, 3s. 6½d.; Wm. Briggs, 3s. 6d.; Florence Walker, 3s. 4d.; Emiline M'Gill, 3s. 1½d.; A. E. Richardson, 3s.; M. A. Mitchell, 8s.; and Wm. Simon, 3s.; Small Sums, 6s. 7½d.; Raised by Public Collections, £3 17s. 7d.; by proportion of Circuit Juvenile Missionary Meeting, 15s. 5d.; making a total of £12 0s. 2d.; being nearly £10 over last year. Several recitations and short addresses were given, and taking all things into account, we had a good meeting.—E. W. WHITELEY, Secretary.

SALEM CHAPEL, MANCHESTER NORTH CIRCUIT.—The Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in connection with the above place was held in the large room of the new school, on April 23rd, 1871. The chair was occupied by our superintendent, Mr. J. J. Harwood. Our esteemed missionary the Rev. J. Innocent, who has been resident amongst us for some time past, and who is shortly about to resume his labours in China, was present, and gave us a very interesting and able speech, which was highly appreciated by a large meeting. It has been customary for some years past, for some of our young friends to deliver addresses on these occasions; and in accordance with this custom, we had the pleasure of listening to addresses from Mr. Shaw, Mr. Burley, and Mr. Hyde. The amount raised during the past year in the school is, by the girls, £11 5s.; by the boys, £7 6s. 8d.; collection at the meeting, £4 6s. 6d.; making a total of £22 18s. 2d.—Trusting that next year's proceedings will be still more fruitful, I remain, yours truly, S. GRUNDY.

REGENT STREET, PRINCES END, OLDBURY AND TIPTON CIRCUIT.—Dear Sir,—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday evening, May 21st, 1871. Our esteemed and venerable friend, Mr. J. B. Chambers, of Birmingham, conducted the meeting. A satisfactory report was read by the secretary, and the following pieces were recited:—"The Captive Maid," K. Bettridge; "Your Mission," M. Bradley; "Every Little Helps," R. Millward; "Missionary Apple

Tree," M. Henn; and Mr. Watts' dialogue from the February Magazine, by D. James and A. Bishop. A very pleasant evening was spent, and at the close of the service £2 15s. 3d. was taken up at the collection. Although this brings our total amount to a trifle less than last year, we are by no means discouraged, as we can account for the deficiency from local causes. The following amounts were collected:—Young Men's Box, 10s. 2d.; Young Women's Box, 3s. 5d.; Boys' 1st Class Box, 3s.; Boys' School Box, 11s. 3d.; Girls' School Box, 6s.; Mary Pinnock's Box, £2 3s. 11d. Cards—K. Bettridge, 6s.; A. Stonnaway, 5s. 2d.; D. James, 5s. 1d.; A. Genner, 5s.; A. Beardsmore, 5s.; M. Humphries, 5s.; S. Ann Wellings, 5s.; W. Henn, 3s.; M. Eades, 2s. 6d.; M. Bradley, 2s.; A. Jackson, 2s.; H. Smith, 2s.; Smaller Sums, 6s. 6d.; Collection, £2 15s. 3d.; total, £9 7s. 3d.—T. PINNOCK, Secretary.

TABERNACLE SUNDAY SCHOOL, OLDBURY.—To the Editor,—I am pleased to inform you that we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in our new chapel, on Sunday evening, May 14th, 1871. The meeting was a very successful one. Mr. Joseph Bagnall, president of the schools, occupied the chair, and made some very appropriate introductory remarks. The meeting was addressed by our esteemed minister, the Rev. J. K. Jackson, and by Messrs. W. H. Newey, W. Owen, and S. Holloway, junior; the latter gentleman also read the report, which was as follows:—Collected by Cards—Mary Ann Holloway, 5s.; Polly Parkes, 5s.; Mary Jane Ray, 5s.; Harriet Ray, 5s.; Sarah Bagnall, 5s. 9d.; Elizabeth Hall, 5s.; Emily Bagnall, 5s.; Emma Fisher, 5s.; Emily Baker, 7s.; Fanny Nightingale, 5s.; A Friend, 5s.; Mary Reynolds, 5s.; Maria Roden, 5s.; Sarah Hannah Danks, £1 5s. 6d.; Sarah Holloway, £1 12s. 6d.; John Pardoe, 5s.; Enoch Holloway, 5s.; William Preston, 5s.; Abraham Millward, 5s.; John Preston, 5s.; Joseph Mathews, 6s. 2d.; Richard James, 6s.; William Fisher, 5s.; Benjamin Jackson, 6s. 6d.; Charles Blockley, 8s.; J. Ezra Nickless, 5s.; John Henry Newey, 5s. 3d.; Gertrude Ann Armstrong, 3s. 6d.; Small Sums, 19s.; Private Subscriptions, William King, 1s.; Annual Subscription, John Ray, 5s.; total, £11 1s. 2d.; increase on last year of collection by cards alone, £5 11s. 2d. In the course of the evening, the two dialogues which appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for February and April were recited, the former by Master H. Ray and Miss E. Holloway, the latter by Masters A. Millward, W. Preston, and E. Holloway. Three other interesting pieces were recited by Master J. Holloway, and Misses Bagnall and Holloway. The singing, which very much enhanced the interest of the meeting, was rendered well, under the management of Mr. G. Hinds, senior, both by the children and choir. The collection at the close amounted to £8 18s. 10d.; giving a total increase on last year of £9. The usual votes of thanks brought the meeting to a close.—Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for an early insertion, I remain, yours, SAMUEL HOLLOWAY, Junior Secretary.

Correspondence.

Sheriff Hill, Gateshead, June 6, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed with interest the desire for some testimonial recognizing the Connexional worth of the Rev. Dr. COOKE, and would suggest that after some family token has been provided, the surplus be devoted to the erection of a chapel in London—say at Sydenham, where I understand a site was purchased some time ago. The teachers and Sabbath-scholars might not succeed in one year in raising sufficient to accomplish this, but let them continue their efforts year after year until they do so; and then make it a permanent Connexional advantage, by allowing the income of the chapel to accumulate and be applied to the erection, or to assist in the erection, of other sanctuaries in the Metropolis.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly, W. S. CROW.

Biography.

ELIZABETH ANN DAVENPORT,
OF DALEHALL, BURSLEM.

THE brief memoirs of the young which from time to time appear in our JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, are full of interest to their dear relatives and friends who have known and loved them well, and of instruction and encouragement to all the Sunday scholars who peruse these records of early piety.

Elizabeth Ann Davenport was a child of many mercies and much promise. She had the inestimable advantage of religious nurture under the kind care of parents who dedicated her to God from her infancy. What an honour and a blessing it is to have pious parents! She was born on February 21st, 1863, at Albion Street, Dalehall, Staffordshire Potteries.

At a very early age she was sent to the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school, near their residence. I am assured that she recited her first piece in public

at a school anniversary, when she was only three years of age! "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" God hath oft "perfected praise."

Like most Sunday-school children she was very fond of singing. Indeed, one of the subordinate benefits of the Sunday-school to a community is the early development of a taste for music, and the early inculcation of Divine truth in sacred song. It was customary for Elizabeth Ann, when she returned from school upon the Sabbath, to sing for her mother such sweet little pieces as "I am a little pilgrim," "I want to be like Jesus," "Shall we meet beyond the river?" &c. &c. Well would it be for all our young people if they never acquired a taste for songs inconsistent with those they have learned at a pious mother's knee, or in the Sabbath-school!

Not only had she a love for sacred melodies, but a special

aptness for recitation. Hence she was sought after at anniversaries, and recited, with great acceptance, on six occasions. While fond parents and admiring friends looked with admiration and affection upon her in these efforts, little would they suspect the imminent peril. The little wing could not sustain the flight.

She lived to pass her seventh year. About twelve months before her death, her parents joined our society at Zion Chapel,

Dalehall, and she removed to our Sunday-school.

The illness with which she was carried to the grave arose, as we might have feared from her precocity, from inflammation of the brain. She suffered much, and then the Saviour whom she loved called her to her home "beyond the river." She slept in Jesus, June 11th, 1870, aged seven years and three months. Youthful readers, meet her in heaven!

J. C. WATTS.

Our Children's Portion.

A SHORT SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.
You are the architects of your own fortune. Rely upon your strength of body and soul. Take for your motto, "Self-reliance, honesty, and industry;" for your star, "Faith, perseverance, and pluck;" and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not."

Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm, and steer your own ship. Strike out. Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice excessive humility; you can't go over your level—put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and the small ones will go to the bottom.

Energy and invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that rule the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink, don't smoke, don't swear, don't gamble, don't steal, don't deceive, don't tattle. Be in earnest, be self-reliant. Read

good books. Love your fellow-man as your God; love your country and obey the laws; love truth; love virtue. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequences with God.

PERFECTION.

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last."

"By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."—Colton.

DECISION.

A BOY needs decision of character more than any other trait, and I can sympathise with a boy who is doing his best to cultivate this virtue. It is his sheet-anchor, which, by the grace and help of God, can hold him right when all else fails him. A boy should learn how to say "No," and not only how to say it, but how to live up to it. "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" that means, say "No" with emphasis, and after saying "No," leave the place at once. It is your only safety. If you say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," he won't "get." He never goes away politely and humbly when ordered—not he. He will face you, and the only way to get him behind you is to turn around and walk away, and then, of course, he is behind you. This requires decision.

If Tom and Harry tempt you to run away from school, or go where you ought not to go, and you reply in an undecided way, "I think not—perhaps it is not best—I think I'd better not," you are Tom and Harry's boy. They have you sure. If a boy is undecided, he is lost. But if, when they make such a proposition to you, you say, "No, sir," and turn away, why, then you are safe, and neither Tom, nor Harry, nor Satan has the least hold upon you. A boy who is undecided in his moral character, in his sports, and, when he grows up, in his business, floats, drifts along to sure destruction; for any craft which drifts is doomed.

Any of you who understand machinery know what it is when an engine is on a "dead centre." Let me explain to those who do not understand. When the work-

ing beam of a steam-engine has lifted the crank to its highest point, or depressed it to its lowest, that point is called the "dead centre." If the crank swings over, as it usually does, then the rod goes down from the highest point and up from the lowest; but sometimes, when an engine is going slowly, the crank does not swing past the centre, and then, as the piston presses straight down or draws straight up, does not tend to turn the cranks as it does when in any other position, the engine stops, and the crank has to be swung over the centre by hand.

Now, this "dead centre" is in an engine just what indecision is in a boy or man. The crank moves slowly, and without force enough to carry it over that point; it is undecided which way to go, and it stops, and, till it can be started by extraneous force, the boat is at the mercy of the winds and waves. If a boy's mind moves slowly and in an undecided manner, his moral force, his engine, gets on a "dead centre," and away he floats down stream.

I was once standing on the dock in one of our sea-port towns, watching a large steamer getting under way. The current was running swiftly by the wharf, and the river full of large shipping. The steamer cast off, and swung out into the stream; the engine made three or four revolutions, and then stopped.

The pilot sounded the bell in the engine-room to go ahead, but it was not answered; the boat drifted swiftly, and in a moment crash it went against a ship, and carried away her rigging around the bowsprit; then smash into another steamboat, and made

wreck of her wheel-house, and very badly damaged herself. The pilot was frantic with rage at what he deemed the stupidity of the engineer; the officers of the craft were loudly cursing the stupidity of the pilot, and there was a great running to and fro of all hands, when the pilot was told by the engineer that his engine was on a "dead centre," and until the crank was pushed over in some way he was powerless. By this time the boat had drifted a long way, and was almost a wreck—indeed, so badly damaged that she could not go on her voyage, and in her drifting she had crippled several other craft. The only remedy was to down anchor, which the pilot did as soon as he saw the engine was useless. But it was too late. The damage was done, and the boat was afterwards hauled off for repairs.

Now, boys, make the application; don't wreck yourself and others by indecision; don't drift and float down the swift stream of life with all your energies on a "dead centre." I always think of this when I see a man who might do a great deal of good in every way "loafing" through life, a curse to himself and to all about him.

"JESUS HAS DONE IT!"

DURING my visits amongst the poor, I have come across many striking instances of firm truth and calm trust in the Saviour's redeeming power. An instance I will now relate, to show how dying Christians can testify to the power of a Saviour's love.

One day while out visiting, a person requested me to visit a poor woman—"She is very ill,

and she is afraid to die. Will you please go and pray with her?" This appeal touched my heart, and I told the maiden I would come.

I found an old woman confined to her bed; her sufferings were great, both temporally and spiritually, for her mind was dark and gloomy. She was seeking to find peace in the Saviour. After this I visited her regularly. We had many interesting conversations, and many sweet seasons of prayer were spent by her bedside. One day as I entered her room I heard her singing—

"Oh, what has Jesus done for me!"

Oh, miss, I am so happy! Jesus has done it: Jesus has done it!" and her face showed the change. Instead of gloom there was brightness, beaming with a Saviour's love. Jesus had set her soul at liberty; she could rejoice in the Saviour as *her* Saviour. We spent many happy hours together, but her time was short; she was each day getting nearer the eternal world; soon she would see the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. "Well, Mrs. G——, how is it with you to-day?" said I. "Have you any doubts of your eternal safety?"

"Oh, no, miss; I am very low, but all is peace. Jesus has done it: Jesus has done it! I have no fear, I have got Jesus tight. I will not let him go. I am going home—beautiful home—up there," pointing with her finger upward. "Jesus has saved me, but it is hard work dying. But Jesus loves me; he is with me—

'I long to be there,
Its glories to share,
And lean upon Jesus' breast.'

Pray once more." I did so. Then

her voice grew tremulous and low, but we caught the sweet words, "Happy, happy — Jesus has done it. Happy, happy!"

They were the last words she spoke, for soon after her happy spirit took its triumphant flight to that home where her and my Saviour dwells.

May our end be like hers; but if we wish to die a Christian's death we must live a Christian's life. And if our life reflects Christ as our pattern, we shall not be left in doubt as to our life in an eternal world; it will be only leaving the room on earth to enter the room in heaven.—*Ecam.*

"WHAT HAS IT DONE FOR YOU?"

THE other day a lecturer was holding forth in a village in the north of England; and at the close, he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said, "Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave, but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but——"

"Oh, that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavoured to shirk the matter again; the feeling of the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and he had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

Poetry.

MATT. VI. 21.

"GIVE me thy hand, my child,
The way is dark and lone,"
My Father said, in mild
And tender tone.

"Father, I would obey:
But see, my hands are full
Of flowers that by the way
I stayed to cull."

"Thy path is dense with gloom,
Thy flowers would droop and die,
I will preserve their bloom
In bowers on high."

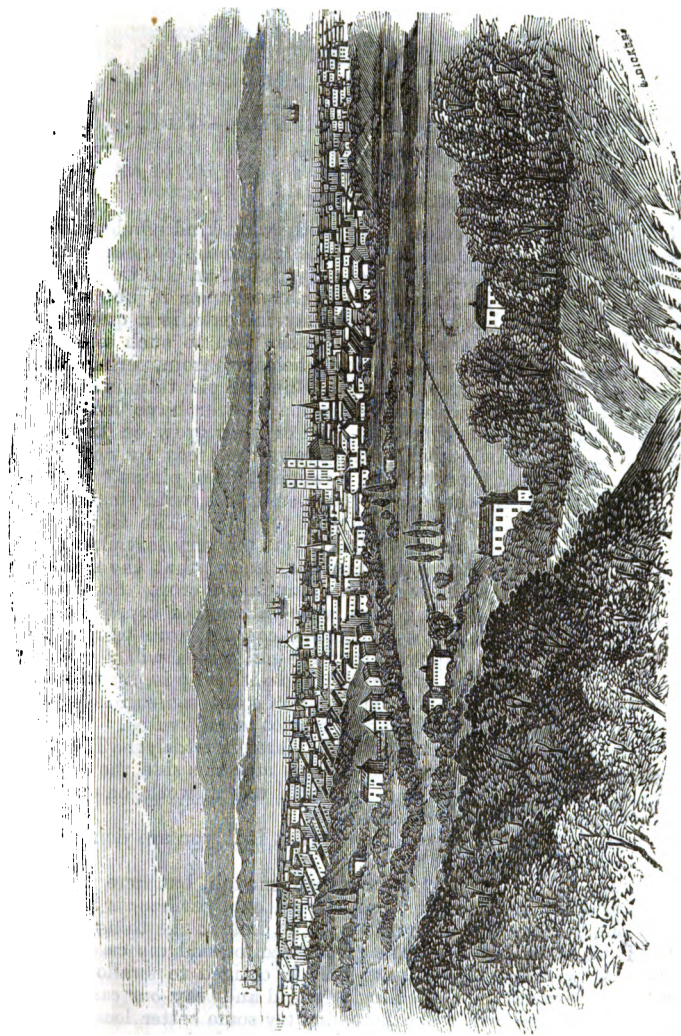
So, with all tender care,
From my slow yielding hand

He drew my treasures fair
To his bright land.

And though I weep to part
With those I hold so dear,
He solaces my heart
With holy cheer.

And daily my sweet Guide
Doth my sad spirit bless,
And daily to his side
Closer I press.

The shades of evening fall,
I have not long to roam
Ere I shall dwell with all
The loved at Home.
M. H. H.



MONTREAL.
(Specially engraved for this Magazine.)

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—VIII.

BY THE EDITOR.

PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

A Philosopher.—No one can tell exactly what kind of a location he is settled upon, till he has cleared his land and ploughed it for two or three seasons. This is particularly true of an Old Countryman. He chooses a lot; there are big trees upon it, but what kind they are, and what kind of soil they indicate, is a question the Old Countryman cannot settle. He has seen no such trees at home. In the locality in Ireland where he comes from, perhaps he has seen no trees at all; and even in England plantations are so scarce that the farmer who emigrates may never have had his mind directed to the question what kind of trees grow on this or that kind of soil. In Canada Nature grows the trees by natural selection. To an Old Countryman, a range of "oak plains" would seem very inviting, for there are large open spaces, with small oak saplings, generally in bushes of several together. The labour of clearing such land appears slight, but this is the very last place on which a Canadian would settle, because he knows that the soil is light and sandy, and can never produce much of a crop. So of the rock elm: it is a fine-looking tree, very tall and of considerable girth. To an Old Country eye nothing can be more tempting. Reasonably it may be supposed that the soil which will produce such magnificent trees must be good, and so it really is, but where that tree grows there is sure to be plenty of stone, sometimes large boulders, but often solid rock, which cannot be cultivated.

Riding along one day in the district through which the Rideau Canal passes, on a road as execrable as any this side the Alps, we came to a clearing where an Irishman was at work, on one of the most stony farms we ever saw.

"Well, Paddy," said we, "and what is it you are doing on that miserable plot of land?"

"Shure an yer honour it looks bad enough, but here I am, and somebody must live here, and why not me, yer honour?"

"True, Paddy, that is a right spirit to look at the thing with, but if it was our case (now this present editor said *my* case, but he is now writing editorially, and he is obliged to swallow the nonsense prevalent in the editorial world and say *our* case) we should let somebody else live here, and try some better location."

"Shure, sur," said Paddy, "an' that same looks very reasonable; but yer honour should remember that when I came here

with me wife that's dead and buried aninst by, the land looked very purty, an' there was such beautiful shtreams of water flowing by, an' the trout swimming about so fine, that I thought it was the purtiest place I ever seen. So me wife an' me settled down here, thinkin' how happy we should be by-and-by. I cleared the land, as yer honour sees. I ploughed it once after loggin' it up, and the stones showed thimselves very bad. The second time I ploughed it they was worse, and the third time worse again. Many a time I've wished meself away up West, where I am told there is good land, but in the midst of me troubles me wife died, an' I buried her there in the little patch where I put thim rails round her grave, and now yer honour I feel as if I could not lave her." The poor man's eyes filled with tears as he spoke of his wife and her little grave hard by, and we invoked a benediction from heaven on his head, for the manly tender heart he had in his bosom.

"But, yer honour," said the man, "things is seldom as bad as they seem. I can grow the finest potatoes in the world here; I have plenty of run for my pigs and young critters in the woods round, for nobody is like to come to settle about me when they see my luck. I have plenty of milk an' butter, and plenty of pork and potatoes in the winter, and fine Indian corn in the summer; me clothes are not very illigant, as yer honour sees, but somehow I make them do, and, yer honour, what can a man want more than I have? and by-and-by some kind creature will lay me beside me wife, and I shall sleep as sound here as if I was buried in a royal tomb."

"True, Paddy," said we, "you take a right view of things, and I wish every one was as happy as you are. Good morning, sir," said we, with a feeling of admiration for this industrious, contented, cheerful son of Erin, who, in this lonely spot, and on this uninviting farm, was doing the duty laid out for him, and bearing the crosses sent to him in a resigned and Christian spirit such as few Christians can boast.

William Lyon Mackenzie.—We shall never forget the first time we met with this notorious and remarkable man. The Government at one time set a thousand pounds on his head. He was the moving spirit of the rebellion in 1837. His printing-office was sacked in Toronto, and for some years he became a wanderer in the United States, where he was rather caressed than otherwise for the part he had taken in disturbing the Government of Canada. He was a little man, about five feet three or four inches high, with a broad forehead, a large and restless eye, and his bald head was covered with a wig as fiery looking as his spirit was fiery within him. He had not a creative or organizing mind; but, with the instinct of a ferret and the tenacity of a terrier, he was fitted exactly for what he did. He had a taste for figures, could wade through blue books, and had the National Debt at his finger ends.

He was the terror of the "family compact," as the Government of the day was called; and though he did some mischief, he undoubtedly did much good. Through his persistent efforts many much-needed reforms were at last conceded. He received a pardon, had returned to Canada, was elected a member of Parliament, and died in Toronto, where his bitterest enemies resided, and after a restless, and to himself in a pecuniary sense, an unprofitable career, he was gathered to his fathers in peace.

When we first saw him it was at a funeral. His residence was near our own, and near the residence of the father of the young lady whose funeral we attended. An old friend of his had him by the button-hole, and was giving him a very serious lecture on the salvation of his soul, and the need of turning away from political agitation to some quiet thought and effort on a subject which it is to be feared Mr. Mackenzie had somewhat neglected. The object of his friend's remarks was good, but those remarks were pressed with an ardour and pertinacity which annoyed Mr. M., and we saw that he was writhing, as far as politeness would allow, to get away from one whom he regarded as persecuting him. We had no wish whatever to interfere between the two, but in the first place we knew that the friend who was addressing Mr. M., had need of a lecture himself on the self-same subject; for with more pretension and profession than Mr. M., we doubt if he was a better man than the individual whose soul he seemed so anxious to save. We listened a while to the remarks made on the shortness of life, the certainty of death, and the need of being prepared. At last we quoted the poet's words—

"All men think all men mortal but themselves,"

when Mackenzie exclaimed, "Capital! capital!" and at once his friend let go his button-hole. There is a time for everything and a manner of doing everything for the best ends. Generally, in such cases, a few kind words are best, leaving them to fructify in the hearer's mind, but if you go too far, you simply trample the seed down, and so harden the earth about it that it cannot grow. The last time we saw Mackenzie was in the House of Assembly in Toronto. A discussion was going on on some railway business. Mackenzie was rolling out his thunders on friend and foe alike, calling them a band of harpies, sucking the blood of the nation to fill their own pockets, when such a yell and groan, and grinding of desks making an unearthly sound, the like of which we had never heard before, greeted the speaker's ear as would have cowed an ordinary man. But Mackenzie stood his ground, and piled on the thunder louder and louder. "I know you all," said he. "You think you will put me down, but you will not succeed. You want this measure carried that you may fatten on the spoils it will give you; and when the party proposing this measure has persuaded those who sit with me on this side the house to support their scheme,

you in your turn will have something as infamous to ask their support of, and thus it goes all round; a pack of robbers all of you, having or wishing to get your hands into the pockets of the people." "Order! order!" was the universal cry, amidst which Mackenzie, foaming with rage, gesticulating like a windmill, and gnashing his teeth upon them, sat down. A war-whoop among the Indians is scarcely more terrific than this scene was in the Canadian House of Assembly. But we suppose gentlemen who make our laws at home or abroad are used to such things.

Killed entirely.—"Now, brother, you are going to get the blood of those horses up, and by-and-by we shall have a smash." These words were spoken to a good-natured, but somewhat careless brother who was to drive us to our appointment some eighteen miles from where we started. He had a fine pair of ponies, of which he was very proud, and he wanted to show us what they could do. The morning was one of those delicious ones such as we have in Canada in the month of September. The sun was hot enough for warmth, and not so hot as to be oppressive. We anticipated a pleasant journey, and a good talk with the brother on some religious topics. But for the matter of that we have made up our mind never more to discuss theology behind a horse; for whether it be that the subject acts upon them as it does on Christian congregations—that is, sends them to sleep, as you may have seen when some preacher has announced that he means to go into it systematically, or that some evil influence comes upon them to stop such a conversation, we do not know, but certainly our luck in this direction has been so indifferent, that we shall talk hereafter on some other subject whenever we are behind a horse. Our friend, Mr. Moore of Walsend, was very fond of theological discussions, and he would engage in them whenever he could. He kept a pony; and one evening he drove us to an appointment about four miles from his house. On returning we resumed the discussion of justification by faith, with which we had occupied our minds while going to the appointment. It was a fine summer evening; we drove slowly, in order to have the more sweetness in our conversation. The horse fell fast asleep under the discourse, and dropped down on all fours as if he had been shot; of course we were both pitched out of the conveyance head-foremost on to the hard road. We lost sight of all subjects theological or otherwise for some time, and the first we knew was Mr. Moore standing over us, rubbing our temples and saying, "Oh, Mr. Robinson, are you hurt?" We replied, "Can't say, but will get up and see." We found the damage was a bloody nose, a black eye, and a general bruising all over. From that time we resolved to discuss theology incidentally, that is as it comes along in the ordinary exposition of religious truth, but seldom to touch it in formal discourse, for we remembered how it was taken on the occasion referred to.

But to return. The horses went merrily, and appeared as proud as their owner of what they could do, but we saw that their blood was up, and we saw another thing which we had not noticed before, and that was, that the reins were rotten, and we looked out for the disaster, which happened to us soon enough. To make matters worse, we had taken up a gentleman whom we had overtaken before the race began, and who was going for some miles in the same direction as we were. This gentleman was a magistrate, going to attend the meeting of the justices at a village we had to pass, and he was a rabid Roman Catholic, not very particular in swearing otherwise than when administering an oath to a witness. As we were saying, the blood of the horses was up. We had passed the summit of a gentle declivity, and were beginning to descend on the other side. The horses set off full gallop. The driver tried to rein them in, but the rotten reins broke, and all hope of salvation was over! He, the driver, rolled off the carriage on the right hand on to the road, and there we were, without the slightest control over the horses, the reins broken, the driver gone, and only this old rip of a magistrate and ourself left in the carriage. There was a bridge over a deep ravine at the bottom of the hill, and the question was whether the horses would jump right down this gully, or, striving to pass the bridge, would strike the parapet, and in either case precipitate us into the bottom. We asked Her Majesty's magistrate what it was best to do, thinking that, as he was a man in authority, he ought to know, and be able to advise. He said something to the Virgin Mary which we were too much confused to understand; but, for our part, having little faith in the help of Mary, we resolved to jump. "Don't jump," said the magistrate, "you will be kilt entirely if you do; stick to the ship and see what comes of it—" but we resolved upon the jump. First a desk was pitched on the road, then a valise, and then we climbed over the back of the carriage as well as we could, and made the leap! Of course we were thrown violently on the ground, knocked entirely senseless, and lay there till the owner of the carriage came up, and helped us to our feet. He could hardly walk from the shock of his tumble on the ground. We said, "Follow your horses, and never mind us." He did as we told him; we started back to gather up the desk and valise, and, staggering rather than walking, bleeding profusely from the wound we had received on the head, we carried the desk and valise a mile, and arrived in an exhausted state at the house of the friend we had left in the morning. We went to bed immediately; such remedies as could be had were applied, and in a few hours we fell asleep, and in fact only awoke once during the night, in that delirious kind of awakening which those know who are in a high fever, and whose brain reels from a severe shock.

Next morning we could not move a limb, could not turn ourself over; but, while we were groaning from pain all over, what spectre

should present itself but the face of the old magistrate, insinuated into the opening of the door, greeting us as follows:—"Ah! I told you to stick to the ship; here I am, not a ha'poorth the worse." "Well," said we, "and what was the upshot?" "Oh," said he, "you had not left me two minutes before the carriage was upset, and I was pitched high and dry upon a bank with not a hair of my head hurt; the carriage was smashed, the horses got free, and were stopped at the bridge at the bottom of the hill; I am sorry for you, but you should have stuck to the ship." That may be all true; but when one runs a serious risk any way, the sticking to the ship may be the greatest risk, and who can say that we might have had the same luck as the old magistrate?

A Sitz Bath!—It was a rather pleasant night in the middle of March, 1860, that we got a rather unpleasant and unsought-for sitz bath. We had attended a missionary meeting in a Western township. We were to stay at the house of a venerable friend, who lived about two miles from the chapel. The meeting was a successful one, but many of those who attended were young lads, fonder by far of a frolic than of a missionary meeting. When the meeting broke up these young people began to snowball each other, making the loudest noises, shouting and shrieking in a very excited manner. Our friend's horse was a young one, and easily frightened, and, to add to our trouble, our venerable friend stammered rather badly at times. When we had left the chapel, and came up with the crowd of boys who were enjoying themselves in so boisterous a fashion, our friend commenced to lecture them on their behaviour. But the more he lectured the more he couldn't lecture, for the stammering faculty come on doubly strong. "B-b-b-boys," said he, "I w-w-w-wonder a-a-at you-you-r co-co-conduct, ca-ca-cannot you b-b-have b-b-better tha-a-n this?" The boys, however, became less serious than ever, and sent up a shout that frightened the horse, and while the lecturer's attention was fixed upon the boys, and his indignation gathered strength just in proportion to his inability to utter it, the horse bolted, ran off the side of the road, and before we were aware upset the cutter and rolled us into a pond of water. The ice was partially thawed, and with our weight, and the plunging of the horse, it gave way, and we were both plunged into the pond. We lay there, he under, we at top, and the stammering fit came on wilder than before. It would be impossible, by any combination of human consonants and vowels, to give expression to what was said, but never was there a sermon "to the young" articulated by such inhuman sounds. However, he had presence of mind enough to keep hold of the reins, and thus prevent the horse from running away. Then the question came from him, "Wh-wh-at shall we do?" "Why, of course," said we, "let us get out of this, you see we can't lie here all night." "W-w-ell, b-b-but you see our clothes are wet." "Yes," we said, "but how will lying in this

pond dry them? We must first get out, and then think about our clothes." So then we tried to get out, but as we were on top and he under, our attempt only sank him deeper; we could have drowned him easily enough, but we had no inclination of that description. With a few struggles we both got out, and after righting the cutter, which had nearly covered us both for the short time we were in the water, we both jumped in, and we said, "Now drive home as fast as you can and let us get dry clothes on, or we shall both freeze with cold." Fifteen minutes driving brought us to his house, and after changing our clothes we sat down to a good Canadian supper, with plenty of warm tea, and all other needful things. The good old man laughed heartily at our adventure when he was warm and dry, as, indeed, we did ourself, and several times he uttered the expression, "Oh, th-th-ose no-no-ughty b-b-boys! And so indeed they were, but the awful stammering had as much to do with our trouble as the naughtiness of the boys.

THE WORDS WE USE: THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING.

CHAPTER III.

ANGLO-SAXON WORDS, *continued*.—LATIN WORDS.

How fond you are of anything new! A toy, a book, a place, it does not matter what, if only you have not used or seen it before. And how soon too you get tired of new things! You are nearly always wishing to leave off what employs you just now, and begin with something else. And yet I can tell you of just one thing you hardly ever get tired of using—I mean your tongue! Am I not right? Well, if this be a fault, I am sorry to say many older people besides you have it: so we must not blame one another, but all try to mend it as well as we can. But did you ever try to count all the words you speak from the time you rise in the morning to the time you go to bed at night? I suppose you have not. If this could be done, how many thousands there would be! Out of all those words spoken by yourself every day, how many do you think are Anglo-Saxon words? Nearly all; that is to say, by far the greater part of the words we use were used also by those rough hardy people who took possession of this country more than a thousand years ago. There are very many ways of telling which are Anglo-Saxon words, and which are not. But I do not wish to tire you with a lot of rules. I will only give you one, and it will very well serve our present purpose. *Most of the shortest words in our language—that is, words of one and two syllables, with many words of three syllables—are Anglo-Saxon.* Nearly all the longer words are from other sources, of which I have yet to tell you. In the following lines, quoted by Dr. Angus*

* "Handbook of the English Tongue."

—whose valuable book I hope some day you will study—you will find all the words are short ones, and only two out of the whole, namely, “angel” and “face,” are not Anglo-Saxon.

“For the *Angel* of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and for ever grew still.
And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
And thro' them there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.”

Now it is these little words that you are always using in your talk with your parents, brothers, and sisters, at home, and with your companions when at school or play. And so, whether you knew it or not, you have always been speaking good Anglo-Saxon; and I want you to keep to these little words as much as ever you can. You must learn the long words in the spelling-book, of course: get to know what they mean, and be able to use them when it is necessary, but do not use the long ones when the short ones will do quite as well. I once heard a girl who tried to do this. She seemed to wish to *talk fine*, and having heard older people use these big words, I suppose she thought she would try to do so too. Perhaps if you asked her how she was, she would answer, “I am *tolerable*, thank you;” instead of saying she “was very well.” And so while she thought she was pleasing those she talked to, she only made them laugh at her. Let it be your rule always to use the words you have known the longest, and understand the best. When you are older you will have need to use the longer words sometimes, but until then be satisfied with the shorter ones; and take care never to try to talk fine, either by using big words or pronouncing those you do use in a *grand* way; if you do you are sure to be laughed at, and will deserve it too. *Correct*, not *grand* speech is what pleases sensible people, and only such should you care to please.

Let me tell you now what is the proportion of Anglo-Saxon words in the English language compared with other words. It will be interesting to you to know that our own precious Bible, the best book of all, contains also the purest Anglo-Saxon; thirty-seven out of every forty words being from this source. Taking all sorts of English books together, we are told that about thirty-two out of every forty are words given us by the Saxons. Taking the words you use in your every-day talk, perhaps as many as thirty-nine out of every forty belong to the mother-tongue; so that you see I was right in saying *nearly all* the thousands of words you speak during the day are Anglo-Saxon words.

You were told last month that the Saxons came from the north-western parts of Europe; and perhaps you have wanted to ask: Are there any Saxons there now? and do they speak the same language as ourselves? There is a province in Germany

which is called Saxony, but no people can now be found who speak exactly the same language as we do; still, the present Dutch and German languages more resemble ours than any other in the world, and there are many things of which I cannot speak now, which show that hundreds of years ago they were much more alike than they are at present.

And now I must pass on to give you some account of another source from whence many of our words have come. Let me compare the whole number of words making up our English speech to a broad and deep-flowing river. The wide-rolling stream we call the river is made up of several smaller streams; of these smaller ones, the main two are the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. About the first you have just been learning a little, now let me tell you something about the second. Latin was the language of the ancient Romans. The children of Rome spoke Latin to one another just as you do English now. In three or four different ways Latin words have been brought into our speech; I have told you of one way already. The words the Romans left when they quitted our shores were Latin words. When we spoke of them in the first chapter we called them by their other name, Roman, but only that you might connect them with the time when they were introduced.

We received several other Latin words at the time when the Saxons first embraced Christianity. In what year did this occur? In the year A.D. 597, when Ethelbert was King of Kent. History says that Gregory, afterwards Pope Gregory the Great, saw one day in the market-place at Rome three Saxon youths who were there to be sold as slaves; he was struck with their fine appearance, inquired of what country they were, and being told they were *Angles*, said they should rather be called *angels*. Having made further inquiry about their country and countrymen, the result was that Augustine with forty other monks were sent as missionaries to the Saxons. They came, and were very successful. The Pagan king and his Pagan subjects professed to become Christians. Augustine was made the first Archbishop of Canterbury. And I may mention also that it was at this time the first churches were built, on the ground where now stand St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey; but it is my principal business to tell you of some of the words these missionaries brought; most of these words have to do with the church they established. We do not know that our Saxon forefathers had any buildings at all that they used to worship in before these visitors came, but they soon taught them to erect much better buildings than the rude huts to which they were accustomed, and particularly buildings in which to worship the true God. Every such erection was called a *church* or a *temple*. The Scotch word *kirk* is the same as church, only different in spelling. The entrance to the church was called a *porch*, as it is to this day. The Saxons had the word *door*,

meaning the way into a house; but as though their teachers wished them to remember that in entering the church they were passing within a much more solemn place, and should have much more solemn thoughts, they called the way into it by another name. Let this remind us of Solomon's words, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools: for they consider not that they do evil" (Eccles. v. 1). Then when the church was built, there must be church officers; these were soon found, and they received the names that were already in use at Rome and in other places. First the *archbishop*, then the *bishop*, next the *priest*, and lastly the *deacon*. The Saxons, doubtless, could sing before the missionaries came, but only the coarse songs of half-savage people. But among other things, they were now taught to sing hymns to the glory of God and his Christ; and if nothing more than this had been done for them, it was worth all the labour of their teachers. It was then that a band of singers was first called a *choir* or *chorus*. Sometime, in these ancient churches, they used to sing all day and all night long, there being, of course, companies to relieve each other from time to time. On the altars of their churches they kept lights burning, and it was these lights that were first called *candles*. The Roman Catholics still observe what is called *Candle-mass day*, when they pretend to consecrate all the candles and tapers that are to be used in their churches through the year. In Rome, it is said, the Pope performs the ceremony himself, and distributes wax candles to the cardinals and others, who carry them in procession through the great hall of the Pope's palace. How foolish all this appears!

The *mass*, a Romish service, was first introduced at this time; then we have *monastery* and *minster*, and *nunnery*, with *monk* and *nun*, all of which the Saxons had never heard of until this time. The fierce roving Saxons must have been much changed before they could consent to bear such names, and to live in such places as these; but the priests taught them it was meritorious to do so; and though we may think they were very foolish, we must remember that many spent their time well in writing out copies of the Scriptures and other good books, in teaching the people, and in other ways. Other words which then became part of our language were *pall*, which at that time meant an archbishop's dress; *alb* and *tunic*, dresses of a priest; *chalice*, the name of the cup used at the Sacrament; and *psalter*, the priest's hymn-book, or his string of beads. *Saint*, *epistle*, *preach*, and *prove* were also given us then.

These early preachers, too, gave us the names of many plants; among which we may mention the *rose*, *lily*, *mint*, *sage*, *hyssop*, *balsam*, *radish*, *lettuce*, *fig-tree*, *pine-tree*, and *almond-tree*. Many of these plants are, or were supposed to be, useful for medicine. And no doubt these good missionaries were the first to point out

their value to the poor ignorant people they came to assist. You have heard that our own missionaries in China often win the hearts of the people by first giving them medicine to cure their bodily diseases. These early missionaries who first came to England and brought the Gospel to the Saxons, it appears, were wise and good enough to do the same.

J. C. S.

THE TWO COMPANIONS.

On a very hot day in July a lot of lads might have been seen romping about the school-house of Dr. Clark, and foremost amongst them was a tall youth, who by his movements seemed to be the leader of them. This was Cornelius Lawrence, the senior teacher in the school. Lawrence first went to the school as a scholar, but by slow degrees he had worked himself up to the position he now held; but although he stood so high, yet he was not one jot the prouder for it, but went mixing up with the other boys, just as if he had been in the lowest class. The scholars were very fond of him—from the little fellow who could just write his name, up to the more advanced ones—all agreed in declaring that Senior Lawrence was a “jolly fellow.” Whether at their games in the field, or doing their lessons in the school, the scholars always paid great respect to their teacher. And Cornelius Lawrence was well worthy of this respect, for he was a well-behaved, good-tempered young man, and bore with patience all the attempts which his young friends made to “try and get him vexed,” as they called it.

The scholars had now nearly all separated, and gone to their various homes, and Lawrence was about to do the same, when Tom Thorpe, one of the most mischievous lads in the school, drew his attention by calling out—

“Mr. Lawrence, I want to speak to you.”

“Well, Tom, what do you want me for?” said Cornelius, as soon as Tom had got up to him.

But when Master Tom saw the kind thoughtful face of his teacher bent upon him, the tears came to his eyes, and he could not speak.

Lawrence quickly guessed the reason. “Is your brother Andrew worse?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” said Tom, sobbing aloud; “and he wanted me to ask you if you would go down to-night. The doctor says there is no chance of him getting better;” and here the little fellow fairly broke down.

Lawrence changed colour upon hearing this news. He and Andrew Thorpe were companions, and they had known each other for years. Their acquaintance first began at the school when they were both young, and as years rolled on they grew to be like brothers. Besides, they had both attended the same Sabbath-

school; they had worked side by side as teachers, thus showing by their Christian zeal a desire to work for God.

"Tell Andrew I will be down after tea," Cornelius said, after a silence of some minutes.

"Thank you, sir," replied Tom. "And will you bring Dr. Clark with you?"

"Yes, I will," said Lawrence.

Tom, having delivered his message, galloped off home; while Lawrence, his thoughts gloomy with the sad news he had heard, walked slowly along. Almost every day he had been to see Andrew, and these visits had been very pleasant to both, for they had talked of heavenly things—of the blessings in store for those who, denying themselves of earthly privileges for the sake of those who sin against God, would at last receive a reward which would more than recompense them. No doubt Andrew thought he would never get better, for he always loved to converse on these subjects; and Lawrence, who had been brought up from his earliest childhood to tread in the paths of our Saviour, was ever ready and willing to satisfy his friend's wish. Thus the time passed pleasantly along; pleasant for Andrew, although every day brought him pain, and also nearer his God; and equally pleasant for Cornelius, for he saw that these delightful conversations were preparing this dear friend for the end which was fast coming.

True to his promise, Cornelius went down that night, taking Mr. Clark with him. The doctor was a very kind, feeling old man, full of sympathy for those who were in distress. He was one of those noble-hearted, self-denying Christians who take a delight in ministering to the sick, assisting the poor, and giving consolation to the needy. Fully believing in the fact that if we are to be saved we must make use of the talents which the Lord has given us, the good man went about from house to house, reading a chapter or two, and then offering up prayer. Following out this simple plan, the worthy Doctor was the means of doing much good. He gladdened the hearts of the poor people by describing to them, in his plain, simple manner, the life of our Lord, and the privations and sufferings he underwent for their sake; whilst to the rich he held forth the fate of the rich man in the Scriptures, who, when cast into outer darkness, cried out in vain for even a drink of cold water; for whilst on earth he had kept his riches to himself, he had lived a selfish, wicked life, and now he was receiving a just retribution.

Andrew's face brightened up when his two friends entered the room. Although suffering intensely, yet he smiled and bade them welcome. The Bible lay open upon the bed, from which his good mother had been reading to him; in fact, Andrew was always happiest when some one was reading to him out of the good book.

"Well, my dear boy, how do you feel now?" kindly asked Mr. Clark.

It was some moments before Andrew could speak. "I feel my

strength going fast, sir" replied he, feebly; "and I know that before long my spirit will have reached that 'beautiful land of rest.'"

"But does it not pain you to leave those whom you love—your dear parents, and brothers and sisters, and all your kind friends?" asked Mr. Clark.

"Well, sir, at first I felt as if I should not like to leave those with whom I have associated; but as my strength wasted, and my sufferings increased, I began to wish for the time when my Heavenly Father would release me from my pain, and take me to his bright mansions above."

"Oh, Andrew, how thankful I am to hear you say this!" said the good minister. "How unspeakably glad I am to see you trusting in that Saviour who has hitherto guided you through life's journey! My dear boy, continue to trust in him. Now that you feel yourself losing sight of this world, let your love for him grow stronger; in your hour of severest pain pray to him for his help; in your hour of darkest difficulty pray that he may enlighten you, and prepare you for that great change which is approaching."

The tears rose to Mr. Clark's eyes when he had finished speaking—tears which he could not suppress. Often before he had been in the sick chamber. He had been with those who had raved and swore in their last moments; who would not have Scriptural ministrings, but had died a shocking, sinful death, leaving no hope of a better land; and he had been present with some who could express their happiness at leaving this world, and of again waking up in a brighter and purer one. But here was a young Christian, just in the bud of life, about to be taken away, and who was telling those around him the joy he felt in going to heaven. It was this that caused Mr. Clark's tears to flow; but they were the outburstings of a heart filled with pleasure.

It was very late when the Doctor and Lawrence took leave of their sick friend, and a sad parting it was, especially so for the two young friends, for they knew it would be the last—the last one upon earth. Poor Lawrence had felt the parting acutely; but when he thought of the bright future which awaited his friend in that better land above, he began to feel happy, and to wish for the time when, if faithful, he would join Andrew, and help to sing the songs of Zion.

A few days after a small procession might have been seen walking along a quiet country road. It was the funeral of Andrew Thorpe. Dr. Clark's scholars walked first, it being their special wish to do so, in order that they might pay a last respect to their late school-fellow. The ceremony was a very impressive one, and a solemn warning to those assembled there, for it told them of the shortness of time, and of the great judgment day, when *they* would have to stand before their God, to answer to his questions, and to wait for the final sentence.

S. F.

Editor's Table.

REV. SIR,—Will you please favour a constant reader of your valuable JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR with your opinion upon the following passage of Scripture, which is recorded in Gen vi. 6, and which reads as follows?—"And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." Does this actually mean that God had repented of what he had done? An early expression of your opinion through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, will greatly oblige yours truly,
J. H.

ANSWER.—The passage reads as our correspondent has quoted it, and, in some sense which we may not be able to understand, it did repent God that he had made man. There was enough of wickedness among men to induce even the immutable God, so far as he could do so, to change his mind respecting man's creation. In what sense he did change his mind or repent we cannot perhaps, with our finite powers, understand.

Sheffield, June 22, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly answer me the following questions through the medium of your INSTRUCTOR?—In 2 Chron. xxi. 17 we find, "There was never a son left him, save Jehoahaz, the youngest of his sons." Also, in the 20th verse, speaking of Jehoram, we read: "Thirty and two years old was he when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem eight years." Now 32 and 8 make 40 in my opinion; but we find in the 1st and 2nd verses of the following chapter, "And the inhabitants of Jerusalem made Ahaziah his youngest son king in his stead: for the band of men," &c., "had slain all the eldest," &c. "Forty and two years old was Ahaziah when he began to reign." Now, what I cannot understand is the two names given to the youngest son of Jehoram, and the ages of Jehoram and Ahaziah. Was Judah without a king for so many years; or is it a mistranslation? Your answer will oblige yours truly,

BENJ. LEE.

ANSWER.—In the parallel passage, 2 Kings viii. 26, it is said that Ahaziah was "two-and-twenty years old when he began to reign;" and this is evidently the true reading, and the word "forty" in 2 Chron. xxii. 2 is a mistake.

Coseley, July 9, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I desire an explanation of 2 Sam. xxiii. 6, 7: "But the sons of Belial shall be all of them as thorns thrust away, because they cannot be taken with hands: but the man that shall touch them must be fenced with iron and the staff of a spear; and they shall be utterly burned with fire in the same place." An answer through your JUVENILE will oblige
G. GIBBONS.

ANSWER.—There is not much to answer in this request. A bundle of thorns on fire cannot be well touched with the hand.

The man that shall touch them had need to be fenced with iron and the staff of a spear to come near them. The sons of Belial were to be destroyed as these thorns, and every word is consistent and plain touching the whole transaction.

Bondgate, Ripon, 1871.

MR. EDITOR.—DEAR SIR,—Please to explain the following words, quoted from Joshua xxiv. 27: "And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us: it shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God." What we want to know is, how a stone, being a mineral, and not having life, could hear what they had said? An answer in the next JUVENILE will greatly oblige yours respectfully,

THREE LOVERS OF THE "JUVENILE."

ANSWER.—It is by a figure of speech that Joshua said the stone had heard. That is, the stone was there; and though it had neither eyes nor ears, it was present when the words of the Lord were spoken. Poets often make inanimate things hear and speak; hence the prophet says—"Hear, O heavens, and give ear O earth." The heavens and the earth could not hear in the literal sense; but the impression and force of the prophet's words were very much increased by investing these inanimate things with life and thought; and so in the case before us. The stone had heard the testimony, and would be a witness of the solemn transaction.

Belfast, June, 22, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I read in Ezekiel xxi. 4, "Seeing then that I will cut off from thee the righteous and the wicked, therefore shall my sword go forth out of his sheath against all flesh from the south to the north." Why was he going to destroy the righteous with the wicked? By giving an answer through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR you will oblige yours truly,

J. H.

ANSWER.—The reason why God was about to destroy the righteous and the wicked is given in the second and third verses of the chapter, "Behold I am against thee"—that is, against the land of Israel; and the judgments which come upon nations commonly affect the righteous and the wicked. No doubt there were many righteous people in the land; but, as in plagues, pestilences, and famines, the good and the bad both suffer together. God does not always reward his people here; but as they are a part of the whole people of the land, they share, oftentimes very sadly, in the calamities which the wicked bring upon nations or communities of men.

NO MATTER IN WHAT WAY.—Two confessors of Christ, during the reign of King Henry VIII., were threatened with martyrdom by the Lord Mayor of London. He told them unless they gave up what he considered their errors, he would tie them in a bag and have them thrown into the Thames. They replied, "My lord, we are going to heaven, and it matters very little whether we go there by land or water."

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

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MOSELEY STREET SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, BIRMINGHAM.—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Anniversary on Sunday, May 21st, under very favourable circumstances. The chair was occupied by Mr. E. Jones, a gentleman who has rendered good service to our Juvenile Society here. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. James, of Bilston, and the secretary read the report for the year, which shows an increase on last year, with a future development which augurs well our success in the next year. Mr. Bedall moved and Mr. Layland seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried enthusiastically. After singing the hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," we had several dialogues and recitations, executed with great care and skill by elder scholars—"Going to the Missionary Meeting," by H. Nicholls and F. Fleet; "Our China Missions," by H. Cole and H. Allen; "Our Canadian Missions," by J. Northwood, C. Fleet, and E. Brookbanks; also poetry by Miss Northwood, Miss Gough, and Miss Russell, interspersed with hymns and pieces, which made the meeting in every respect a hearty and an enjoyable one. The collection was the best we have ever had, realising £2 5s. 2½d., an increase over last year of £1. The report is mostly of a cheering character; for while we have a considerable deficiency in the amount collected by spontaneous collectors, we have this encouraging fact, that in the Sunday-school, which I take to be the secret of our juvenile missionary enterprise, the amount has more than doubled that of last year. In conclusion, let our young friends remember what missionaries have done for England; how missionaries were sent from Rome to teach our Pagan forefathers Christianity and civilization. Let us compare the Druid worship of old, and the barbarism of its age, and the glorious monument of civilization and Christianity of the 19th century, and ask, What is the use of missions? Ought we not, in gratitude for the past, do our utmost to extend to all the nations of the earth those blessings which we have received from the hands of missions?

CHARLES R. SMITH, *Secretary.*

MOUNT TABOE, FENTON, JUVENILE MISSIONARY REPORT.—We held our annual meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 16th. The Rev. W. Butterworth presided, and Mr. James J. Wyatt delivered an interesting address; suitable recitations were given by the collectors, and hymns sung by a few of the Sunday scholars, accompanied by Mr. F. E. Wyatt, the organist. There was a good audience, and a capital collection. Our noble band of collectors have not been on the whole so successful as in past years, though one or two have increased their amounts. During the year our new chapel and schools have been opened, and there have, therefore, been many more calls on the people this year than ordinarily, though usually there is plenty of *asking*, and those who know the Fenton people know that there is a corresponding amount of *giving*. Our new and beautiful premises, reared in a popu-

lous district of the working classes, testify to this. We have had for some years a worthy band of juvenile collectors; and though most of the old ones have now retired, we hope those who engage in this good work will be as earnest, plodding, and successful, and that we shall still have the pleasure to send you good reports of our juvenile missionary efforts. The amounts this year are as follow:—May Warren, £2 11s. 6d.; Aseneth Knight, £1 15s. 3d.; Emily Roberts, £1 11s. 6d.; Julia Morris, £1 10s.; Sarah Jane Stevenson, £1 6s.; Louisa Hopwood, £1; Mary Ann Brain, £1 3s. 8d.; Sarah Ann Dean, 16s.; Sampson Challinor, 12s. 9½d.; other sums, £1 10s. 4d.; public collection, £3 9s.: total, £17 6s. 0½d. Expenses, 19s. 1d.: nett total paid to the treasurer, £16 6s. 11½d.

E. BRAIN, *Secretary*.

LEEK, HANLEY CIRCUIT.—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in our new school on Sunday afternoon, July 2nd. After singing and prayer, our new minister, the Rev. J. R. Swift, who presided, gave a short address. The chairman then called upon the secretary to read the report. A number of pieces were subsequently received by the scholars in the following order:—"The Aged Believer at the Gate of Heaven," by Hannah Knowles; "I Love the Sabbath School," by Elizabeth Heath; "The New Tract," by Mary Adams; "Little by Little," by Elizabeth Smith; "Anger," by Elizabeth Heath; a dialogue on "Our Canadian Missions," by Abraham Knowles, Josiah Collins, and William Henry Cockersoll; and lastly, "The Child's Dream," by William Sheldon. Addresses were also delivered by Messrs. J. Collins and M. Knowles. The following pieces were also sung by the children during the meeting, viz., "Sow and Faint Not," "Sweet Flowers," and "Oh, What is Heaven?" In singing these hymns the children were ably assisted by Mr. Toft, who accompanied them on the harmonium. This was one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended. The collection was a little below last year, but the sum obtained by cards was a little in advance.

ISAAC HEATH, *Secretary*.

Our Children's Portion.

A BOY LOST.

He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on. He had a habit of whistling; liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company.

My guests say, "Ah! it is pleasant to be here! Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot; no dirt."

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut-paper upon the floor; of tumble-down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks, and trumpery. I want to

see a boat's rigging, and kites a-making. I want to see the crumbs on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about; I want to see the candy-making and corn-popping; and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins; yet these things used to fret me once.

They say, "How quiet you are here; ah! one here may settle his brains and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay trala-la, for the crack of little whips, for the noise of drums, fifes, and tin trumpets; yet these things made me nervous once.

They say, "Ah! you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what heaps of sewing you have time for!" But I long to be disturbed; I want to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for a penny to buy a slate pencil or pea-nuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs and mainsails, and then to hem the same. I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me once.

They say, "Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty for concerts, lectures, and parties; no confinement for you."

But I want confinement; I want to listen for the school-bell of mornings; to give the last hasty wash and brush, and to watch from the window nimble feet bounding away to school. I want frequent rents to mend,

and to replace lost buttons; I want to obliterate mud stains, fruit stains, molasses stains, and paints of all colours. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed that mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They didn't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I; has thick black whiskers, and wears a frock-coat, bosomed shirt, and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting-room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him. He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of white trousers, with grey stripes at the sides, and asks if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boy's militia? He says he is the very boy that made the bonfire too near the barn, so that we came near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat to show the red stripes on the sail—it was the end of the piece—and the name on the stern, Lucy Lowe, a little girl our neighbour, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favourite of my little boy. Her curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to a tall, handsome girl. How the red comes in his face when he shows me the name on the boat! Oh! I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big one will soon be. Oh! I wish he were a little,

tired boy, in a long white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing back the curls from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know that they are living their best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy I might now be more to my grown-up one.

HOW CHARLEY GREY LOST HIS CURLS.

CHARLEY came into the world on a bright morning in May, when the birds had got as far as the chorus in their morning's music, and the flowers were lifting up their delicate heads to say "Good morning" to the sun. You may guess there was glee in Charley's home when his little sisters and brothers got up, and were told of the nice present that had been made to them that morning. They were ready to burst into mamma's room to see it. With what impatience they waited nurse's bringing it down! And when down, how they laughed, and danced, and kissed it! Charley was indeed a handsome baby, and as he grew he became the joy and pride of "The Oaks" house. But Charley grew up to be, I am sorry to say, a vain little boy. He had a beautiful head of light brown curls, and he often went to the mirror to look at himself,

and to say, "A pretty boy I am!"

One day, when his mamma was engaged in another part of the house, and his brothers and sisters were at school, he went into the parlour and mounted a chair he had placed beneath the looking-glass. He had been in the garden playing in the wind, and as he saw himself he thought, "I don't look very nice; how dry and rough my curls are!" He looked a moment longer, then, stepping down from the chair, he went quietly out of the house, up the street to where there was a sweetmeat shop kept by an old woman. He had often spent pennies in acid drops and toffy at her shop, but he was now going to buy something else if she had it. He stood at the window gazing in upon the nice things, feeling at the same time in his pocket for a penny. He thought he felt it right down his pocket—right down among marbles, and top-strings, and nuts. Up he brought it, when, to his surprise, it was a medal which had been struck about that time to celebrate the signing of the Treaty of Peace at Paris. He hesitated some time, not knowing what to do; then, going in, he said, blushing, "Please I want a box of bear's grease, and mother will pay for it another day." "Very well," said the old lady, wondering at the little bit of business she had just done.

Charley went home, looking very guilty and feeling very wicked. He saw no one as he entered the house, so, mounting the chair under the looking-glass, he opened the box, and emptied the whole of its contents upon his head. Poor Charley! he little knew what he had done.

He went into the garden, and, the day being warm, the grease melted and ran down his face and neck, making him feel very uncomfortable. He felt for his pocket handkerchief, but remembered he had left it in the house. At the same moment he heard the voices of his brothers and sisters returned from school. He began to cry. Dinner was ready. Where was Charley? They found him in the garden, in such a plight as you may perhaps guess. He was brought in, and made to tell it all; and after having been punished he was washed, and sent to bed for the rest of the day. But Charley's troubles did not end here. In two or three days he began to have a sore head, which became so bad that it was found necessary to cut off all his hair, and to bandage his head with ointment. It was a solemn act, the cutting off Charley's curls, performed by his eldest brother. The family witnessed it, and tears fell from the eyes of some: from those of his mother, because she thought of the cause of it—his sin.

In a few weeks Charley's head was better, and the hair began to grow; but not the curls: it grew straight and thick, and was no more a vain thing.

Charley Grey has grown up to be a man now, but he has not forgotten his curls, nor the lesson which his losing them taught him. It is no sorrow to him now that he lost them, but rather a joy, for he was by this made to see early the folly of pride and the trouble to which it may lead. In his case it caused him to tell a lie—perhaps the first—to the old woman, and brought suffering and loss upon himself, and grief to his family. Let us remember

that God beholdeth the proud afar off, and that they shall be, sooner or later, put to shame.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

You come suddenly upon the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The broad open place before it is filled by sellers of beads, charms, and multitudes of objects in mother-of-pearl, olive wood, cedar, and other materials. I found difficulty in making my way through them without treading on many of them, and I knew that one mis-step with my big hide boots would have about destroyed the whole stock in trade of a merchant in such articles. They show you many things in this famous church, which stands upon what has been regarded, ever since A.D. 326, as the spot of our Lord's entombment. I listen to all the guide and the books say, and then believe what I please of the traditions. Every incident connected with the crucifixion, burial, and resurrection is here localised; they show you the spot on which the cross stood, where the penitent thief was crucified, where the scourging, the mocking, the anointing, occurred, and where Christ appeared to his mother after the resurrection. A pillar, an altar, or something else marks all the places. The sepulchre is the shrine and heart of all. It is a small vault with a dome roof, covered with marble, and worn by the unshod feet and reverent kisses of countless millions of pilgrims for fifteen centuries. Forty-three gold and silver lamps burn constantly over it, and the air is ever perfumed by incense. The most touching scene to me in this marvellous

place was the simultaneous worship in various languages and confessions. The Greek, the Copt, the Armenian, and the Romanist gravitate to their particular altars, and each worships in his own language. To a stranger all seems confusion, but to the worshipper this is not the case.

The Via Dolorosa leads down from the church to St. Stephen's Gate. Every step you take has some tradition to make the place sacred. On reaching the gate, the Mount of Olives bursts upon you; at its base is the white wall enclosing Gethsemane and its great and gnarled old olives; just beyond it, though hidden from view, is Bethany—sweet in association, but a more filthy village I have never walked through; right before you is the valley of Jehosaphat, and in it the pools of Bethesda and Siloah. The valley of Hinnom joins it at Joab's Well. These valleys I hope to walk through and examine slowly, and indeed, to see all that is of interest in the city and suburbs. I have already been to Bethany twice, and gone through the great Mosque of Omar. This is, of course, a Mohammedan sanctuary, and nothing but a Government permit and a high fee will give you, Christian as you are, admittance to the sacred ground on which it stands. It crowns Mount Moriah, which David bought of Ornan for 600 shekels of gold, and where Solomon built his temple. Stanley and Græve do not think this, but Mount Gerizim, in Samaria, to be the place where Abraham was commanded to offer Isaac; but it will be some time before they win many to their thinking. When in this land, I cannot read without some vexation the discussions

of the critics, but feel quite content—and really only content—to have with me the most reliable *valet de place*, map, and guide-book that I can find, and with their aid to identify the sacred localities, and then sit down beside them and read from my pocket Bible the events that have made them what they are to us all.

HINTS TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

1. Consecrate yourselves to Christ completely. Time, talents, opportunities, and powers of body are all to be given to Him.
2. The grand daily question of life is to be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The smallest as well as the greatest matters are all to be settled by it.
3. Never pick and choose among the commandments of God.
4. To learn duty, read the precepts of the Bible in the light of an earnest piety.
5. Never let mere want of feeling hinder you from following out a plain path of duty. If duty calls you to follow, let feeling alone.
6. Never be afraid or ashamed to say "No."
7. Hold up your light bravely, though it be but a rushlight.
8. Let nothing hinder daily reading of the Bible with prayer.
9. Do not examine too closely your own heart and motives; it is like a child pulling up a plant by the roots in order to see whether it is growing. Rather place your soul where the beams of the Sun of Righteousness and the dews of the Holy Spirit may fall upon it daily, and you will grow in grace inevitably.

10. Speak to the impenitent of Christ and his salvation. Remember the care, the prayers, and the effort bestowed upon you. But remember, too, that the life is more powerful than mere words. "This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Let the two—words and life—agree; so shall your influence be great.

11. See to it that your religion makes you a better son or daughter, a better clerk, a better student, a better friend, a better workman. "By their fruits shall ye know them."

12. Strive to show forth the "beauty of holiness" by sympathy, by courtesy, by a delicate appreciation of others' feelings, by a constant forgetfulness of self.

13. Do not set yourself up as a standard. Shun all censoriousness, especially towards older Christians, who may not look at things just as you do. Remember that each one "to his own Master standeth or falleth," and not to you.

14. Let nothing keep you from the Saviour. Never be tempted to stay away from Him by unbelieving doubts, by past neglect, by present fear, by anything. Remember "the faithful saying," "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Be more intimate with Him than with any earthly friend.

15. Never resolve in your own strength. Resolutions are of no avail simply as such. A child looking to Christ is stronger than a strong man armed. Be resolute in looking to Him alone for strength. This is all the resolution you need to make, for

16. "Without me ye can do nothing." Let this be the settled

conviction of your soul, for without this all else is unavailing, and all effort to grow in grace will be as useless as to build a house upon the shifting sand.

Finally. Do not be discouraged if you fail greatly in everything. If you were perfect, what need would you have of a Saviour? "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. For every one that asketh receiveth," and so forth. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—*Congregationalist*.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

I DON'T know how many of you young men may be working your way up from a lower level, or how many of you may be sons of men who did that for themselves, and did it with success. Those who belong to this latter class would do well to remember that there are some special disadvantages in your case, against which you need to be on your guard. You are in danger of being tempted to look upon life as if its work had already been done for you, and to depend upon that rather than upon yourselves. You are in danger, too, of fancying that you must start with the command of certain accessories, which, in the case of your fathers, were the result and reward of the labour and self-denial of years. This is one of the things of our modern manners which often leads to painful reverses in the second and third generations of the commercial class. Young men begin where their fathers left off, without knowing the

vigorous training of that early familiarity with hard work, that calculating economy and unpretending style of expense, which secured the steady and gradual rise of those who preceded them. Too frequently, indeed, the advantages with which the success of one generation surrounds the next prevent the acquisition of those habits by which it was acquired and may be retained and kept. Young men whose bread is already buttered are liable to launch out into the modes of living which may soon leave them without either. Some fathers indeed are much to blame. They live up to the limits of their income, and make a great show, by large and luxurious establishments, and thus put both their sons and their daughters into a false position. They foster in the one and other alike notions and expectations seriously detrimental; in the first, inimical to manly, stern business habits; in the second, obstructive to their settlement in life.

There may be some of you so circumstanced as just to be a little within the sphere of danger—the danger of forgetting that, after all, it must depend on yourselves, on your prudence, industry, wisdom, and self-denial, whether or not you shall go on forward or backward in the race of life. To such of you the lamentation of a worthy Scotch couple may be very suggestive. “When we began life,” said the honest souls, “we had hard work of it for a long time. We got on very slowly. At first, and for years, we kept our *parritch* for supper. But, as things improved and prospered, we felt that we could venture on something else; so we had often a bit of cheese, and

then a chop, and at last we could afford a ‘chucky!’—a fowl. Our son Andrew has now got a shop and a wife too. He is trying his hand at both business and house-keeping; but, oh, sir, *he has begun with the chucky!*” Now, mind all of you remember that story. It may be of great use to you some day. When you get an advance in position, or income, or get married, and are tempted to look large, and to yield to anything like unauthorized expenditure, resist the temptation, and keep to wise and moderate modes of living. Recollect and apply the general principle involved in the lament over “Andrew’s imprudence,” and don’t “*begin with the chucky!*”—Rev. Dr. Binney.

NO BIBLE—THEN WHAT?

BY DR. STOCKTON.

I CONFESS for myself at once, and with all frankness, that the question is, the Bible—or atheism, anti-theism, or Pantheism; anything rather than deism. Take away the Bible, and you take away all the angels. Not a single cherub, or seraph, not a single throne, or dominion, or principality, or power, not a single morning star, or son of God, is left. Gabriel vanishes as a phantom, and Michael melts into air and is seen no more. Take away the Bible, and you take away the elect succession of inspired men. Not a single patriarch, or priest, or prophet, or apostle, or evangelist remains, to proclaim or record a single superhuman oracle. Moses and his law, Isaiah and his visions, dissolve together. Matthew and his Gospel, Paul and his epistles, perish in the same fire. Nay, more: take away the Bible, and you take away the

Lord Jesus Christ. No longer need any disputes be held in regard to the nature, person, or office of Christ, his history, condition, or destiny! All the magnificent apparatus in preparation for his coming smokes and is gone! The manger in the stable, and the star in the sky, alike disappear! The cross crumbles, the sepulchre sinks, and the throne, well symbolized by the rainbow that adorns it, like the rainbow vanishes away! His pre-existence, his current existence, his whole existence, is nothing. And so of the Holy Spirit: take away the Bible, and the Spirit becomes a ghost indeed, or, rather, less than a ghost. Like a meteor, it flashes from darkness and falls into the blackness of darkness. And so of the Father: take away the Bible, and the Father retires into an impenetrable seclusion, infinitely more oblivious than was ever imagined before. And then, when the earth is exhausted of everything inspired, and heaven of everything angelic, and the universe of everything divine, what is left? What! Is man left? And earth, and heaven, and the universe—are they all left? Ah! be it so. But what kind of a man is left? A man without a Maker, without a Saviour, and without a soul! a man without an origin, without a purpose, and without an end! The noblest of beings, and yet the meanest and most miserable—all sensibility, sympathy, and affection, yet sitting desolate in sackcloth among the graves of dead friends, full himself of living memories, ever moaning for the dead, but without hope of their return, having no hope, but that he and his children may likewise die and be no more! And

what kind of earth is left? and what kind of heaven? and what kind of a universe? Who cares what kind? If a man be a worm, if angels be the spectres of worms, if Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be mere names without substance—who cares what kind?

TO BE OR TO SEEM.

THERE was once a little rose-bush that wished to be beautiful. All day long it stood in a sunny, south window, and stretched its fair green leaves to the light.

"Oh dear!" she sighed, "if I only had some sweet pink blossoms, then every one would like me and praise me. Oh dear!"

But she was a lazy little rose-bush, not at all in earnest about being beautiful. If she had been, she would have searched carefully among the dark mould at her feet, until she found something to begin a rosebud with—ever so little a dot of a bud to begin with. Then she would have loved the tiny thing, and nursed it and coaxed it, till it grew a fair and shapely bud; and when the old sun found out about it, he would have sent an exquisite artist millions of miles to paint its folded petals, and at last there would softly unfold a beautiful flower, that would be the joy of all who saw it.

But the little tree had no idea of going to work; it just stood still and sighed, "Oh dear! I wish I had some blossoms."

One day its mistress heard its sighs, and she fastened upon it some artificial buds and flowers. Then the little vain bush held up its head, quite proud and satisfied.

The people who passed by the window, when they caught the

first glimpse of the rose-bush, used to exclaim, "Oh, how beautiful!" but when they came near, and saw the blossoms were only make-believe pinned-on blossoms, they cried, "Oh fie!" and turned away with contempt.

There was once a little girl who wished to be beautiful. She wished to have every one love and admire her, but she did not try to obtain the wisdom that would win their admiration, or the graces of heart and life that would win their love. That was too much trouble, and too much self-denial.

There must be a great deal of lowly, patient, painstaking work, deep down in the heart, before the blossoms of a beautiful character can unfold themselves in life and action. The little girl did not like this kind of work, so she gave up trying to be beautiful, and was content to *seem* beautiful. So her beauty was only on the outside. She had fine dresses with flounces and ribbons and bows, and she was careful to be very polite and practise elegant manners. She could dance and play and sing, and many other pleasant accomplishment.

When people first saw this young girl, they exclaimed, "Oh, how lovely!" but when they came nearer, and saw her real character to be selfish and deceitful, they found that all her attractions were only pinned-on roses, and they turned away in contempt from a character so fair but false.

LUCK.

THE man who marries the prettiest girl of the place is said to be a "lucky fellow," and so of him who draws the highest prize in a lottery, or, by some "fortunate"

turn in affairs, clears the gulf between want and wealth in an hour. And yet the histories of all times tell us that, with a terrible uniformity and uncertainty, the men who become suddenly possessed of unearned millions die in misery.

Within five years a well-to-do farmer drew a quarter of a million of dollars in a prize in a lottery. The whole country envied him his luck; but he has since died from a style of living induced by his good fortune, and his only son has turned out a drunkard.

The man whose first bet on the race-course, whose first deal at the card-table, whose first risk at a faro, whose maiden lottery ticket brings money largely into his pocket, is a ruined man at the very instant the world pronounces him "lucky." Any man, especially any young man, who starts out in life with the conviction that money can be better made than by earning it, is a lost man—lost already to society, lost to his family, lost to himself.

An alarmingly large number of the sons of the rich men of New York are at this moment helpless drunkards. Young men are they, many of them of education, of manly qualities, of generous natures, honourable and high-minded; but the demon of drink has taken such possession of them that a father's breaking heart, a mother's tears, and a sister's agony avail not to draw them from their deep damnation. Elegant leisure was their ruin.

The best way to save a child from ruin is to bring him up to "help father." Make children feel that they must do something to support the family, to help along; then two feelings arise which are their salvation—those

of affection and pride; for we naturally love those whom we help, or those whom we struggle together with for a desired object; and nothing so improves a child as to make him feel that he is of some consequence, that he can do something, and that what he does is appreciated.

THE PERTINENT TEXT.

ONE Sabbath morning, while the Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, was preaching, a young man passed by with a number of companions as gay and thoughtless as himself. One of them proposed to go into the church, saying, "Let us go and hear what this man, whom everybody is running after, has to say." The young man made this awful answer: "No, I would not go into such a place if Christ himself was preaching."

Some weeks after he was again passing the church, and, being alone and having nothing to do, he thought he would go in without being observed. On opening the door, he was struck with awe at the solemn silence of the place, though it was much crowded. Every eye was fixed on the preacher, who was about to begin his discourse. His attention was instantly caught by the text, "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding." (Prov. vii. 7.) His conscience was smitten by the power of truth. He saw that he was the young man described. A view of his profligate life passed before his eyes, and, for the first time, he trembled under the feeling of sin. He remained in the church till the preacher and congregation had passed out, then slowly returned to his home. He had early received infidel principles,

but the Holy Spirit, who had aroused him in his folly, led him to a constant attendance on the ministry of Dr. B., who had been the instrument of awakening his mind. He cast away his besetting sin, and gave himself to a life of virtue and holiness. He afterwards declared openly his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his desire to devote himself to his service.

HOME READING

ONE of the most pleasant and noblest duties of the head of the family is to furnish its members with good reading. In times which are passed it was considered enough to clothe and feed and shelter a family. That was the sum of parental duty. But lately it has been found out that wives and children have minds, so that it becomes a necessity to educate the children and furnish reading for the whole household. It has been found out that the mind wants food as well as the body, and that it wants to be sheltered from the pitiless storms of error and vice by the guard of a friendly roof of intelligence and virtue.

An ignorant family in our day is an antiquated institution. It smells of the musty past. It is a dark spot which the light of the modern sun of intelligence has not reached.

Let good reading go into a home, and the very atmosphere of that home gradually but surely changes. The boys begin to grow ambitious, to talk about men, places, principles, books, the past and the future. The girls begin to feel a new life opening before them in knowledge, duty, and love. They see new fields of usefulness and pleasure.

And so the family changes, and out from its number will go intelligent men and women to fill honourable places and be useful members of society. Let the torch of intelligence be lit in

every household. Let the old and the young vie with each other in introducing new and useful topics of investigation, and in cherishing a love of reading, study, and improvement.

Poetry.

SLAIN BY RUM.

"Tis midnight; deep, lone midnight;
Twelve o'clock, my darling boy,
(And yet thy father does not come)
My life, my only joy;
And no physician comes as yet
To thy relief, my child:
And thou art dying, precious one.
Ah, this is anguish wild!

"The storm is raging fiercely,
And cold the winds do blow;
And every crack and crevice
Is filled with drifting snow;
The fire burns low and dimly
Within the grate once bright.
O God, had I but fuel
To last till morning light!"

"Just one more drink of water—
One little crust of bread.
Oh do not cry for me, mamma!
For soon I shall be dead.
We had no bread to eat, I know,
When sister Nellie died;
And when she asked for just a bit,
I know how hard you cried!

"And if that's why you're crying,
I think that I can wait;
I've had to very often,
You know, mamma, of late.
And then I'll not be waiting
So very long. Don't weep,
For God will kindly take me,
And give me food to eat.

"You said He took our Nellie
And gave her precious food;
And He will take me, too, I think,
Since He's so very good.
'Tis very cold; stir up the fire,
And make it bright and warm,
Just as you used to do, mamma,
In such a bitter storm!

"The lamp burns low and dim,
The oil is almost gone;
Please take me in your arms again,
And try and keep me warm.
Keep close by my side, and then,
If God will let me in,
I'll take you where our Nellie is—
I'm sure 'twould be no sin.

"Do drunkards go to heaven, mamma?
I hope not, when they die;
He might be cross and scold at us,
And that would make you cry."
"Hush, darling, God is ever good,
And all that's cleansed from sin,
The pearly gates will open wide,
And kindly let them in."

The morn at last is breaking,
Clear, but intensely cold,
And there, in regal beauty,
Clasped in death's icy fold,
That mother's darling infant
Is free from want and pain,
For God has sent the angels
For what rum has not slain!

SOWING IN TEARS.

Ye have not sowed in vain,
Though the heavens seem as brass,
And, piercing the crust of the burning
plain,
Ye scan not a blade of grass.

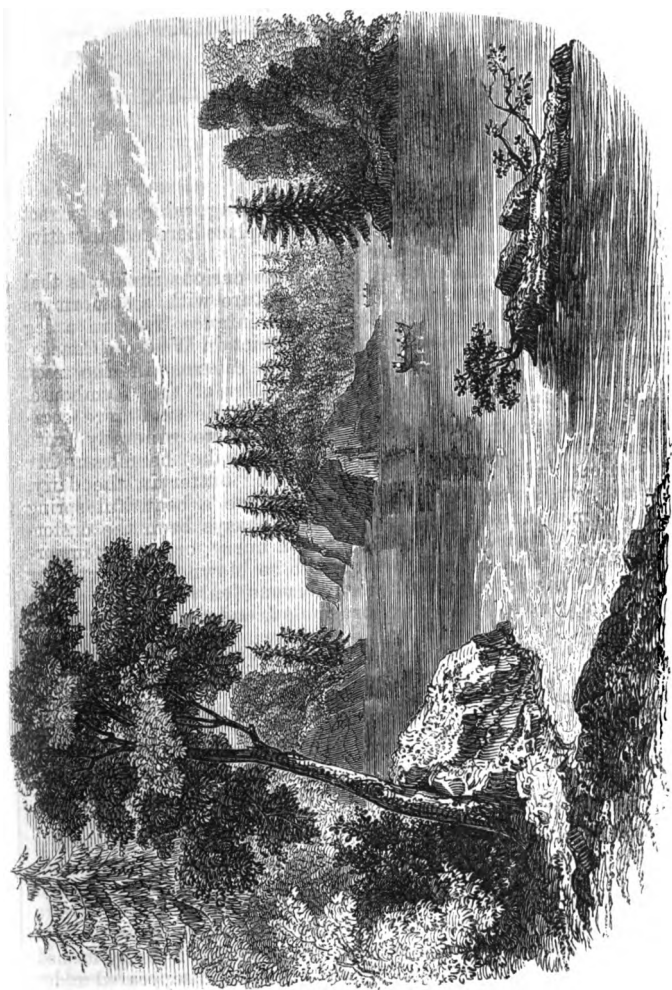
Yet there is life within,
And waters of life on high:
One morn ye shall wake, and the spring's
soft green
O'er the moistened fields shall lie;

Tears in the dull, cold eye,
Light on the darkened brow;
The smile of peace, or the prayerful vow,
Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer?
Then ye went not forth in vain;
"The Sower, the Son of Man," was
there,
And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet signs of spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening
shower
On the dry hard ground that ring;

But the harvest home ye'll keep,
The summer of life ye'll share,
When they that sow and they that reap
Rejoice together there!



JUNCTION OF THE OTTAWA AND ST. LAWRENCE.

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—IX.

BY THE EDITOR.

SNAKES.

WE did not see what is related in the following, which we extract from the *Toronto Globe*; but it may have its place here as illustrative of one aspect of Canadian backwoods life:—

Milk-Snake in the Dairy.—Amongst the curious incidents that occur in bush life was that of an adventure with an enormous milk-snake. A young wife of my acquaintance lived in a log house newly erected in a limestone district in Western Canada. There were several large fissures and caverns in the rock very near the spot chosen for the locality of the farmhouse. It was well known that snakes of considerable size were occasionally seen in that township, but they were generally (with the exception of the puff, adder and rattlesnake) harmless. My young friend, with her baby, was churning butter in the dairy, built close to a small marshy swamp, where a beautiful spring gushed from amongst the rocks. It had always been the custom when the lady's husband was wanted in a hurry, or on any important business, for a large dinner-horn to be blown in a particular manner. She was very young and nervous (only about seventeen years of age), and had no servant or female friend with her, and hence, to quiet her fears, her husband had shown her how to blow the horn in this peculiar manner, always promising that he and any one about the farm, when they heard the peculiar sound, should hurry home as fast as possible. The baby lay in her cradle, in the mild autumn sunshine, just within the dairy-house door. The mother's attention was directed to a rustling noise outside the cradle. She made a step forward, and was paralysed with fear and horror at seeing a huge snake, about ten feet long, and larger than a fork-handle, passing slowly behind the cradle, its head erected about eighteen inches, and, as she imagined, looking into it as it slowly passed onward. In a moment it was past, and all danger to the baby over. The snake crawled slowly along, and appeared to be seeking for some mode of ingress to the dairy well known to itself. At the corner there was a board nailed up against the logs to keep out the cats. The reptile put its head into a cavity formed by the board and a protruding log, and gradually disappeared under the board and between the log buildings. The young wife for the moment became almost fascinated with terror, but still retained perfect consciousness and power of mind and body.

The noise of crawling behind the board continued, and in a few moments the head and about a foot of the snake appeared *over the board*, and within the dairy. It was evidently bent on going in, as it probably had often, although unseen, done before. A pitchfork stood by the door, and directly over that hung the dinner-horn. The young wife seized the fork with one hand and the horn with the other, and with one plunge the sharp steel tines of the fork were driven through the neck of the snake, and deeply into a soft chestnut log that formed part of the building. Then commenced a violent thrashing and squirming behind the board. There was upwards of a foot of the tail projecting beneath, the board being about seven feet long. This extremity of the reptile then became greatly agitated, working, and twisting, and thrashing about in a most decided manner. The stab with the fork held the snake's head fast, but his struggles were so fierce that our heroine was momentarily afraid it would get loose, and assuredly it would have done harm had she let go her hold. So she seized the horn, and blew the alarm-note with all her might again and again. The husband hearing it, and the continued repetition, called the attention of the man and boy, and they all ran homeward at top speed; and as they rushed into the yard the sight of the lady holding the great brute of a snake, with the fork through its neck, the tail thrashing about, the baby awakened by the horn, screaming with might and main, combined with the calls of the young wife to "hurry on," formed an exciting picture.

Of course, a few moments saw the snake beheaded, pulled out, and laid in the yard, and there being now breathing time, all was related that we have written. The mother, although at first dreadfully frightened, had now got her "blood up;" and, unlike some city dames, who probably would have wanted half a dozen people to recover her from fainting-fits, she soon became calm, and but little appearance of the skirmish remained except the heightened colour and bright sparkle of her eye. She confessed when she saw the head of the snake within one foot of the face of her baby, and above it, looking into the cradle, all the blood in her body seemed to rush to her heart; but the moment it passed harmlessly by, and she had an opportunity of going into action with the pitchfork, the relief was instantaneous, and her courage returned, as the snake found to its cost. Afterwards, by placing a pan of milk near a particular place amongst the rocks, three others were killed, very large, but nothing like the old patriarch, the thief in the dairy, who measured ten feet six inches in length, and almost as large in the body as a man's wrist. Forty years since there were plenty of these snakes, some very large, but of late they have all met the fate of our big one above. I have often seen black snakes near my farm, in a marsh, six to seven feet long, and some much larger.

A Nest of Black Snakes.—I was once, many years since, rafting some timber in a marshy piece of land that abounded with



FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

black snakes. After work was done, we were racing home, at sundown, and our way lay over an arm of this marsh. I was ahead, and had no shoes or stockings on, or, to tell the truth, trousers either, having been in the warm pond water all day rafting. To cut off a corner I jumped hop, step, and jump, from tussock to tussock, over this piece of marsh, and about the middle I saw what I took to be a bundle of black roots coiled together, and partly raised. I took a longer leap than common, and pitched both naked feet into what proved to be a bunch of black snakes, that certainly covered eighteen inches to two feet square, and must have contained at least twenty. The horrid feeling of moving reptiles sent me flying, and it also sent many a snake into the water, swimming about twelve to fifteen inches out of it, and with great rapidity. My little English terrier went after them, but of course could not catch them. When on shore I had often seen him kill a four or five foot black snake in a moment; but now the heads alone were visible above the water, and she would never touch the head part, but always caught it by the tail, and shook it all to pieces. It was quite amusing to witness this combat, and I have seen it a hundred times.

The active little thing, always searching about for something to hunt, would bark in a peculiar manner. We all knew "Mus" had found a black snake. Directly the snake moved off to the water, "Mustard" would catch it by the tail, about twelve inches from the end, and by shaking it violently, would soon have it in pieces; but no urging could induce her to hold the snake in her mouth without shaking it all the time. She could not be made to understand it could not hurt her.

Rattlesnake.—Many years since the township of Adelaide was infested near the river by rattlesnakes. There were hundreds of them on my friend Mr. H.'s farm. One particular natural meadow could not be cut with safety. One year, however, hay had been 15 dollars a ton, and very scarce, and this identical meadow had as usual a large, heavy crop on it.

Mr. H. and his friend the doctor were amateur farmers; and as labour was scarce, and money to pay for it scarcer, they undertook to cut and carry the hay in this case themselves. It was duly cut, made, and for the most part carried, but a few cocks were left quite near the rocky portion, where a ledge of limestone rocks projected all along the bank at that place, about six feet high, and facing the south. Several of the hay-cocks had been left out a long time, and autumn's cold nights began to be felt. The wagon was about loaded with hay, and the doctor putting his fork into one of the oldest cocks of hay, suddenly raised it, or a portion of it, over his head and upwards towards the load, when, horror of horrors! a bunch of small rattlesnakes, coiled up to about as large as your doubled fist, fell directly into the open bosom of his shirt. The weather was hot during the day, and the doctor wore no

flannel. He stood like one paralysed; his eyes distended, and without any apparent vision. The snakes rapidly uncoiled, and crept round and round on the waistband of the trousers. The doctor at first had no power to move. His friend on the wagon thought him in a fit, and leaped off, calling out to him to say what was the matter. At last the doctor gasped out, "Snakes in my shirt-bosom!" "Rattlesnakes!" he roared. With great caution, Mr. H. gently lifted the shirt until it came above the band of the trousers, when twelve rattlesnakes, about eight to twelve inches long, fell out, and were at once killed. Mr. H. preserved the whole twelve in whisky; but the doctor, whom I have often made relate the story, could never look at them without shuddering. He left that part, totally unfit to practice his profession for many months.

[We had intended to add a further portion to this article, but give way to make room for Mr. Bullock's letter on the proposed testimonial to Dr. Cooke, which comes very late to hand. The two cuts this month have no connection with the subject of the article, but they illustrate Canadian scenery, and must be taken as a part of the illustrations of the whole subject, just as all the previous cuts have been.]

GLANCES AT THE BLACK COUNTRY.—II.

ITS INHABITANTS.

A VERY amusing blunder was some years since committed by a government official, who was sent down from London to inquire into the condition of the children employed at a certain trade in one of the towns of the Black Country. He betook himself to the chief hotel of the place, and while enjoying his chops and potatoes, he saw through the window hundreds of men and boys leaving the workshops for their mid-day meal. But presently his dinner had lost its attraction for him. His knife and fork reposed silently on his plate! And why? He had discovered a most important fact, one which would at once condemn the employment of children in the trade in question! Of all the scores of work-people passing that window, every one was bow-legged! After a short stay in the town, he returned and gave in his report to the Commissioners who had sent him, not forgetting to draw their particular attention to the crooked limbs of the workmen and lads. Of course, in due time—that is, after the necessary use of a sufficient quantity of red tape—a copy of the report was sent to the mayor of the town, when, alas! for the shrewdness of the inspector, it was discovered that the pane of glass through which he had made such startling observations had got a slight blister in it, which gave a distorted view of everything seen through it.

Now, if I attempted to give a pen-and-ink sketch of a Black Country man, I should be sure to make as ridiculous an affair of it

as the gentleman mentioned above; not, like him, from ignorance of the subject, but from the impossibility of giving a description which would apply generally. But some one asks, "What are Black Country people like?" Like any other people, to be sure! They walk for the most part upright, although some have been known, after having imbibed a great quantity of intoxicating drink, to exhibit a most unaccountable preference for going on all-fours. But I believe this peculiarity is by no means confined to the people of this part.

The inhabitants of the Black Country may be divided into two great classes, employers and the employed; for it will readily be believed that very few people who are not compelled to live there, would prefer this region of smoke and fog. On the contrary, most of those who have secured a competency, and many who are still striving for it, live some miles away in its green borderland, surrounded by fields, gardens, woods, and other rural charms.

The employers are as a rule pushing, persevering business men, "diligent in business," if not all "serving the Lord." Most of them, at any rate their not very distant ancestors, were at one time working men, but by economy, tact, and perseverance, they have achieved a noble position as lords of labour, and their names and the industries they have founded or developed, are known and honoured over the civilized world. They take a lively interest in local and national politics, and are perhaps chargeable with a sneaking fondness for honour and distinctions; and especially those which confer the right of adding certain mystic letters to their names. The majority are liberal in their views, though by no means democratic. At one time they were almost proverbial for their wealth, ignorance, and ostentation; but a great change has taken place, refinement and good taste have followed on the heels of education, and now the mansions of some of the iron lords are as elegant and as well appointed as those of our aristocracy. The smaller employers cannot lay claim to any great refinement. They are only one remove from the workman—some make themselves ridiculous by aping the manners of those in a better position, while others glory in their unpolished dialect, their substantial dinners, and their outspoken contempt for etiquette.

If there are different degrees of education and position among masters, there is a greater diversity among the servants. In every trade there are, of course, to be found the sober and the drunken, the industrious and the lazy, the frugal and the improvident, the educated and the ignorant. I will, however, give a few of the prominent peculiarities of the men employed in various trades, hoping the former sentence will be enough to prevent my being misunderstood.

First, let us take miners; and we must, without any wish to disparage men engaged in a dangerous and toilsome occupation for our comfort, take them as one of the lowest classes in the scale of

permanent occupations. Until lately children were sent to work at collieries before they had acquired even the rudiments of education; their short stature rendering them useful in parts of the mines where men could not work. As a consequence they grew up to manhood only just able to spell very slowly from their Bibles. Let my readers pause for a moment, and try to imagine what a void their lives would be if they were unable to read the glowing dreams of the poet, the burning eloquence of the orator, and the quaint descriptions of the humorist: if they were unable to write their own thoughts: and if all their ideas were the result of observation and experience. They will then be able to sympathize with the poor miner, who besides is condemned to labour underground for a scanty living, and who rarely sees any of Nature's beauty or grandeur. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that his tastes are oftentimes low and vulgar, his pleasures debasing, his morality questionable, and his home wretched. And yet even here are to be seen beamings of that better spirit, which sometimes shines out from amid the fog and darkness of ignorance and crime. Many a poor neglected collier has shown by his upright conduct, his meekness of will, and his trust in Providence, that his life was but the outworking of noble and self-sacrificing principles, firmly fixed in his heart, and which would have graced the most exalted position in society.

The next great class to consider are the iron-workers. As these get higher wages than miners they are generally better housed, clothed, and fed: the last being with too many of them the most important consideration. Their work being very hot and heavy, they drink a great deal, and unfortunately they usually reject weak and harmless beverages, and prefer ale and other highly stimulating liquors. As a consequence, they are frequently intoxicated, and the habit thus formed while at work grows on them, till they become confirmed drunkards. They are also great consumers of butcher's meat. Many of them are dreadfully improvident, and their ease of mind when heavily burdened by debt would be most edifying to contemplate, if we could forget the tradesmen who have to suffer by their want of frugality. But there are also many of them who save money enough to build a house for themselves, who take a pride in furnishing it, according to their means. Some are fond of books, and store their minds with varied information, which they retail to their fellow-workmen at the forge or the mill, giving their opinions on debatable topics with all the dogmatism of a professor.

There is another great class of iron-workers—engineers and machinists. These, as a rule, have a better education than other workmen, and as their occupation requires almost as much work with the brain as with the hand, they are quick-witted, good at conversation, and rather close reasoners; but generally having more faith in demonstration than in argument. Working, as they generally do, ten or twelve together in one shop, a sort of class or

club feeling is engendered, and they will hold together in any matter affecting the rights or privileges of any of their number. They are great newspaper readers, and often puzzle their parliamentary representative by their thorough understanding of the various questions of the day, and by the straightforward demands they make. They are generally members of trades unions, sick and benefit clubs, and oftentimes of land and building societies. With all these means of influence at their back, they prove very formidable in a trade dispute. They are as a class good householders, taking a pride in their homes and families, and secretly aiming to raise their children to a higher position than their own.

Such is a brief description of three of the great divisions of Black Country workers, and to one or other of them all the smaller trades may be assigned. As a general rule men who work in numbers together, as in a factory, are more social and intelligent than those whose occupation keeps them apart. In all branches, however, it is a sad fact for the moralist, that the cleverest workmen are often found to be the most dissolute and reckless. The ease with which they earn money tempts them to be careless of its expenditure; a liking for drink and conviviality takes possession of them, and a rapid downward career is at once commenced. Let us hope that the salutary action of the Factory Acts, and of the Educational Bill, will do much to raise the standard of education and morality in this, as in every other part of the country.

There is one characteristic we must mention, which is possessed in some degree by all the varied types of Black Country workmen, and that is their fondness for domestic animals and birds, such as dogs, pigeons, fowls, canaries, &c. Pigs, which are largely kept, can hardly be classed under this head, as we believe it is only in the Emerald Isle that they are thoroughly domesticated. To colliers and puddlers, the pigeons and dogs afford almost their only amusement; and when not at work, you will see them setting out for a pigeon-flying match, a dog race, or a ratting expedition. The favourite dog is the breed known as the bull-dog, a most repulsive looking animal, with dirty white or tawny hide, sharp and long teeth, and red savage-looking eyes. Mr. Punch once availed himself of their known fondness for this animal, to make a bit of fun of the Black Country colliers. He represented a collier walking with his son, who had with him a dog of the noted breed, which he had taken great pains to train for a fighter. Suddenly struck with the brilliant idea of testing his dog's ability practically, he said to his father, "Feyther, git t'other soide th' hedge, an' mak' a row, an' I'll set the dog on thee." The father with great amiability did as he was desired, and having hid himself in the hedge, and made a "row," the dog was loosed, and soon was yelping and barking at the man. Whether the dog was a first-rate specimen and went about the work in a very business-like way, or whether the father got tired of the dog's very pressing attentions,

is not recorded; but he soon cried out, "Call him off, Bill, he's a bitin' me." To which the lad was represented as replying with true Black Country civilization, "Never heed that, feyther; hold still a bit longer, it'll be the makin' o' the bull-pup."

TOM BROWN.

THE SECRET DRAWER.

WE engaged lodgings at a pleasant village. The house had been new about when Queen Anne was a baby. There were pieces of furniture in it of that good sovereign's time; such as a very straight high-backed arm-chair with a good deal of scrollwork, and a cupboard clock, which had on some day long before, at twenty minutes past one P.M., ceased to tell the time of day. There was also an old-fashioned mahogany table, with a good deal of wood-work under the leaf. My nephew, when reading at this table one day, felt a part of the underwork of this table yield to the pressure of his fingers, which turned out to be a *secret drawer*, about the existence of which the owner was probably ignorant. What did that drawer contain? A long-lost will which restored an inheritance to its rightful owner, or the evidence of some mysterious deed of blood of bygone days, or hidden treasure? No, nothing of that kind. It contained the fragment of an old Bible, part of a pack of playing cards, and some old writings which had been penned when the art of writing was hard to acquire. The discovery started in the writer's mind a train of reflection, which may be found not uninteresting. It carried his thoughts back to other days, before Wesley met Peter Bohler, or Whitfield preached. Days when secret drawers were a necessity: when civil strife spread a general feeling of insecurity, and when the nation was exposed to invasion. Many an estate in those troubled times lay safely anchored to a document hidden in a secret drawer, until the storm blew past. Happily the subjects of Queen Victoria have not thus in fear to seek private hiding-places for their valuables. If "an Englishman's house is his castle," it is a well-fortified one; for if need be, he has the whole English army to defend it. Secure, however, as treasure is in Britain, there is a place where it is more secure—"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

But what agreement was there in the contents of this secret drawer? As little as between light and darkness, Christ and Belial. The incongruity of its contents reveals the strange combinations of those times. Families read the Bible, learned the catechism, went to church, danced and played cards, and all the time thought themselves religious. There are not so many families of this kind now, yet in the drawers of too many homes, in this age of enlightenment on the subject of religion, there lie packs of cards and Bibles,

prayer-books, hymn-books, and song-books, side by side. The reason of this is want of religious decision. Though the great Teacher said it was impossible, a great many people imagine they can serve God and mammon, and pleasure. There are three things which prevent those who are fully decided to serve God from playing cards, singing profane songs, dancing, &c.—want of inclination, a conscience enlightened to see the evil of such practices, and want of time.

Every mind has its secret drawer—a drawer within the memory, in which is hidden what is erroneously thought to be for ever forgotten. Often the secret spring of this drawer is touched by the finger of some passing event, and recollections recur of whose presence the mind had been for years wholly unconscious. The Holy Spirit frequently unlocks this drawer, and long-forgotten sins pour back upon the memory with terrible vividness. Happy will it be for us if, when it is finally opened at the judgment, it will be found to contain nothing to cause us shame.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THINGS WHICH I SAW AT REDCAR.

In the month of July, being in a poor state of health, some worthy friends kindly invited me to share their hospitality at Redcar, where the sea-air and change of scenery had an invigorating influence. While there and in the neighbourhood a few things came under my observation which I thought might be interesting to my young friends the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

One day I saw a young whale, which had been caught alive on the sands of the shore. Though small it was perfect in every part, and was a beautiful specimen of its kind. As I looked upon the creature I felt sorry for its fate. There it lay, only a few feet long, while its species grow to sixty or seventy feet; and dead when only a few months old, though naturally capable of living for more than a hundred years. But how did this young whale come to his early death? I suppose by wandering away out of his proper place. If he had only kept in deep water by the side of his mother, he might this moment have been sporting in his native element; but he would please himself, and do as he liked, and he became stranded! How many children have been ruined by doing, not as they were told by their parents, but by doing as they liked! They thought father and mother were too strict; they felt quite sure their own way was best; at all events, they would please themselves. They did so, and they were ruined; and they found out their mistake when it was too late. Remember the young whale!

One day, when walking on the sea-shore, my friend said to me, "Just look at that man with a net in his hand." I looked, and saw a poor fellow walking along the beach, and apparently dripping with water, as if he had been wading in the sea to catch a few shrimps.

"That wretched looking man," said my friend, "has spent eighteen thousand pounds of his own money, besides all his wife's property, which yielded an income of three hundred pounds a year, and all through drunkenness and profligacy; and now he has to depend on shrimp-catching, at which he may earn perhaps about a shilling per day, and not always so much as that!" This is the pay the devil gives to his very faithful servants! Verily the way of transgressors is hard; yet not so hard now as it will be hereafter. My dear young friends, desert his wretched service and give yourselves fully to God. Had that miserable man loved God, he would this moment be a happy, honourable, useful man; but sin has made him utterly wretched, and doomed him to a life of misery and shame.

One morning before the breakfast hour, there was a great stir on the shore, occasioned by a sad event—a man had died while bathing. He had just come to the place seeking health, and, walking with his wife on the sands, he resolved to bathe. He entered a bathing machine, and was soon in the water, but before he was far enough for the water to reach his loins, he fell back and died. His poor wife saw it, and in a moment felt the sorrow and desolation of a widow! How sudden the change from life to death, from time to eternity! Does not this sad event, my dear young friends, admonish us to be always ready for our change, for we know neither the day nor the hour when God may say to us, "Give account of thy stewardship."

One bright afternoon I went with two dear friends a short distance from the town to a museum, where, among other curious things, we saw the hand of a lady who lived in Egypt three thousand years ago. It was shrivelled and dried, and black, yet there it was, a real human hand! How little did that lady think, when passing a bracelet over her delicate hand, that the self-same hand would be shown as a curiosity in the north of England three thousand years after her death! Then, just look back at those ages; they carry us to the times when the mighty Pharaohs were on the throne! What great events have transpired since that lady sang her maiden song, and her delicate fingers handled the light guitar! Since then mighty empires have risen and fallen: Nineveh and Babylon have sunk into silence and desolation; Egypt herself has become covered with the ruins of her former grandeur; and nations which were then rude savages have risen to the highest civilization and grandeur. But where is that lady's soul? It still exists. Its life is as real this moment as it was when it inhabited the body; yea, more real now than it was then. There might then be much sham and show, there is none now; much gaiety and vanity, there is none now; much fondness of dress and fashion, there is none now; hopes of future joys and pleasures, but none now. That soul, if lost, is lost for ever; if saved, is secure of eternal blessedness. Dear young friends, where shall you be three thousand years from this day? You will be alive then. Your body may be all mouldered away, but your soul will live. The town where you now reside may be

utterly destroyed, and your name forgotten amongst men on earth, but your soul will have a real existence; a real character, bad or good; a real place, heaven or hell; a real destiny, eternal happiness or eternal misery. Which will it be? You may choose now, but you may not be in a condition to choose to-morrow. Fix your choice now, this moment. Let your heart now say, "I choose heaven, I choose God for my present portion, that he may be my eternal inheritance."

Your old friend, WILLIAM COOKE.

THE WORDS WE USE: THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING.

CHAPTER IV.

DANISH WORDS.—FRENCH WORDS.

HUNDREDS of years had passed away since the Saxons first came to England. All the country was now their own. They had built houses and churches and monasteries, and had begun to cultivate the land; but they were not long allowed to enjoy in peace the home they had secured. It was about A.D. 787 that the people who lived somewhere on the northern coast saw one day a number of dark specks on the water, far out at sea, which, as they came nearer to the shore, proved to be long, heavy boats, rowed by forty, and some even sixty, oars. Each boat carried a flag, on which was the figure of a black raven on a blood-red ground; and each boat, too, was crowded with light-haired, strong-limbed men, well armed with swords longer than the Saxons used, and with terrible battle-axes, too. These were the Northmen, or Danes, who came from the countries now called Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, but then mostly included under the one name Scandinavia. The people who first watched the approach of these fierce Northmen were not long before they saw the purpose for which they had come. They came nearer and nearer, until at last they ran their boats upon the beach, came swarming ashore, and soon made it their one business to rob, to slay, and to destroy.

Just below Flamborough Head, on the Yorkshire coast, there is a deep gorge in the cliff, with a winding path from the beach up to the open country above. I have seen it many a time, and perhaps some of my readers have, too. It is called *Danes' Dyke*. Whether it was dug out by the Danes, or whether they found it as it is now, is not known, but that it was frequently used by them as a very convenient landing-place, is quite certain. At first these Northmen stayed only long enough to load themselves with plunder, but afterwards they settled in the country, and got such power, that at length their leaders, Sweyn, Canute, Harold I., and Hardicanute (1016 to 1042), became successively kings of England. Now I want you to look at a good comprehensive map of England—one showing the smaller towns and villages, as well as the principal

towns. When you have got the map, imagine a line drawn in a slanting direction from Chester on the one side to London on the other. Now if you notice the names of places on the upper or north-eastern side of this line, you will find a large number ending with *by*. I need only mention *Derby*, *Grimsby*, *Whitby*, and *Appleby*. But you will find many more than these, especially in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Again, if you look at the names of places on the lower or south-western side of this line, you will find scarcely any that have this ending. What is the reason of this? Let me tell you *bye* is the Danish word for a town, just as *ton* is the Saxon. The Danes settled mostly in the north-eastern parts of the country, built their homes, and formed their towns there, while hardly any dwelt in the south-western parts. And this is why you have so many *byes* in the one part, and so few in the other. You have heard of a *bye-law*. With the above explanation, you will see that a *bye-law* is, properly, a town-law as distinguished from a law applying to the whole country. But, now, any rules made by any company or society are often called bye-laws, as, for instance, the railway companies' law, that you are not to get out of the carriage while the train is in motion; or your school law, that you are to be present punctually at nine o'clock in the morning, which law I hope you never break. *Son* is a Danish word. You have noticed how many people's names end with this word—Johnson and Jackson, Richardson and Dickson, Godson and Hodgson, &c. &c. If your name has got *son* at the end, it is nearly certain your ancestors were bold, fierce, free-roving Danes, who came from the northern shores.

When you call a ravine a *gill*, and the waterfall that rushes down the ravine a *force*, and the noise it makes a *din*, you use Danish words. When you *rap* at a door, *duell* in a house, or *doze* on your bed, when you *bait* a hook, *fling* a stone, or *ransack* a drawer, you perform actions which are called by Danish names. When you say a thing is *fimsy*, and that a *gust* of wind would blow it away again, you use words which the Danes did use.

And, once more, the *dock* into which the ship is brought, and the *dish* on which your dinner is served, are each called by a Danish name; as is also that most unmusical sound of all, an ass's *bray*.

Here, then, you have another little string of words, helping to make up the great volume of words composing our English speech.

You were told in the first chapter that many of our words had come from France, since that country was called by its present name. I can only tell you a very little about these French words, but I hope the little you learn now will lead you to seek more knowledge on this subject afterwards.

First, then, let me say that the French, as well as the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, are made up, for the most part, of the ancient Roman or Latin tongue. Italy, as you know, was the country of the Romans, and Spain, Portugal, and France were for hundreds of years under their dominion. In course of time

the language of the Roman conquerors became mixed up with that of the Celts, the original barbarian inhabitants of those countries, and so formed the languages which are spoken in these countries at the present day. On this account most of the French words we have were Latin before they were French; and sometimes they are called *Latin words which have come to us through the French*. This means that they have been handed on from one nation to the other, until at length they have found a place in our own speech. As they have passed along they are sure to have suffered some alteration in the spelling; sometimes, indeed, the alteration is so great, that at first they scarcely look like the same words. For instance, the Latin word for *custom* was *consuetudo*. In French it became *coutume*, and then, when we got hold of it, we altered it still further to its present form.

Again, the Latin word for *people* was *populus*, but the French made it *peuple*; and then, when it came to us, we made it *people*. Once more, the Latin word for *royalty* was *regalitas*; the French changed it to *royauté*, and then we changed it again to what we see it now.

French words first began to be introduced into our language in the time of Edward the Confessor, who was king of England from A.D. 1042 to A.D. 1066. Edward was brought up among the French—that is, in Normandy. He had learnt the French tongue, and, indeed, seems to have been more a Frenchman than an Englishman. When he got possession of the throne he invited large numbers of his old friends to his court, put French monks into the monasteries, and in other ways made the French language and manners very fashionable.

But that which did the most to give French a place with us was the conquest of England by the Normans, which took place A.D. 1066. If you have read your English History at all, you will not need to be told what a vast change then was made in our country. I can only tell you of the change made in our speech. William the Conqueror could not speak English. It is said he tried to learn it, but found it so difficult, that at last he gave it up in despair. It was the same with most of the men who took part with him in the conquest of the country, and whom afterwards he exalted to great wealth and favour. They were nearly all Frenchmen, and knew nothing of English. The consequence of this was that for a time after the Conquest two languages were spoken in the country. All the great people spoke French; while the poor people, who hated their conquerors, held to their own tongue.

Then it was ordered that the boys in the grammar-schools should learn French, and that the members of the universities were to converse either in Latin or French. All official writings in connection with Parliament, or with the Corporation of London, were to be in French. And we are also told nearly all the authors who wrote during the three hundred years following the Conquest

wrote in that language. The result of all this was not that the people gave up their own language, and spoke French in the place of it, as the Normans seem to have wished, but that many French words were then learned by the people, and have since been used as though they were English. It was then that the king was first called a *sovereign*, his official chair a *throne*, his official staff a *sceptre*, the honours paid him *homage*, and the land he ruled his *realm*. It was then the king's house was first called a *palace*, and his son a *prince*. The titles of *Duke*, *Count*, *Baron*, *Knight*, *Esquire*, *Chancellor*, and *Treasurer* were first given in England then. *Castles*, too, were first built in our land, then; and the poor people were not long before they learned, to their sorrow, both their name and their use. The animals we are accustomed to slay for food, the ox, the cow, the calf, the sheep, the pig, the deer, are all called by Saxon names; but the flesh of these animals, when used for food—that is, *beef*, *veal*, *mutton*, *pork*, and *venison*—are all called by Norman or French names. And this is because the poor Saxon labourer had all the trouble of tending these animals while they were alive, but only that they might furnish the table of his Norman lord, and with scarce any hope at all of tasting such food himself.

It is quite impossible for me to mention half the words which at this time and since have been received from the French. But I will tell you how you may generally make them out. Most words that end with *our*, *ier*, *chre*, and with *eer*, as *honour*, *chandelier*, *sepulchre*, and *career*, are French words. So are words ending with *que*, as *oblique*, *antique*, and *unique*. And, again, words beginning with *counter*, with *pur*, and with *sur*, as *counteract*, *pursue*, and *surprise*.

And now I must leave you to find such words as these out for yourselves; and when you have found them, it will be still more interesting to you if you go on to inquire into the circumstances which tended to bring them to England, and to make them so comfortably at home amongst our proper English words.

J. C. S.

Editor's Table.

Leeds, August 6th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please oblige me by an interpretation of the 4th verse of Psalm cxlviii? Is there water above the heavens? An early answer through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will greatly oblige yours sincerely, J. H. M., A Scholar of Bethesda School.

ANSWER.—The Psalmist was a poet, and poets often personify and endue with life things which are inanimate. So in this Psalm

the poet calls upon "fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind fulfilling his will" to praise the Lord. The waters above the heavens are the vapours or clouds we see, and which are the source of rain. These were to praise the Lord.

Stockton-on-Tees, July 23rd, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—To me there is some difficulty in interpreting the following portion of the Lord's prayer: "Lead us not into temptation." Therefore I forward it to you. I inquire your opinion upon it. Are we to understand it as implying that God does lead us into temptation (by this prayer we entreat Him not to do so) or that the translators of our Bible have rendered it incorrectly? Your opinion will be esteemed a great favour.

What is your opinion as to the worth of the tabernacle set up by Moses in the wilderness, calculated by the present standard of our currency? Yours truly,

J. R. FOSTER and S. HILL.

ANSWER.—As to the first point, we observe that the Lord's prayer is right enough. God sometimes leaves men to themselves, to their own wayward will and inclination, and in this case they are very likely to fall into temptation. It means much the same thing as the Psalmist asks when he says, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me," for then, when left to ourselves, we are open to all the assaults of Satan.

As to the second point, we suppose the cost of the tabernacle might be from £240,000 to £250,000. But the value of a shekel is a disputed point, and we must refer our correspondent to Dr. Clarke's Commentary on Exodus xxxviii. 24, where he will find a long note, chiefly copied from Dr. Prideaux, on this subject. This note is much too long for our space, and much too elaborate for our young readers.

REV. SIR,—In reading Proverbs xxii. 6, it reads as follows:—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" but, on looking around me, I see the children of many pious parents who are deeply sunk in wickedness and misery. Sir, if a child is trained in the way indicated in the text, will it never become wicked? In short, is it impossible for its soul to be lost? An early expression of your opinion, through the medium of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, will greatly oblige an earnest inquirer, and a constant reader of your valuable little periodical.

JOSEPH HOPPER.

ANSWER.—A general principle and a general result is all that this passage refers to. Children well trained will generally do right in their future life, and this agrees with general experience. Some well-trained children do wrong in after life, but this is not the general result. Of course there is no positive guarantee that children well trained will get to heaven; that depends upon their personal consecration to God, and the improvement of their opportunities.

Boston, July 24th, 1871.

REV. SIR,—Will you please favour me with an explanation of the following passage of Holy Writ in your very valuable magazine:—"Be ye angry and sin not," Ephesians iv. 26. How is it possible for man to be angry without sin? I am, yours respectfully,

R. G. LEAFE.

ANSWER.—Strictly speaking, we never ought to be angry at all. But if on provocation or infirmity of temper we become angry, we are to quench the fire, and in no case are we to allow the sun to go down on our wrath. The Apostle does not command us to be angry, nor does he excuse our anger, but if we are angry we are not to *sin* in our anger by indulging it, but we are to repent of it immediately, and watch against irritation for the future.

July 31st, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago I asked you a question respecting the mode of worship practised by the primitive Christians. You then ask me to prove whether they met to break bread ONLY on the first day of the week. I do not think they did. I think there was preaching and prayer as well; but it seems to me that to commemorate the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus was their chief object in meeting. You say that we Methodists do not meet to hear a sermon ONLY, but to sing and pray also. Well, granting this, there is still wanting the emblem of the death of our Lord and Saviour, which the early Christians had when they met on the first day of the week for worship. You say we break bread together at our love-feasts and sacraments, but where have we the example of a quarter of a year expiring without attending to the command of our Lord? and we have the example of doing so every first day of the week. Did they or did they not break bread every Sunday? If they did, should not we follow their example? I would like to know whether we are to make Scripture our guide, or the notions and customs of men. The word of God is sufficient, or it is not. If we depart from Scripture at all, who will fix the boundary line, or how far are we to go? Dear Sir, I think such as this opens the way and leads on to Popery. If you would favour me with a few remarks on this subject you would oblige several of your readers.

X. P.

ANSWER.—We do not know whether they broke bread every Sunday or not. No passage that we know of in the Bible says they did. No passage in the Bible that we know of says we must break bread every time we meet together. If our correspondent knows of such a passage, let him produce it, and that will settle the question. As far as we know, our Connexion breaks bread the first Sabbath in each month. We do not want inferences. Let us have the law. We again say, "Prove it."

Guernsey, August 7th.

DEAR SIR,—In Acts xx. 7, I read, "And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread," &c. If the Saviour's death was in those days commemorated on the first day of the week, why is it not done amongst Christians in the present day?

An answer through the medium of your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR would greatly oblige yours respectfully,

M. BEGAUM.

ANSWER.—We have said in a reply to another correspondent in this issue, we do not know whether the disciples broke bread every time they met together or not. The passage cited does not prove that they did. But if they did, and if their example in this matter is binding upon us, so also is that of Paul, who preached till midnight, for surely his act is as binding upon the Church as the act of the disciples mentioned in the previous part of the verse. Would our correspondents like a sermon till midnight every Sunday evening? For our part we have hard work to keep the people easy if we preach only one hour.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

JUVENILE MISSIONS, RIPON.—The last effort of our zealous young friends in Ripon on behalf of the missions has proved the most successful ever made by them, and is certainly a noble example of what may be accomplished by a few, when zealously affected in a good cause. The Annual Meeting was held, as usual, on Good Friday, in Zion Chapel, preceded by a public tea in the school-room. Our esteemed school secretary, Ensign Stevenson, occupied the chair. The Rev. J. F. Goodall, pastor, addressed the meeting; and a number of interesting recitations were given by the scholars, interspersed with missionary melodies. The annual sale of needlework, &c., was held on Easter Monday and Tuesday. To prepare for this sale, our female teachers and elder scholars had worked most zealously during the winter months, and their labours were rewarded by the successful result of the sale—£30 18s. 2d. being gained thereby. The tea realised £4 1s. 6d., and the collection at the meeting £6 7s. 1d. The following sums were also raised by collecting books and boxes:—John Gill and Thos. Horner, 17s. 6d.; Eliz. Gill and E. Greenwood, 4s. 6d.; Miss Greenwood, 3s. 11d.; Master Chatwin, 3s. 7d.; A. Booth, 3s.; Edwin Akers, 1s.; Jesse Lickley, 1s.; School Box, 10d.: making a total of £43 2s. 7d. This, for a small school, numbering not more than two hundred scholars, is a truly noble achievement.—J. F. G.

DRESDEN SCHOOL, LONGTON CIRCUIT.—MY DEAR SIR,—On Sunday afternoon, July 2, 1871, we held our second Juvenile Missionary Meeting. Our well-tried and highly-esteemed friend, Mr. J. Warrilow, occupied the chair, and very ably presided over the meeting; and very eloquent addresses were delivered by Messrs. H. Williams (Wesleyan friend), T. Turner, and T. Goodwin, Sen. The following pieces were recited:—"Pity the Little Negro Boy," T. Cartwright; "Oh! Let Me Ring the Bell," J. Smith; "Do What You Can," J. Swift; and "The Banner of the Cross," T. Sale. A Dialogue on Missions (composed expressly for this meeting, by Mr. W. H. Wright, our

school secretary) was very efficiently rendered by the following girls: S. Walters, M. A. W. Loach, M. A. Warrilow, H. Williamson, E. Dawson, and M. Walters. Several anthems and melodies were sung by the choir, which very much enhanced the interest of the meeting, and was well rendered under the leadership of Mr. T. Bradbury, Sen., Mr. W. Shenton presiding at the harmonium. A satisfactory report was read by the secretary, which was as follows:—Collected by Cards—E. Dawson, 7s. 3½d.; M. A. W. Loach, 6s. 5d.; M. J. Bridgett, 5s.; E. S. Rock, 1s. 5d.; M. Buxton, 1s. 2d.; T. Sale, 1s.; Small Sums, 3s. 3d.; Collection, 18s. 0½d.: making a total of £2 3s. 7d. We pray that God may bless all our scholars with the spirit of missions, and may they work more nobly this year than ever they have done before! Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for an early insertion, I remain, yours truly,

T. GOODWIN, Jun., Secretary.

ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA.—The Anniversary Services in connection with the Sabbath-school attached to the Methodist New Connexion Church were continued by tea and public meetings, each well attended, held in the church, Franklin Street, on Monday evening, May 22. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. J. Smith, who, in his opening remarks, spoke of the difficulties and responsibilities of Sabbath-school teaching generally, and of his pleasure at seeing the improved condition of that school. He also feelingly referred to the deep interest taken in the work of the Sabbath-school by their late pastor, the Rev. J. Maughan. Mr. J. A. Bagshaw read the school report, from which it appeared that the number of boys on the roll was sixty-nine, the average attendance being fifty; and that the total number of girls was seventy, with an average attendance of sixty. He also read the treasurer's report, showing a balance of £2, after paying the expenses of the year. He then offered a few remarks, dwelling upon the necessity of earnestness on the part of teachers in the work, encouraging them to united effort, and congratulating them upon the progress the school had made during the past year. The prizes gained by various of the pupils having been distributed, the Rev. J. S. Wayland made some excellent remarks, pointing out the great amount of good the Sabbath-school did by its silent inexpensive labour, carried on by men who got no reward but the approbation of Heaven, and asserting that the results of the work had not been visionary, but, on the contrary, they had been real and substantial; and mentioning that the influence of the Sabbath-school had been felt by thousands long after they had ceased attending such an institution. Still, there was more to be achieved, and he urged that earnestness, faithfulness, and intelligence should characterize the workers, whilst punctuality and regularity should be secured on the part of the scholars. The Rev. H. Fenton also gave a short address, mainly illustrative of the possibility of the early conversion of children. He thought children should begin early to learn of Christ, his goodness, and his will concerning them, and urged more devotion on the part of teachers to the saving of the souls of their pupils, saying he admitted that there would be difficulties, but pointing out that God's help was promised them. He explained that the superintendent intended holding a meeting for boys that would be a sort of

bridge between the school and the church. They felt that the boys were hardly fitted for the class as members, and this would meet the difficulty. He hoped that a similar class might be established for the girls. Mr. F. C. Curtin, another superintendent, also made a few remarks touching the school, and the meeting closed with the passing of votes of thanks. The children during the evening sang several pieces very sweetly, and in a manner calculated to reflect much credit upon those who had instructed them. Mr. G. Dilley led the singing; Mr. C. Fry presiding at the harmonium. A satisfactory collection was made.—*From the Adelaide Express and Telegraph, May 23rd.*

Correspondence.

THE PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO DR. COOKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest the letters which have appeared from month to month on the above subject. Nothing could be more appropriate, whether we regard the merits of our venerable Doctor, or the disposition of the Connexion. As far as I know, and I have made considerable inquiries, there is not only a willingness on the part of the people and the Sunday-schools, but there is a *strong desire*, to do something which will be appropriate and well-timed as an expression of the general sense of the Doctor's worth, and as an indication to other branches of the Methodist family, that we know how to value men of culture and genius.

Everywhere the Doctor is beloved, and his friends are found in crowds. This applies to the New Connexion. But it applies to the Old Connexion too, about which I could say something expressing the opinion of its best men; and it applies quite as much to the Free Churches and the Primitives, many of whom venerate him, and like ourselves, regard him as one of the brightest ornaments of Methodism.

I believe that a testimonial of £1,000 would be about what the Connexion would desire, and this is only small, considering his services, his eminent abilities, and the long time he has devoted to our community. There are men amongst dissenters not his equals by far, who get this sum or near it yearly, and why should we not in his declining years, when the comforts and repose of age are so much needed, do this act of honour to ourselves and justice to his merits?

Some of your correspondents have suggested that the Doctor has abundance of this world's goods, and we dare say he can do without a testimonial; but where can he have obtained such plenty? He has had simply the stipend of a Methodist minister, with a considerable family to bring up, and every minister knows how far this goes, and how far he is from the end of it when the end of the quarters come. The Doctor has had no other means of making money; had he been a vicar or a rector, he might have done something in this line (and he could have become one any year for the last thirty had he tried), but

he has been a New Connexion Minister, and has received a New Connexion Minister's stipend.

Why, Mr. Editor, you know well what this means. From your very lively articles in the *JUVENILE*, I learn that you have been wont to *eat fowls* in Canada, but that now you can do little more than *smell* them, and that a *beef steak* is something you hardly dare touch. Our Doctor has been in your position, and he is now (as to money matters) I dare say, much worse in that respect. Doubtless he has husbanded his small means well, and may not be in actual need, but that is a reason we should esteem him the more and reward him the better. I know nothing of the Doctor's means, but I know he cannot be affluent, and it is just possible he may not thank me for meddling thus far; nor should I have done but for the impression which seems to prevail in some quarters that a testimonial such as has been suggested, would be inappropriately applied. The Doctor, I know, has published a number of books, but this is not a very rapid mode of accumulating money. Out of every hundred who write books, probably ninety-nine lose money; and the man who does not exactly believe this, cannot better satisfy himself than by trying it. Let him publish just one of a few hundred pages, and then report progress.

That the Connexion as a body would be glad to subscribe to such £1,000 testimonial as we have intimated we feel confident; and that there are men both lay and cleric, who would be glad to form a committee to work out the proposition, we feel quite as sure. I hardly like to name names, but there are persons who *can*, and I trust they *will*. While we have men like Messrs. Atherton and Love, and Jackson, and Derbyshire and Pilling, and Rabbits, and a host of others, with ministers equally good-hearted, there need be no difficulty in inaugurating a movement like this; and, Mr. Editor, while I presume to advise others, I am prepared to give my aid, though it be feeble, in the subscription list. Yours respectfully. THOMAS BULLOCK.

27, Waterloo Road, Manchester, August 18, 1871.

Our Children's Portion.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

THERE was many years ago a little Welsh girl who went every Sunday to hear the Rev. Thomas Charles preach, in the town of Bala, in Wales. She was very attentive and well-behaved in church, and not like some little girls, who laugh and whisper while the services are going on. Mr. Charles often met her in the street during the week, and was in the habit of asking her to repeat the

text from which she had heard him preach the previous day. This she was generally able to do without hesitation. But one day when her pastor met her, and as usual, asked her the text, she was silent. He repeated the question, but still she kept silent, while tears were added. Kindly placing his hand on her head, as she stood before him with downcast eyes, the good minister said, "What is the matter, my child?" En-

couraged by his kindness, the girl replied—

"The weather, sir, has been so bad that I could not get to read the Bible."

"Could not get to read the Bible! Why, what does that mean?" said Mr. Charles.

"Why, sir," answered the child, "we have no Bible in our house; but there is one in a house the other side of the mountain, that I can look at whenever I choose, but the weather has been so bad this week that I have not been able to get there."

The house to which the child referred was seven miles off, and she had been in the habit of walking there every week to read the chapter from which the minister had taken his text the previous Sabbath.

When the good pastor found that the little girl was willing to walk fourteen miles for the privilege of reading the Bible, he made her a present of one, which she kept in her own house. Does any one ask why no Bible could be found within seven miles, and why the Bible Society had not distributed Bibles among the people? The answer is simply this:—

This circumstance happened in the year 1802, before there was any Bible Society in existence, and as Bibles were neither so plentiful nor as cheap then as now, many poor people who lived among the hills were unable to obtain a copy of the Word of God.

Nor was this all; for this very incident was the means of originating the first Bible Society in the world. The good Welsh minister, after talking with the little girl, felt so deeply the destitution of the people, that when he visited London, in December of the

same year, he brought the subject before the committee of the Religious Tract Society, of which he was a member. He urged them to send Bibles to Wales, and to form a society for the purpose. Another minister proposed that they should form a society to supply the nation and the world with Bibles. The society was not formed at the time, but the friends of the plan continued, to talk about it until they induced others to join them, and on the 7th of March, 1804, the society was formed, under the name of "The British and Foreign Bible Society."

HOME POLITENESS IN LITTLE FOLKS.

"True wisdom early sought and gained,
In age will give the rest;
Oh, then improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!"

PARENTS, as soon as your little ones begin to totter about, and speak, say lispingly, "ma" and "pa," that very instant teach them courtesy, good manners, to use correct language, chaste, delicate, refined, avoiding everything vulgar, uncouth, clownish, indelicate, or ungrammatical.

Even baby lips can be taught refinement, courtesy, politeness of manners, things delicate, tasteful, beautiful, heavenly—the little words "please" and "thank you," when favours are conferred; and far easier will they learn them than older children.

What is termed baby-talk, when addressed to children old enough to understand and imitate it, is detestable. The parents must remember that when the child can comprehend one word its education is begun. The mother, especially, is called to officiate as professor of languages in the domestic university.

But who, in teaching a foreigner the English language, would say to him that until he becomes further advanced, he must call a horse a "horsey," and a dog a "bow-wow," and for the present he will address his maternal parent as his "mudder?" This seems sufficiently ridiculous; but this is not all—it would be unjust to the learner; it would teach him pronunciations which he must unlearn as laboriously as he learned them. You would thus, in fact, double his task. The folly and injustice are the same when you teach a little child a distorted mangled burlesque, of which it becomes ashamed when older, and tries to unlearn it.

Little folks should be taught correct language as early as possible; not a slip of the tongue should pass without correction.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon for ever the use of slang phrases, else the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life.

The first infantile lispingshould be marked with critical precision. Everything vile, vulgar, clownish, impolite, uncouth, ungrammatical, immoral, all slang phrases, should be sedulously avoided, and all things true, honest, just, pure, lovely, inculcated. All habits once formed are formed for ever.

SHREDS.

GOOD FOR EVIL.—Euclid, a disciple of Socrates, having offended his brother, the latter cried out in a rage, "Let me die if I am not revenged on you some time or other." Euclid replied, "And

let me die if I do not soften you by my kindness, and make you love me as well as ever."

TRUTH.—The confusion and undesigned inaccuracy so often to be observed in conversation, especially in that of uneducated persons, prove that truth needs to be cultivated as a talent, as well as recommended as a virtue.
—*Mrs. Fry.*

THE days set apart for public worship are:—Sunday, by the Christians; Monday, by the Greeks; Tuesday, by the Persians; Wednesday, by the Assyrians; Thursday, by the Egyptians; Friday, by the Turks; Saturday, by the Jews.

MANKIND are not like grains of wheat—all to be ground down by the same pressure. Some minds will be hardened by the force which others yield to, and some spirits will be broken by what is only a wholesome corrective to others.

A GIRL in St. Louis, who is studying law, and intends to practice, was asked by an envious lawyer if she was not afraid of losing her reputation. She said that it had never occurred to her that lawyers generally had any reputation to lose. The conversation was here terminated.

A DEPUTATION of the Massachusetts State Legislature visiting the insane hospital, as they were walking through the corridors were greeted with a salutation from one of the inmates: "Well, I declare, if there ain't the animals from Noah's ark."

A LAWYER, not over young or handsome, examining a young lady witness in court, determined to perplex her. He said, "Miss, upon my word, you are very pretty!" The young lady very promptly replied, "I would re-

turn the compliment, sir, if I were not on oath."

"My daughter, I want you to stop talking; you must wait until you are spoken to." "Ma," answered the bright child, "If every one should wait until they were spoken to, how could any one talk?"

Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grandmother was telling them the story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind in a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with: "O Sammy! would not you have been afraid?" Sammy hesitated a moment, and then replied, "No, not if I had the Lord to drive."

At a meeting of the spiritualists at Saginaw, on Sunday evening, Moses Hull, one of the speakers, said that when a little boy he could see faces around his bed every night, and knew they were faces of those in the spirit land. His mother reproved him by telling him to "go to sleep, for nothing ailed him but worms." The *Enterprise* profanely adds: "We guess the mother was right."

DO WHAT IS BEFORE YOU.

Do whatever there is to be done without questioning, and without calculation. Make progress in things moral. If need be, utter stammering words. Would you console the troubled if you only had a ready tongue? Take the tongue that you have. Ring the bell that hangs in your steeple, if you can do no better. Do as well as you can. That is all that God requires of you.

Would you pray with the needy and tempted if you had eminent gifts of prayer? Use the gifts that you have. Do not measure yourself according to the

pattern of somebody else. Do not say to yourself, "If I had his skill," or, "If I had his experience." Take your own skill and your own experience, and make the most of them.

Do you stand over against trouble and suffering, and marvel that men whom God hath blessed with such means do so little? Do you say to yourself: "If I had money, I know what I would do with it?" No, you do not. God does; and so he does not trust you with it.

"If I had something different from what I have, I would work," says many a man. No. If you would work in other circumstances, you would work just where you are.

A man that will not work just where he is, with just what he has, and for the love of God, and for the love of man, will not work anywhere in such a way as to make his work valuable.

AN END TO QUARRELLING.

THE *Presbyterian* tells a capital story of two dogs that got a ducking by quarrelling, and were made firm friends by the danger of drowning:—

"One day a fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a sharp discussion over a bone, or some other trifling matter, and warred away as angrily as two boys. They were fighting on a bridge, and being blind with rage, as is often the case, the first thing they knew was, they were in the water.

"The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundlander; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so poor Bruce; he struggled and tried

his best to swim, but made little headway.

"Old Brave (the Newfoundland) had reached the land, and then turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should that noble fellow do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and tow him safely into port!

"It was funny to see these dogs look at each other as soon as they shook their wet coats. Their glance said as plainly as words: 'We'll never quarrel any more.' And, sure enough, they kept their resolution. I think some boys might learn a good lesson from this old Newfoundland dog."

THE ACCURATE BOY.

THERE was a young man once in the office of a Western railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honourable, and "it paid well," besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a labourer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand boy, and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After awhile he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did because he was just right.

And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favoured one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant look-out, as though they were rogues or fools. If

a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's column, he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.

BEING HIS OWN PILOT.

A BRIGHT boy, who loved the sea, entered on a sailor's life when very young. He rose to quick promotion, and while quite a young man was master of a ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there, and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port.

"Another! no, not I. I mean mean to be in dock with the morning tide."

"I thought, perhaps, you would signal for a pilot."

"I am my own pilot," was the curt reply.

Intent upon reaching the port by morning, he took a narrow channel to save distance. Old, bronzed, and grey-headed seamen turned their swarthy faces to the sky, which boded squally weather, and shook their heads. Cautious passengers went to the young captain, and besought him to take the wider course, but he only laughed at their fears, and repeated his promise to be in the dock at daybreak. We need not pause to dramatize a storm at sea; the alarm of breakers shouted hoarsely through the wind, and the wild orders to get the lifeboats manned. Enough to say that the captain was ashore earlier than he promised—tossed

sportively upon some weedy beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of, a toy that the tempest was tired playing with; and his queenly ship and costly freight were scattered over the surfy acres of an angry sea. How was this? The glory of that young man was his strength; *but he was his own pilot*. His own pilot! There was his blunder—fatal, suicidal blunder.

Oh, young men, beware of being your own pilot. Take on board the true and able Pilot, who can stride upon these waves, who can speak "Peace, be still" to that rough Boreas; so that with Christ in the vessel you may smile at the storm. To be emptied of self, that is your need. Send a message to heaven for help. Telegraph for a pilot. You won't ask in vain. And, encouraged by the help that is vouchsafed once, you will ask again and again, and seek grace to help in every time of need.—*Christian Instructor*.

SELFISHNESS.

LIVE for some purpose in the world. Always act your part well. Fill up the measure of duty to others. Conduct yourselves so that you will be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, and are forgotten almost as though they had never been; they are, while they live, like some pebble lying unobserved among a million on the shore; and when they die they are like that pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the surface, sinks, and is

forgotten, without being missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been the better for his life? Who has been the worse for their death? Whose tears have they dried up? Whose wants supplied? Whose misery have they healed? Who would unbar the gate of life to re-admit them to existence? or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh, a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.

"NOW."

A LITTLE word, but how full of meaning! You, who read this, mean to be a Christian. You know it is your duty. You feel it every day. You set a time when you will begin, but it is far ahead. By-and-by you reach it, and still longer postpone it. Will there ever be a better time than the present? Why not *now*? It may be that you are a Christian, but you have not as yet taken upon you the vows of the Church. You hesitate, waiting till you feel more certain of strength to hold out. Ah, friend! is it not a snare of the enemy? Be sure—

"If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all."

Be wise. Come now. Perhaps you have come, your name may be upon the records of the Church, but this is all. You are a silent member of the great co-partnership between the Church and Christ. You are within the

portals of your Father's house, but you are hungry, destitute, and alone. Around you there is a plentiful supply. Why not partake; and why not now? Or, you do partake a little; just enough to know how sweet it would be to have enough, and to be filled. But here you remain. Others are without in the heat and storm, hard at work in the vineyard. And still you loiter here. There is an abundance of work for you—work none of these others will be allowed to per-

form; your portion of the field lies a waste. It may be on the street or in the Sabbath-school; wherever it is, it is your work, and one day the Master will ask it of you. You suffer for the lack of it. Your strength is growing less every day. O famishing soul! seize upon the golden opportunity before it is too late. Work while the day lasts, for soon your day will have passed and gone for ever. "Behold, now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Poetry.

A BIT OF A SERMON.

WHATSOEVER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right;
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

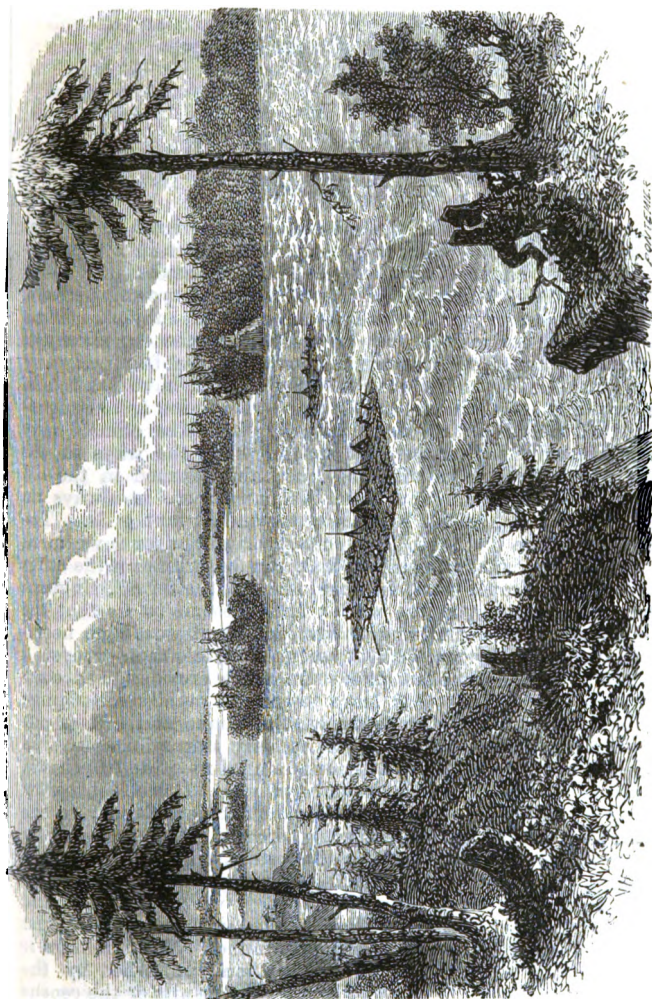
Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honour bright;
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white;
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But, believe me,
To himself he is a sneak.

Help the weak, if you are strong;
Love the old, if you are young;
Own a fault, if you are wrong;
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut.

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye, and ear, and touch;]
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much.
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun:
Hearts without it—
Never doubt it—
Are as worlds without a sun.

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it then with all your might:
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman,
And for ever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.



RAFTS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—X.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN bringing to a close the sketches of our experience in Canada, with which we have sought to instruct and entertain our young readers for the last ten months, we shall direct attention to a few practical matters, which, if not exactly suited to young persons, seem to be necessary to the completeness of our subject. Some who have read our articles may be considering the expediency of emigrating—though we have written with no view of inducing any one to do so—and it is desirable that they should have the details we now present for their guidance. Our own opinion as to emigration is that there is always a risk attending it. The climate may not suit some constitutions; health may fail; the ways of the people may not chime in with previous habits formed in the old country. For farmers and farm labourers there is always an opening in Canada, as well as for artizans and servant girls. The capitalist also can find there excellent opportunities for investment at much higher rates of interest than can be, while on the other hand living is cheaper than, in England. But, after all, England is the richest country in the world; and it seems to us that the same industry, self-denial, and perseverance that would be necessary to success in Canada, ought to secure remuneration or even a competency here. True, situations are much crowded, and competition is very severe. Our large towns are rapidly extending; and the lives of many persons amidst the smoke and dirt of our large manufacturing centres must be very uncomfortable. In Canada, whatever else there is, there is ample room and fresh air. One can have sunshine and pure air anywhere. If we had to earn a living by labour on a farm, we should take our labour to the Canadian or United States market, where we could get a higher price for it than in this country, and have a chance of becoming a proprietor. In other employments a man must use his own judgment. There is work in Canada for those who want work and cannot get it here; and with these general intimations we must leave the decision to every man's own mind. What follows is extracted from a pamphlet on Emigration, published by the Government in 1869. It does not contain the results of the census of 1871, which is, indeed, not yet published; but such information as it gives may be useful for the purposes indicated.

AGRICULTURAL CAPABILITIES OF THE SOIL.

A reference to the display of cereals and other agricultural productions made by Canada at the Exhibitions of London and Paris might be considered sufficient to illustrate the remarkable adaptation of the soil to their growth and cultivation; but so limited a notice would leave the question of permanent fertility still unanswered. When, however, it is known that the area in which the astonishing crops of wheat are raised, for which the province of Ontario is so justly distinguished, extends over three-fourths of the present inhabited parts of the country, and that the prevailing soil consists of rich clays of great depth, the question of permanent fertility resolves itself into one of husbandry.

In the valleys of some of the largest rivers of Upper Canada wheat has been grown after wheat for twenty years; the first crops yielded an average of forty bushels to the acre; but under the thoughtless system of husbandry then pursued, the yield diminished to twelve bushels to the acre, and compelled a change of system, which soon had the effect of restoring the land to its original fertility. This system of exhaustion has effected its own cure, and led to the introduction of a more rational method of cultivating the soil. Years ago, when roads were bad and facilities for communicating with markets few and far between, wheat was the only saleable produce of the farm, so that no effort was spared to cultivate that cereal to the utmost extent. Now, since railroads, macadamized roads, and plank roads have opened up the country, and agricultural societies have succeeded in disseminating much useful instruction and information, husbandry has improved in all directions, and the natural fertility of the soil of the old settlements is in a great part restored.

The average yield of wheat in some townships exceeds twenty-two bushels to the acre, and where an approach to good farming prevails, the yield rises to thirty and often forty bushels to the acre. On new land, fifty bushels is not very uncommon; and it must not be forgotten that Canadian wheat, grown near the city of Toronto, won a first prize at the Paris Exhibition. It may truly be said that the soil of what may be termed the agricultural portion of Canada, which comprises four-fifths of the inhabited portion, and a vast area still in the hands of the Government and now open to settlement, is unexceptionable; and when deterioration takes place, it is the fault of the farmer and not the soil.

THE AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS OF CANADA, AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The maxim "comparisons are odious" is not always true. Without doubt they may sometimes be very properly instituted. In such cases they should, of course, be conducted with scrupulous fairness. When thus made between parties engaged in honourable competition, and only asking from one another "a fair field and no

favour," the results can hardly fail to be of the most encouraging and stimulating character.

Taking as the basis of calculation the official volume which contains the agricultural results of the last census of the United States, and the similar census returns for Canada, referring to nearly the same period, it can be demonstrated that Canada, and Ontario especially, instead of lagging behind the United States in every element of progress, as some people are constantly telling us, can put the tabular statements of her products and her progress side by side with those of the Great Republic on our borders, and not suffer one whit from the comparison, but that, on the contrary, she is shown to be considerably ahead of the United States in many important indications of a skilled and productive agriculture, and a rapid general advancement. The following is a summary of the results obtained by a comparison of the official statistics above mentioned.

The Province of Quebec.

First, as regards the Province of Quebec, we find that the following facts are established. That the growth of population in Quebec vastly exceeded that in the States of Vermont and Maine, lying along her borders. That, starting at the census before last, with a population less than that of those two States combined, she exceeded them in population at the last census by nearly 200,000. That, as compared with the States which in 1850 had a population as great as her own, the decennial rate of increase in Quebec was greater than in any of those States, with one solitary exception, the State of Indiana. That, in nine years to their ten, she lessened by two, the number of States which in 1850 had a population exceeding hers. That the rate of increase of population in Quebec in nine years was greater than the rate of increase in ten years in the whole of the United States, excluding the Western and Pacific States and territories; and that her decennial rate of increase was greater than that of the whole United States, not including the Western States and Territories, but including California and the other States and Territories on the Pacific. That in the interval between the last census and the preceding one, Quebec added to the breadth of her cultivated lands at a rate exceeding her growth in population, which equalled within a fraction the rate in the United States; the addition to the acreage under cultivation in Quebec being greater than the increase of population by 8.50 per cent., while in the United States it was 8.72 per cent. That the cash value of lands occupied as farms in Quebec per cultivated acre, exceeds, in 1860, the cash value of lands occupied as farms in the United States per cultivated acre; the value in Quebec being 19.04 dols. per acre, while in the United States it was 16.32 dols. per acre. That the value of farming implements used in Quebec was greater in proportion to the amount of land cultivated than in the adjoining

States, or in the United States as a whole; the average value of the farming implements used on a farm having 100 cultivated acres, being 176 dols. in Quebec, as against 122 dols. in Maine, 133 dols. in Vermont, 134 dols. in the whole of the New England States, and 150 dols. in the whole of the United States. That, as regards the great agricultural staples of wheat, corn, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, peas and beans, and potatoes, Quebec increased her annual productions of these articles in nine years between 1851 and 1860, from 22½ millions to 45 millions of bushels, or 100 per cent.; while in the United States the increase in the production of those articles in ten years between 1850 and 1860, was only 45 per cent. That in 1860, her production of these articles was 40·54 bushels for each inhabitant, only falling short by less than three bushels of the production of the United States, where it was 43·42 bushels for each inhabitant. That—excluding Indian corn from the list—Quebec raised of the remaining articles 40·20 bushels for each inhabitant, against a production in the United States of only 16·74 bushels for each inhabitant, and against a production in the adjoining States of Maine and Vermont of 22·10 bushels for each inhabitant. And that, finally, in proportion to population, Quebec owned more horses than the United States, as many cows, and nearly as many sheep; and that, during the interval between the last census and the preceding one, she increased her production of butter and wool at a rate considerably exceeding the rate of increase maintained in the United States.

Quebec and Ontario.

As regards Canada, that is, the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, which composed the Province of Canada when the last census was taken, we find that the following facts are established:—That during the interval between the last census and the preceding one, the decennial rate of increase of population in Canada exceeded that in the United States by nearly 5½ per cent.—Canada adding 40·87 per cent. to her population in the ten years, while the United States added only 35·58 per cent. to theirs. That she brought her wild lands into cultivation at a rate, in nine years exceeding the rate of increase of cultivated lands in the United States in ten years, by nearly 6 per cent.—Canada, in 1860, having added 50 acres of cultivated land to every 100 acres under cultivation in 1851, while the United States, in 1860, had only added 44 acres to every 100 acres under cultivation in 1850. That the value per cultivated acre of the farming lands of Canada in 1860 exceeded the value per cultivated acre of the farming lands of the United States; the average value per cultivated acre in Canada being 20·87 dols., and in the United States 17·32 dols. That in Canada, a larger capital was invested in agricultural implements, in proportion to the amount of land cultivated, than in the United States—the average value of agricultural implements used on a farm having 100 cultivated

acres, being in Canada 182 dols., and in the United States 150 dols. That, in proportion to population, Canada in 1860 raised twice as much wheat as the United States—Canada in that year raising 11·02 bushels for each inhabitant, while the United States raised only 5·50 bushels for each inhabitant. That, bulking together eight leading staples of agriculture—wheat, corn, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, peas and beans, and potatoes—Canada, between 1851 and 1860, increased her production of these articles from 57 millions to 123 millions of bushels, an increase of 113 per cent., while the United States in ten years, from 1850 to 1860, increased their productions of the same articles only 45 per cent. That in 1860, Canada raised of those articles, 49·12 bushels for each inhabitant, against a production in the United States of 43·42 bushels for each inhabitant. That—excluding Indian corn from the list—Canada raised of the remaining articles, 48·07 bushels for each inhabitant, almost three times the rate of production in the United States, which was 16·74 bushels for each inhabitant. And that, as regards live stock and their products, Canada in 1860, in proportion to her population, owned more horses and more cows, made more butter, kept more sheep, and had a greater yield of wool than the United States.

The Province of Ontario.

The comparison as regards the Province of Ontario is, of course, still more favourable. We have seen that in nine years she added 46·65 per cent. to her population, while the United States in ten years added only 35·58 per cent. to theirs. That she maintained a decennial rate of increase greater by one-half than that of the whole of the United States and territories—more than *double* that of all the United States, excluding the Western States, and only falling short of the increase in the Western States and territories by 7 per cent.—and that in nine years to their ten, she passed four States of the Union which in 1850 had a population exceeding hers [Indiana, Massachusetts, Tennessee, and Kentucky], leaving at the date of the last census only five States which exceeded her in population. That in nine years she added nearly 64 cultivated acres to every 100 acres in cultivation in 1852, while the United States and Territories in ten years added only a little over 44 acres to every 130 acres under cultivation at the date of the previous census. That she subdued her wild lands more rapidly than even the growth of her population, at a rate almost double that in the United States (the proportion being as 17·10 to 8·72). That the cash value of her farms in 1860, per head of the population, was greater in Ontario than in the United States, being 211 dols. 42 c. in Ontario, and 211 dols. 33 c. in the United States. That their value per acre was greater in Ontario than in the United States by nearly 6 dols., being 22 dols. 10 c. per acre in Ontario, and 16 dols. 32 c. per acre in the United States. That the

capital invested in agricultural implements was greater in Ontario than in the United States in proportion to the breadth of land cultivated, being 186 dols. for every 100 acres of cultivated land in Ontario, and 150 dols. for every 100 acres of cultivated land in the United States. That the value of agricultural implements manufactured in Ontario did not fall very much behind the value of agricultural implements manufactured in the United States, in proportion to population, being 41 cents per head of the population in Ontario, and 55 cents per head of the population in the United States. That she grew more wheat in 1860 than any State in the Union. That, in proportion to population, she produced in that year more than three times as much wheat as the United States, raising 17.64 bushels for each inhabitant, while the United States raised only 5.50 bushels for each inhabitant. That she was greatly ahead even of the Western States as a wheat-producing country, the average production of wheat in the whole of the Western States being only ten bushels for each inhabitant. That, of the eight leading staples of agriculture common to both countries—wheat, corn, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, peas and beans, and potatoes—she produced 55.95 bushels for each inhabitant, while of the same articles the United States produced only 43.42 bushels for each inhabitant. That—excluding Indian corn from the list—she produced of the remaining articles, 54.34 bushels for each inhabitant, against 16.74 bushels for each inhabitant produced in the United States. That, in proportion to population, she had more capital invested in live stock than the United States—the value of live stock owned in Ontario being 38.13 dols. per head of the population, while in the United States it was 34.64 per head of the population. That for every 100 of the population Ontario owned 27 horses, and the United States only 20. That for every 100 inhabitants, Ontario owned 32 milch cows, and the United States only 27. That for every 100 inhabitants Ontario owned 84 sheep, and the United States only 71; and that of live stock in the number of pigs only was she exceeded by the United States in proportion to population. That in 1860 she produced 19.22 pounds of butter for every inhabitant, while the United States produced only 14.62 pounds. That in the same year she produced 2.62 pounds of wool for each inhabitant, while the United States produced only 1.92 pounds. That in the nine years from 1851 to 1860, she increased her annual production of butter by 67 per cent., while in the United States in ten years, from 1850 to 1860, the increase in the production of butter was only 46½ per cent. And that in nine years she increased her production of wool 40 per cent., while in ten years the United States increased their production of wool only 15 per cent.

These facts need no comment. They speak for themselves. Exhibiting as they do a most gratifying progress in Canada, both absolutely and relatively, as compared with the United States, they

ought to shut the mouths of croakers, and give fresh encouragement to the hardy workers—who, with the help of Providence, have made Canada what it is—to go on availing themselves to the utmost of the advantages of their position, for the improvement of their own fortunes, and the advancement and prosperity of the country at large.

THE CLIMATE OF CANADA.

Very incorrect ideas prevail abroad as to the climate of this country. Our winters are supposed to be arctic in their duration and severity; and our summers, in like manner, arctic in their brevity and coolness. The statement is current that we have frost every month in the year; and “the rigours of a Canadian climate” have become a proverb.

The truth is, however, that ours is a pleasant and fruitful land. The healthfulness of the country is established beyond controversy, and our climatic vicissitudes, though sometimes a source of inconvenience, are by no means unwholesome. In the absence of any registration returns, we have no reliable data from which to arrive at the death-rate of the province. Such figures as we have, however, tend to the conclusion that it is extremely probable that Ontario is one of the healthiest countries in the world. The figures already given show that in point of productiveness this country leaves nothing to be desired.

Nowhere on earth do the seasons of the year move on in lovelier, grander procession. In spring we have a quick awakening of vegetable life, and Nature puts on her best attire, promptly as a bride on her wedding morn. Our summer is short, but gorgeous with splendour, and bedecked with flowers that can hardly be surpassed; we have oppressive heat at times, and occasionally drought, but how do our summer showers refresh the face of all things; how welcome is the rain, and how green and beautiful are the fields, the gardens, and the woods, when it falls! In autumn we have the waving fields of grain and tasselled corn; our orchards display apples of gold in baskets of silvery verdure, and we can reckon even the grape among our fruits; our forests present a richly-tinted and many-coloured foliage: we have mid-October days in which the weather is superb; our Indian summer is a splendid valedictory to the season of growth and harvest; a bright and beautiful hectic flush sits upon the face of universal Nature as death draws on and we glide imperceptibly into winter; this, though confessedly severe, is exhilarating, hardening animal as well as vegetable fibre, while it has its amelioration and joys in the fire-side warmth that tempers into geniality the clear frosty air; we have also the merry jingle and fleet gliding of the sleigh, and the skater's healthful sport, together with almost entire exemption from damp and mud, two most disagreeable accompaniments of winter in milder climes. The characteristics of this country are only beginning to be known abroad, as its resources are only

beginning to be developed at home. It offers inducements rarely surpassed to industrious, energetic, prudent settlers. Let it only be thickly settled with a population worthy of it, and it will take no mean rank among the countries of the earth. Sunnier climes there may be, but a fitter habitation for the development of a manly, vigorous race it would be difficult to find in part of the world.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GLANCES AT THE BLACK COUNTRY.—III.

ITS MANUFACTURES.

IN my first paper I said that the chief production of the district was iron, and I gave a list of some of the trades which had to do with the manufacture, or the further use of that metal. I now intend giving a "glance" at some of these industries.

Iron is reduced from the ore to a metal in massive tower-like furnaces, called "blast-furnaces," because the heat is produced by a "blast" of wind forced by a powerful engine into the midst of the ore and fuel. The ore, fuel, and flux, called by the workmen a "charge," are generally carried up an inclined plane to the top of the furnace, where it is disposed in layers in the interior; the blast is applied, and the "charge" being occasionally renewed, the whole is melted down, the cinder and impurities floating above the molten iron. Once in the morning, and once at night, an opening is made at the bottom of the furnace, and the iron is "tapped," and run into trenches previously prepared in sand. When cold, the iron is found in pieces of about four feet long, and three or four inches thick each way, these pieces of iron are technically termed "pigs," and they are sometimes marked with the maker's name, the letters being impressed into the sand before tapping the furnace. My little readers will now no longer be mystified when they see in the newspaper, under the heading "Metal Report," that pigs are firmer or lower, as the case may be. These blast-furnaces form the most prominent objects in a Black Country landscape, and always call forth expressions of wonder from strangers. The fires are never let out unless trade is very bad, or the furnace wants repairs, and so they are ever belching forth their flame and smoke like miniature volcanoes, excepting that in the case of the blast-furnaces, the "lava" is emitted at the bottom instead of at the top.

Iron-works, which are the most important centres of industry here, often occupy many acres of land, and are so thickly scattered in the Black Country, that a person may pass scores of them in a day's walking. A mechanic who had lived here all his life, was some years ago tempted by the report of higher wages in the United States, to give up his situation and go there. He was, however, very soon back, and on being asked how it was he had not remained in America, he said, "Bless your life, I thought it would

be there like it is here—if one could not get set on at one works, he might try at another at the other end of the street; but I found it very different, for there they are 500 or 1,000 miles apart.” In these works the iron is reduced from “pigs” to “malleable” iron; and again heated and rolled into “wrought” or “worked” iron, which is also called “merchant” iron. The process is a very interesting one, and well repays a visit. A fine sight is a large forge or rolling-mill on a dark winter night, with its thousand weird lights and shadows ever changing and flitting in all directions. When the bars of iron are finished they are stamped while hot with the manufacturer’s brand. Now I must pause for a minute, and explain what is meant by a brand. I dare say you have often seen in advertisements of cutlery, liquors, cigars, &c., something given as a trade-mark. It may be a lion, a broom, a thistle, a phoenix, the initials of the producer, or, in fact, anything that ingenuity or stupidity may devise. Now the “brand” is the trade-mark of the ironmaster. It is intended to guarantee his iron as being of a certain quality, and to prevent his customers from being supplied with other iron in place of his. To imitate a brand is punishable as a felony, and very justly so, for it is only another sort of forgery. Some of the brands of the Black Country ironmasters are world-wide in their celebrity, and are asked for from merchants by consumers in all parts of the civilized world. A crown is a great favourite as a brand, and is used by several firms in connection with their initials. Let me point out a few of the principal iron manufacturers, and their brands.

Messrs. John Bagnall and Sons, of West Bromwich, mark their iron with a “crown,” and “I. B. BAGNALL” under it. They have several iron-works, including blast-furnaces, forges, and mills, and they roll large sizes of rounds, squares, flats, angles, tees, and girders.

Messrs. Thorneycroft and Co., proprietors of several works at Wolverhampton, brand their iron “T. P. K. BEST,” but, like some other makers, they stamp their better qualities with special brands. They are equally celebrated with Messrs. Bagnall for their large sizes and reliable quality.

A “mitre” is the trade-mark of Messrs. Philip Williams and Sons, of Wednesbury Oak Works. Mr. Walter Williams, of this firm, is a prominent member of the South Staffordshire iron trade, and is a gentleman well informed in the theory and practice of iron-making. His father, the late Mr. Philip Williams, was for some years before his death sheriff of the county.

Messrs. William Barrows and Sons, of Tipton, mark their iron “B.B.H.” with a “crown” over it. They have three works; their brand is one of the best known in the trade, and it has an enviable reputation for quality. Mr. Joseph Hall, sen., a former member of this firm, some years before his death, wrote a book called “The Iron Question,” in which he claimed to be the in-

ventor of the pig-boiling process (our readers must remember we are not referring to any cooking operation), which made a complete reformation in iron making. He was an odd, shrewd, persevering man, and had risen from an humble position. He would often drive to the works before six o'clock in the morning, in order to catch the late comers; and sorry was their case. At breakfast time he could make a substantial meal of bacon and bread, sometimes walking about the forge with it in his hand. He could be rough when he chose, but, as a rule, was free and familiar with his workmen. He was practically acquainted with forge work, and would sometimes work a "heat" in competition with some favourite puddler, in order to see which could get out the best quality of iron. On one occasion a new forge had been put down, and, as is not unusual, a question arose between the two shinglers, which should work the first ball of iron under the hammer. Mr. Hall heard of the dispute, and going into the forge he settled the matter to the satisfaction of all concerned, by taking the "staff" from the men, putting on the shingler's leggings, and working it himself.

The brand of the Eagle Coal and Iron Company, at West Bromwich, is an "eagle" with outspread wings. The special manufacture of this firm is "fancy" iron, of which they roll nearly every description, both large and small; including angle, tee, girder, channel, sash, guard, and many other very peculiar sections of iron, some so complex in design, that one would hardly believe it possible to roll them.

Messrs. Dawes and Son of West Bromwich, Messrs. Groucutt and Sons of Bilston, and Messrs. Millington and Co. of Tipton, are also large makers of ordinary sizes. The brand of the first named firm is an "ant," of the second a crown with initials; and of the last a flourish of rope called the "Staffordshire knot." I have heard an amusing account of this "knot," which may be interesting to my readers. I give it as I heard it, without remarking on its veracity. I was at a tea-meeting at Christmas time, in a room whose walls were decorated with evergreens twisted into the shape of this knot. The chairman, who was I suppose at a loss for something to say, luckily noticed them, and delighted the audience by telling them what he had heard as the account of the origin of this county emblem. It is said, that at one of the assizes held at Stafford a great many years ago, there were so many criminals to be executed, that the sheriff offered a reward for the invention of a knot which would hang two folks at once. The reward was soon claimed by a man whose ingenuity had so far got the better of his humanity, that he had succeeded in twining a rope, so that it would actually dispatch *three* at once. Ever since the knot he tied has been called the "Staffordshire knot."

Many of the firms I have mentioned are also makers of sheet and plate iron, but some ironmasters get up this description exclu-

sively. Among these are Messrs. W. Robinson and Co., of Tipton, Messrs. Budd and Co. of Tividale, and Messrs. Sparrow of Wolverhampton; the two last-named also coat iron with tin. At Wolverhampton and Bilston, sheet-iron is galvanized and corrugated, thus rendering it useful as a covering for roofs and sheds. The process of galvanizing was some years ago a secret, and no one was allowed to enter that department, except the men engaged in it, and they were bound by a promise to keep the secret.

There are, of course, many other firms, each with a distinctive brand; in fact, it would fill my allotted space, if I merely gave a list of them, and a description of their manufactures. There is one, however, that I must mention, although it may be questionable if he can be considered a Black Country ironmaster. I refer to the Earl of Dudley, one of the wealthiest of our nobility. His vast estates round Dudley are full of mineral wealth, and from them he draws his ore, fuel, and flux; as a consequence, he can outrival any other manufacturer. His iron-works at Round Oak produce almost every description of iron, and its quality is unquestionable. He exhibited the best stall of iron at the last Great Exhibition in 1862. His brand is L.W.R.O. (meaning Lord Ward, Round Oak), surmounted by a "coronet." The complete control of his iron-works, blast-furnaces, and mines, is vested in his agent, E. F. Smith, Esq., who resides at the Priory, Dudley, and who has lately succeeded his cousin T. Smith Shenstone, Esq., the late agent.

So much for iron making; now let us look at a few other trades. Among the chain and anchor manufacturers of this district, Messrs. Parkes and Ross, and Messrs. Tinsley, Wright, and Co., both of Tipton, are perhaps the first in order. They get many orders for Admiralty chains and anchors; these are generally made of "Best Best" iron, and are tested up to the required strain by a hydraulic proving machine. The first-named firm, some years ago, made a massive anchor for the "Great Eastern" steam-ship. Chains are made at various places in the district, and the trade is often carried on by small makers, as it requires but little capital to work the smaller sizes.

The lock trade is chiefly carried on in Wolverhampton and Willenhall. Near the railway station in the former town, is the large manufactory of the celebrated firm of Messrs. Chubb and Son, lock and safe makers, whose articles are known throughout the British dominions for their excellence and utility. They can make twelve or fifteen locks, each having its own particular key, but which may all be opened by one "master key." These locks are of great use in prisons, asylums, &c., as each warder can open the cells or wards in his own division, but is powerless in any other; the "master key" is, of course, kept by the governor, who is thus able to visit any ward without the knowledge of the warders. Messrs. Chubb also make detective locks for banks, which will indicate how often the lock has been used since the indicator was

set last. Their fire-proof safes, too, have a very deserved reputation. Of course, they do not attempt to rival the Yankee, who it is said professed to have constructed a safe of such heat-repelling power, that if a fowl were locked in it, and the safe exposed to a great heat for a length of time, the fowl would be found, on opening the safe, to be frozen to death. In Willenhall the trade is carried on by small masters, who employ from ten to a hundred men and boys each.

Anvils and vices are made at Dudley and Coseley, and form an important branch of trade.

At Darlaston, Wednesbury, Smethwick, and in one or two other places, a large trade is done in nuts and bolts, most of them being for railway use. They are generally made in large factories, in which several hundred men are employed, the oliver-presses and the lathes being worked by steam-power.

Nail-making by hand is carried on in Dudley, Sedgley, and Crossley. It is chiefly done by women and youths, who work in little hovels close to their houses. As you pass them, you hear the click of their tools, and the songs they sing to their work, sometimes doggerel comic songs, but frequently revival hymns, with a good ringing chorus of indefinite length. What with the competition of machinery, the tyranny of masters, and the improvidence of the people, nailers are at present in a wretched condition.

In Wolverhampton, and some other towns, press and cut nails are made. The former are pressed out of a bar of iron by a machine which tapers them and puts a head on at one blow. The latter are cut from sheet iron, which has been previously sheared into strips of the required width. For many purposes these nails are as serviceable as those made by hand from nail-rods, and the production is much cheaper and infinitely quicker.

File-cutting and edge-tool making is dispersed here and there throughout the district. The files are chiefly for use close at home; but in edge-tools, the makers of the Black Country and of the neighbouring town of Birmingham are no mean rivals with the Sheffield manufacturers.

At Wednesbury, Walsall, and Wolverhampton, there are several makers of rolled tubes for gas, steam, and water. The tubes are made from strip-iron, and the joint is welded by the action of the rolls.

At Wednesbury there are also the large works of the Patent Shaft and Axletree Company, who, as will be supposed from their name, get up shafts, axies, and wheels for railways, and other purposes.

The japanned tray and general varnished sheet-iron trade is chiefly carried on at Bilston and Wolverhampton, where the nearness of one of these factories can readily be detected by the peculiar smell of the varnish used.

All the trades we have yet mentioned have to do with malleable

or wrought iron. We have still to notice the founders, whose works are seen in every town of the district. In these foundries you may be accommodated with almost anything in cast iron: from a boot-sprig to a lamp-post; from a hat-peg to a cannon; from a saucepan to a brewer's boiler; from a door-knocker to a forge hammer; and from an iron bedstead to a bridge girder. You can get fire-grates and kitchen-ranges, palisades and garden seats, umbrella and hat-stands, and the larger articles of forge and mill machinery.

At Walsall, there is a very considerable saddlery and harness trade; there are also several tanneries.

I must now conclude, as I have already exceeded my usual limits. I fear the subject of this paper is not very interesting to little folks. I have done my best, however, to keep from being too dry, and I hope they will get all the information they can from it. In my next "Glance" I will try to be more to their taste.

TOM BROWN.

THE WORDS WE USE: THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING.

CHAPTER V.

VARIOUS SORTS OF WORDS.

FROM what has gone before, you have seen that every time this country has been conquered, a change either small or great has been made in the language. The Romans made the smallest change, the Saxons the greatest. The influence of the Danish invasion was not very great, while that of the Norman was considerable. For about 400 years after the Norman conquest, the English people were exceedingly ignorant. Even wealthy people were seldom able to read and write, but spent their time for the most part either in field sports or war. The poor were scarcely better than slaves. But when at last printing was invented, as it is said to have been by Gutenberg at Mentz about 1440, and was introduced in England by Caxton about 1474, when books and schools began to multiply, when many began to study and search after knowledge, then an immense change took place.

Nearly all those long, hard words which you find so difficult to spell and remember, those of four, five, six and more syllables, are words our early forefathers knew nothing about. They began to be introduced about the time of which we are speaking now. The greater part of these long words are from the Latin, but many we have derived from the Greek. It would be tedious for me to dwell upon these words. When you are older you will be able to understand their history better. Only just let me say, if you have ever the chance of learning Latin, by all means do so, for nothing can assist you so much in understanding the big words in our own tongue.

There are some other words of which something must be said, and which will be more interesting to you at present. You will

remember in the first chapter I compared the crowd of English words to a crowd of people, and it was said, as with the people, so with the words, a few had come from a great distance.

The Arabians, for instance, have given us several words. *Admiral* is one. This word used to mean the ship which carried the commander of a fleet, now it is the title of the commander himself. *Almanack* is another. You cannot make an almanack, unless you have some knowledge of astronomy. The Arabians studied the movements of the heavenly bodies long before the English did, and so they had the first almanacks. Very rude ones some of them were. Not books, but pieces of wood, in which notches were cut to mark the days, &c. The word *alchemist* came from them, and *elixir* as well. The first was the name of a man who professed to be able to turn inferior metals, such as copper and brass, into gold. And the second was the name of a fluid that was used in the process. I need not tell you this has long since been proved to be all nonsense. Yet the words remain. The first in the form of *chemist*, and the second in the same form, but meaning now "a certain sort of medicine." Other words which have come to us from the Arabians are *algebra*, *talisman*, *zero*, and *zenith*. The names of the animals *giraffe* and *gazelle*: of the plant *jasmine*, and of the articles *coffee*, *sugar*, *lemon*, *sherbet*, *syrup*, *sofa*, and *mattress*.

Again, the Persians have given us the words, *paradise*, *caravan*, *scarlet*, *azure*, and *lilac*; and the Turks the words, *scimitar*, *divan*, and *janissary*. Then we have a few Chinese words, such as *gong*, *nankin*; and the names of different sorts of tea, *Congou*, *Hyson*, &c. India, too, has contributed a few. Our word *calico* is said to be taken from *Oalicut*, the name of a place in India where, probably, this particular sort of cotton-cloth was made; *chintz* is another Indian word, the name of a cotton-cloth printed with more than two colours. Both it and *calico* were manufactured in India long before they were in England.

There are two other words we sometimes use, which have come from the Pacific or Polynesian Islands; I mean, *tattoo*, and *taboo*. The first means to stain the body by pricking with some sharp instrument, and then introducing into the skin ink or other colouring matter, which cannot afterwards be removed. Among almost all barbarous people the practice of thus staining parts of the body is common. Our own sailors sometimes do it, and you have seen boys at school foolish enough to disfigure their hands or arms in the same way. To *taboo* among these islanders means, "to forbid the use of anything, or approach to any place;" and when the word is used by English people it means to forbid, or to put down by clamour. Again, a few other words have come from America and the West Indies: *squaw*, *wigwam*, *hammock*, *tobacco*, *potato*, *maize*, and *hurricane*. Though *tobacco* and the *potato* are now so common, neither of them was known in England until

about three hundred years ago. The potato is said to have been first brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh. It is not known by whom tobacco was brought, but it was probably first introduced into Europe by the Spaniards.

To come nearer home again, Italy has given us the words *bandit*, *charlatan*, *pantaloon*, and *gazette*. Let us notice two of these. *Charlatan* is taken from a word which means "to talk loud, and long, to prate." And it now means any one who is accustomed to talk very much about his own cleverness; pretending to do all manner of extraordinary things; a quack. In reference to another of these Italian words it will be of interest to you to know that *gazette* is from *gazetta*, which was the name of a Venetian coin. The first newspaper was published in Italy, and its price was a *gazetta*. Afterwards the newspaper itself was called by the name of the coin which bought it. The first English *gazette* was published at Oxford in the year 1665. Afterwards it was published in London, and has ever since appeared as the official paper under the title of the *London Gazette*.

The words *mosquito*, *negro*, *alligator*, and *gala* are from the Spanish. I must tell you a little about the last two. When the Spaniards went to America and saw the alligator for the first time, they called it "el lagarto," meaning "the lizard." Afterwards, when our English sailors went and saw this strange creature and heard the name the Spaniards had given it, they seem to have put the two Spanish words "el" and "lagarto" together, and so made it *ellagarto*. And now you see the word has got altered still further to *alligator*. The original meaning of *gala* was "a court dress;" the fine robes, &c., that were worn by persons when presented to the king. Afterwards it came to mean any sort of finery or display. And now as used by us it means a holiday; when of course people deck themselves out in the best and gayest clothes they have got.

We have taken the words *palaver*, *cocoa*, *caste*, and *marmalade* from the Portuguese. The first of these is rather a vulgar word, and means that empty, foolish talk in which idle people too frequently indulge. Often it means "flattery."

The Dutch were always very good sailors, and so it is from them that we have obtained the names *yacht*, *schooner*, and *sloop*.

Now let us turn to some other words. There is interest in the names that have been given to some countries. I have already told you about the name of our own country, England or Angles' land. France is another that may be noticed. The Franks were a fierce and warlike German tribe, who took possession of Gaul about the same time as the Saxons did of Britain. When they had made themselves masters of the entire country, they called it, after themselves, *France*, or the land of the Franks. Columbus was doubtless the one who first discovered America. But the name of the continent is taken from Amerigo Vespucci, another great voyager,

who lived about the same time, and to whom the discovery was erroneously attributed.

That part of America called Pennsylvania, received its name from William Penn, one of the earliest settlers in that neighbourhood, and so if you go on you will find many other countries and places the names of which tell you something, sometimes much, of their history.

Many things are called after places at which they were first invented, or from which first they came. The *bayonet* received its name from Bayonne, a town in France; *currants* are called after Corinth; *worsted* takes its name from Worstead, a village near Norwich, where it was first spun. Both *crape* and *copper* have their names from Cyprus, an island in the Mediterranean Sea; *damask* gets its name from Damascus, and so does *damson*, the Damascus plum. The old-fashioned English *guinea* was first issued in 1663, and was so called because it was made of gold brought from Guinea, on the West Coast of Africa; *muslin* is said to be taken from Mousul, a city in Asiatic Turkey; the *cherry* has its name from Cerasus, a city in Pontus; the *peach* has its name from Persia, from which country it came; and *spaniels* come from Spain.

The names that have been given to different parties and sects are well worth studying. We may look at three or four.

The *Lollards* were those who followed the teaching of Wickliffe, the earliest Church reformer in England. Lollard is said to mean "one who prates or sings." And no doubt this name was given to these worthy people because of their zeal in seeking to spread the doctrines they believed to be true. The name *Protestant* was at first confined to those who, along with Luther, *protested* against the decree of Charles V., and the Diet of Spire; and appealed to a General Council. Now the name is not confined to the followers of any particular man, but includes all who are opposed to the assumptions of the Church of Rome. Then, again, we have the *Puritans*, a party who began to separate from the Church of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The name was probably given in derision, because they professed to live by a stricter rule, to maintain a *purser* discipline, than those from whom they came out. It was to them that the name *Dissenters* also was first given, because they objected to, or *dissented* from, many of the practices and teachings of the Established Church.

Another name we may notice is *Quaker*, given to one who is a member of the Society of Friends. The founder of this sect was George Fox, a native of Drayton, in Leicestershire. One day this good man, being brought before a persecuting justice, admonished him to tremble at the word of the Lord. It is said that the justice, in reproach, called him a *Quaker*, "one who trembles." This was the origin of the word. The Friends do not call themselves by this name.

Again, there is the name by which we ourselves are called—*Methodists*. This name was first given to John Wesley and the young men who associated with him at Oxford. It was given by their enemies because of the *methodical* way in which they observed their religious duties. Like Puritan and Quaker, it was first a term of reproach, but it has now become one of honour, and of which it would be well if we were all more worthy.

These are all the names of sects and parties in the Christian Church.

But, to conclude, let us look at the name which includes them all. Of course I mean the name *Christian*. Where, and to whom was the name first given? For an answer you have only to look at the 26th verse of the 11th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. "And the disciples were called *Christians* first in Antioch." It is not known whether these disciples gave the name to themselves, or whether it was given by their enemies. If it was given by the opponents of the Gospel, it would be first used as a term of contempt. And this is not unlikely, because we know that in almost every place the followers of Jesus were despised and persecuted.

Be this as it may, the name is now the most honourable any one can have, and I hope all my readers are seeking to be as worthy of it as were those poor disciples at Antioch to whom it first was given.

J. C. S.

"WILD OATS."

A CHAPTER FOR OUR YOUNG MEN.

WHAT are "Wild Oats?" Well, you may look into any botanical dictionary, either a new or old edition, but you won't find anything under the title "Wild Oats." Botanists don't know the plant. For a description of this "deadly nightshade," and its manner and mode of growth, you must turn to the pages of the great moral dictionary, and there, in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, you will find a description of the seed, fruit, and harvest-time of these "wild oats" given in words so touchingly beautiful, that although they are nearly two thousand years old they have lost none of their pathos, beauty, power, or truth, and they give as true a picture of the life of to-day, as they did of the life of the day when the "Great Teacher," Christ, uttered them.

When we see a young man leading a "fast life," "spending his substance in riotous living," wasting that time which God has given for self-improvement, in evil company; seeking pleasure in the dissipation of the "bar parlour," or the casino; employing all his energies in the service of Satan; burning away the "taper of his life at both ends," then people say of such a one, "Oh! he's only sowing his "wild oats," and by-and-by will settle down all right."

The good old Book says, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." And the "old Book" speaks the truth.

The following cases from real life, every one of them true in every particular, and well known to the writer, are given as samples of what is the "harvest home" of such sowing of the devil's grain as "wild oats:"—

W— S— was a poor orphan boy brought up in the work-house at G—. He was a scholar in my class in one of our own Sunday-schools. When he grew too big, as he thought, to attend Sunday-school, he joined himself with evil companions. His first sowing of "wild oats" was the theft of a cigar; his last the theft of about £20 from a Portuguese steamer, for which, at the age of nineteen, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

H— B—, the only child of wealthy parents, was the pet of his mother, who indulged him in every whim and fancy, particularly in the article of wine; consequently he grew up headstrong, dissipated, and reckless. He was buried at the age of twenty-one, killed by brandy, late hours, and evil company. "The wicked do not live out half their days."

E— S—, a well-educated young man, of great physical strength, standing about six feet two inches high, nephew to one of England's best-known manufacturers, when twenty-one years old became entitled to an income of £120 a year, which he squandered in all manner of vice. I have known him give £10 for a pipe, and sell it the next day for £2. His relatives tried many plans to reform him, all to no purpose, as he declared he cared for nothing but tobacco and beer. He sank lower and lower, till he became a common day-labourer in a large iron-works, and at the age of twenty-five was laid in a drunkard's grave.

A— M—, a young man of very considerable ability, and well educated, when twenty-one years old received from the trustees of his father's will £5,000, and at once began a career of reckless extravagance and vice; in four years the whole of the money was squandered; his only child died, and he had to beg the money wherewith to bury it; his wife refused any longer to live with him; and now, at the age of twenty-five, deserted by all the friends who surrounded and flattered him when money was plentiful, he is reduced to get his living as a common labourer, or by any other means which fall in his way. Truly "the way of transgressors is hard."

H— D—, an orphan, well educated, moving in respectable society, was sent one morning to the post-office for the letters of the firm by which he was employed: one of them, containing a cheque for £100, he stole, to which he forged the signature of the firm, and immediately commenced a season of extreme vice. Of course he was soon captured, the remainder of the money taken from him, himself tried, convicted at the age of nineteen,

and at the earnest request of his employer, received the light term of six months in prison.

C — M —, well educated, and of a respectable family, commenced very early a course of "fast life," which resulted in at least one term of imprisonment, besides several fines by the magistrates for drunken freaks; lower and lower he sank, till it was impossible to reach a lower depth; a few weeks ago, at the age of thirty-eight, he was laid in the grave, a wicked *old* man.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

The above are a few out of many similar cases which I have met with among my acquaintances and former schoolfellows, during the last twenty years. In every one of these cases of sowing "wild oats" the means used were "the pipe," "the casino," and the "drink saloon."

"Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE CIRCUIT, WEST MOOR.—Dear Sir,—It affords me much pleasure to inform you of the great success of our first Band of Hope Review, which took place on Saturday, April 22nd. The meeting was presided over by Roland Lambert, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who gave a very touching account of the evils emanating from the non-abstinence of mothers. Mr. A. Miller also addressed the crowded meeting. During the course of the evening the Sabbath-school children recited appropriate dialogues and poetry, and sang many choice melodies. At the close of the meeting a collection was taken in support of the funds, and several names were added to the list of *total abstainers*. I may also mention that following the suggestion thrown out by the Sheffield Band of Hope Committees; we have established a Clothing Club in connection with our Band of Hope, which has already proved itself to be an excellent undertaking. Hoping our present success will stimulate us to still further exertions, I am, yours respectfully, ADAM MASON, Secretary.

CANAL STREET, TIPRON.—Dear Sir,—Will you kindly insert in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for October, the following account of what has been done by the children of our Sunday-school, at the laying of the memorial stone of our new chapel and school? The stone was laid on Monday, July 31, 1871, by J. G. Brogden, Esq., of Ulverstone, when upwards of £400 was raised. A number of purses were laid on the stone by the Sunday-school children, who were stimulated in their efforts by the noble offer of our esteemed friend Mr. Foster, who promised to add 1s. to all who collected 1s. 6d., making it 2s. 6d.; and 2s. to all collecting 3s., making it 5s. They set to work with a good will, and in a few weeks, with the amount promised added, collected the noble sum of £29 8s. 10d., as follows:—Anne Partridge, 2s. 4d.;

Nathan Jevons, 5s.; Sarah Ann Heeley, 12s. 6d.; Emily Gibbons, 1s.; John Nicklin, 10s.; Mary J. Derricote, 1s. 2d.; Lizzie Bennett, 1s.; Leonard Foster, 17s.; Herbert Hadley, 3s.; Henry James Partridge, 2s. 6d.; David Rogers, 5s. 8d.; Frank Holden, 5s.; Samuel Hemmings, 14s.; Thomas Nicklin, 27s.; George Nicklin, 10s.; Joseph Hinks, 5s.; Elizabeth James, 1s. 1d.; Laura Jevons, 3s.; Mary Jane Hunt, 2s. 6d.; Benjamin Smart, 3s. 6d.; Joseph Fisher, 3s.; Charles Smith, 8s.; Emma Jennings, 10s.; George Walford, 15s.; John Hunt, 1s. 2d.; Walter Williams, 5s.; Phoebe Hopkins, 5s. 7d.; Sarah Ann Jevons, 10s.; Thomas Jevons, 8s.; Mary Sanky, 3s. 2d.; Emma Daffin, 6d.; Lizzie Daffin, 6d.; Rebecca Cartwright, 8s.; Mary Hale, 1s.; Emma Turner, 5s.; James Hollier, 5s.; William Williams, 10s.; Mary Jane Smith, 5s. 6d.; Emma Walford, 19s. 11d.; Benjamin Cliff, 5s.; Joseph Cliff, 16s.; Edward Hemmings, 8s.; Drusilla Hemmings, 8s.; Joseph Williams, 5s.; William Round, 10s.; Reena Bissell, 26s.; Lilly Bissell, 25s.; Milton Dudley, 50s.; Samuel Cooksey, 10s.; Sophia Hessey, 26s.; Sarah Jane Devonport, 7d.; Mary Dorsett, 2s. 6d.; Esther Hinks, 5s.; William Jevons, 5s.; Edwin Hinks, 5s.; Thomas Round, 5s.; Eliza Payne, 3s. 3d.; Charles Williams, 2s. 6d.; Mary Cartwright, 11d.; Zilla Smith, 1s.; Clara Davis, 5s. 6d.; Ruth Jennings, 5s.; John Lakin, 5s.; Mary Jennings, 5s.; Emma Jevons, 5s.; Emily Bate, 2s. 6d.; Emma Jukes, 5s. 3d.; Alice Bunch, 5s.; Polly Lakin, 10s.; John Millington, 5s.; Anne Foster, 5s.; William Foster, 16s.; Louisa Payne, 5s.; Miss Turner, 7s. 6d.; Sarah Round, 10s.; Miss Bowkett, 3s. 9d.; Sarah Ellen Bunch, 5s.; Polly Hale, 1s. 6d. Making the total sum, as stated above, of £29 8s. 10d., which is considered very good; and that the Giver of all good may still smile upon us in our great and glorious work, is the wish of every heart. JOSEPH EVANS.

HUDDERSFIELD.—HIGH STREET JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—

On Monday, February 20, the annual sale in connection with our efforts was held in the schoolroom, when a splendid display of useful and ornamental articles were offered for sale, contributed by the supporters of our cause, many of whom had for some months met at the Weekly Sewing Meetings, under the superintendence of Miss Hella-well, Miss Southworth, Miss Ramsden. A refreshment was also provided. The sale commenced at one o'clock, and continued throughout that and the following day (Shrove Tuesday), when all had been disposed off. The net proceeds of the sale amounted to the noble sum of £66 11s. On Shrove Tuesday, tea was provided by the young men, of which a goodly number partook, which realized £6 0s. 11d. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, when there was a large attendance. Mr. Godfrey Sykes occupied the chair, the Secretary read the report, which gave the results of the endeavours of the committee, and of the present financial state of the society. It also acknowledged the help given by the ladies at the sewing meetings, especially Miss Southworth, Miss Hella-well, and Miss Ramsden, who kindly volunteered and took the management in such an able manner. Addresses were given by the Chairman, the Rev. W. B. Hodge (from China), who gave a stirring and spirited address on the China Mission field; Rev. S. S. Rushworth, Rev. J. W. Williams, Rev. W. G. White, Mr. A. Lockwood, and other friends. The choir was in attend-

ance, and gave a choice selection of sacred music. The net proceeds from all sources amounts to the sum of £85 3s. 9d., which the committee think very encouraging, considering the obstacles with which it has had to contend.

Biography.

JABEZ FORD READE.

JABEZ FORD READE, the subject of this memoir, was the youngest son of James and Mary Reade, of Snelson, Cheshire, in the Macclesfield Circuit, who was born June 12th, 1861, and died August 1st, 1869. He was publicly dedicated in baptism by the Rev. E. Jones, of Macclesfield, in the Methodist Chapel at Snelson, July 9th of the same year, and according to the register of the Sunday-school was admitted a scholar in August, 1864. At his death he had been a regular scholar for five years. He always evinced a growing love for the school, and would cheerfully give up pleasure rather than be late or absent from it. He went to the Sunday-school from three years of age and took great delight in attending, and never wished to stay at home; he always went willingly and cheerfully. These seminaries of the young are useful, no matter whether their situation be in the city or the great manufacturing towns, or the quiet village. His whole short life was one continual act of kindness; seldom had we occasion to correct or punish him, and often one intelligent glance of the eye was sufficient to call him back, and there is reason to believe that had his life been spared he would have become useful. The affliction which removed this hopeful early flower to the paradise of God, was the scar-

latina, which was then prevailing in the neighbourhood, and from which his sister had just been restored from the brink of the grave. Medical help was sought, but no fears at first entertained of his recovery; but all hope of getting better was soon at an end, it seemed to be the heavenly Father's will to take him home, and with calm serenity of mind and lamb-like patience with which he seemed to suffer, he never was heard to murmur or complain, he was resigned, patient, peaceful, and happy, and he had a smile for all who went to see him. Often he fixed his eyes on the top of the room, as if some heavenly visitor beckoned him away. Once he said to me, while sitting with him, "Don't you hear the music, father?" I said to him, "You will soon be able to strike your harp and sing with them in that happier home, where there will be no more pain." During his affliction he gave abundant testimony of the gracious work which had been progressing; his thoughts were occupied with anticipations of heaven, and a desire to depart and be with Jesus in white, and he hoped to see father and mother, his two brothers, and sister, and many others all in heaven. He named an old happy soul that had just entered the port before him, who died the day before—one of our near neighbours—at the matured age

of eighty. And now he requested his sister to carry his last dying message to his teacher at the Sunday-school, to take all the tickets back that had been given to him for good attendance, for he said, "I shall not go any more." He was fully aware that he should soon bid adieu to all in this world, and it was evident to all who saw him that this frail flower was not long to bloom on earth; but it was pleasant for myself and others to see this meek sufferer in perfect peace, calmly and with a pleasant smile talking of going to heaven and seeing Jesus in glory. All was calm and serene within and bright beyond.

"Treading the path to nobler ends,
Farewell, he says, farewell."

The last day and the last Sabbath came, part of which he was to spend on earth and part in heaven. After tossing and battling with the great enemy all Saturday night, he seemed to be fast approaching and nearing the end of his earthly journey. He was partly here and partly elsewhere. He could hear the children of the Sunday-school treading past; and some of them called in to see him for the last time in this world, and in tears bade him farewell. Death was just about to seize him as his prisoner. The superintendent and a teacher of the school called to see him, and asked him if he recollected that beautiful hymn he used to sing at the school—namely,

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand."

The answer being yes, he then said to him. "You will soon be one of that holy happy band." He said, "We are going to school but we will not forget you there;" and when he

came out again he was still in the body, and most earnestly did his teacher implore and beseech the Lord to bless and save him, and commended his spirit to the Saviour's love.

He said, "If I die I shall live again;" I, as soon as I could speak to him, said yes. I then told him he was near home, and that I and mother would meet him there. He said yes, but with such a smile I shall not soon forget. "It is now near noon of the day," he said, "lay me down and let me die," and tried to open his eyes and said, "see, father, I cannot open them any more;" and though his face was pale, sunk, and hollow, there was the peace of God abiding on it.

Supported in the arms of his sorrowing father, and weeping mother and sister by his side, and kind friends watching him, he kept gently lifting up his head, and I told him again he would soon be at home with Jesus. Pulse after pulse became weaker, his breath seemed to stop, the angel of death drew near, the summons came, the last agonizing flame expired, his breath ceased, and his holy and happy spirit entered upon an eternity of bliss.

The ending of his days was like the setting of the sun in a cloudless sky. He fell asleep in Jesus about noon of the earthly Sabbath, and was received by his heavenly Father to spend the Sabbath out in a Sabbath that shall never end, in a happier home, chanting the angels' song around the throne of God—

"Gone from earth in youthful sweetness,
Gone to Jesus—gone before;
Now thy beauty, in completeness,
Blooms on heaven's unfading shore."

The cold and lifeless corpse lies now to move no more; his eyes

are closed in death; this youthful bud is now wrapped in grave-clothes and deposited in the coffin; and to look upon the cold countenance, which so often had greeted us with smiles and love, and now, as he lay, there might still be seen a pleasant smile on his countenance.

Farewell, my child, till the morning of that eternal day, when we shall have intercourse again. Thou art now a star shining in glory, with holy angels—

"Short was the little stranger's stay,
He came but as a guest;
He tasted life, then fled away
To his eternal rest."

His funeral took place on Wednesday, August 2, when his mortal remains were carried to the grave. He was interred in the family's burying-ground at Over Peover Church, Cheshire, and a hymn sung over him, and prayer offered before leaving the house.

His death was improved in Snelson Chapel on Sunday, Aug. 14, in an appropriate, practical, and scriptural sermon from 2 Sam. xii. 23:—"But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

It is hoped serious and lasting impressions were made on the youthful minds then present. Shall we murmur and repine at this unexpected dispensation of Providence in this amiable child? God forbid! our loss is his eternal gain, his short stay has bequeathed a bright example, and he will continue to live in the hearts and affections of many of his kindred and friends. No matter how beautiful the flower, when the Creator sees good to call his creatures home it is the duty

of Christians to say, "Thy will be done." The Lord enable us to kiss the rod that has smitten, and though the blow of death descended like a thunderbolt, and removed a father's pride and mother's joy, yet we will say, "Thy will be done."

There is much in this bereavement to soothe and comfort, and while we sorrow it is not without hope. He is now associated with a nobler circle even, an innumerable company of angels, chanting with the angelic host, beyond the reach of temptation and sin. His sweet voice and smiling countenance we can see no more till we meet him in that happier home.

J. READE.

Snelson.

MARY WARDLE.

MARY WARDLE, of Macclesfield, was born February the 6th, 1855. She was the child of parents devotedly attached to our Park Street Chapel, and was the favourite of a large circle of acquaintances. At a very early age she became a scholar in our Lord Street School, and there evinced great attention to her teacher's counsel. She had a liking for many books; but those she read with greatest avidity were our Juvenile Hymn Book, our Juvenile Magazine, and, best of all, the Bible. For her years she had a mind unusually well stored, so that she could repeat at length hymns and passages of Scripture with remarkable facility.

She was taken ill on Tuesday, the 5th of July, 1870, and on the following Sunday was detained, very much against her will, from attending her class at the Sunday-school, and her position as a mem-

ber of our Park Street Chapel choir. After a day or two of painful suspense, her parents found that fever had seized her youthful frame. Medical skill, combined with good nursing, were at once vigorously applied, but all was in vain. The Great Husbandman saw in her a choice flower, which He was pleased to transplant from earth to the paradise above. After a period of about seventeen days' illness, in her fifteenth year, "Polly," as she was lovingly designated by the family, departed this life, "to be with Christ, which is far better."

During her brief illness she gave expression to words which indicated a more than ordinary intellect, and at the same time evincing a rich religious experience, thus showing her meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. On being visited by the superintendent of the Sunday-school, Mr. James Jackson, together with some of the teachers, she told them that she had no desire to stay in this world, and afterwards quoted the hymn beginning with the words, "I would be like an angel." On seeing her father enter the room she requested him to pray that the Lord would soon make her one of his angels, and then with great clearness she sang—

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

She often reminded her brothers and sisters that **THEY** were not too young to die. On seeing them and her parents weeping, she said, "You must not cry, but sing." One day, when asked by the doctor how she was, she replied, Oh, sir, "I am going to heaven; my feet are in the river now." The

quietly did she repeat the 23rd Psalm, and such hymns as commence thus: "Jesus, lover of my soul;" "Rock of ages cleft for me;" "Just as I am, without one plea;" "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear;" "I lay my sins on Jesus;" "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath." To some inquiries which her anxious father proposed respecting her spiritual condition, she answered, with emphasis, "Jesus is my Saviour; his blood atoned for me." When asked by Mr. Jackson, during one of his visits—which to her were always welcome—whether she would like to go to the school again, where they had spent many happy Sabbaths, she said, "Yes, sir; if it was the Lord's will; he knows best what to do with us." Again and again did "Polly" assure her mother of her affection for her, and yet earnestly besought her to give her up and let her go to heaven. After taking a draught of water, on one occasion, she said to her father, "Father, Christ drank water, you know, and once made it into wine. I shall soon be drinking the water of life; I shall soon be quenching my thirst in those living streams above; that will be grand, won't it!" When very feeble, she asked her brother to hold the Bible for her to read, saying, "If I get better I will read it many times more than I have done." As the hour of nature's dissolution drew near, her thoughts became more and more set on heaven. She requested her father to sing the hymn beginning—

"Come, sing to me of heaven
When I'm about to die."

After listening to the hymn she said, "There will be no sorrow there, father. I shall look for you, father. You have been a

Good father to me; but God can do better for me, than any one in this world. You must all meet me in heaven. Tell our George (a brother living in Normanton), if he could not see me alive here, he must meet me in heaven." And a few hours before Death did his work on her body she repeated with great calmness the well-known hymn commencing with the following verse:—

"What is this that steals upon my frame;
Is it death?
Which soon will quench the vital flame;
Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every sin and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see!
All is well!" &c.

Thus spake this youthful Christian while within the grasp of that foe which has terrified the stoutest men. But she loved Jesus, and Jesus loved her. Herein lay the grand secret. God grant that every boy and girl who reads this memoir, may meet with dear Mary Wardle and the thousands of children around the throne of God in heaven!

JOHN THOMAS REED.

JOHN THOMAS REED was born in the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 28th of October, 1861. He was a quiet, peaceful little fellow all his life; happy among his companions; entering into the sports of childhood with the usual zest and heartiness; and, what is not usual, coming out of them, leaving his play and companions of an evening without being followed by the too frequent complaint of having molested somebody in the street, or quarrelled with and struck some lesser boy. His mother says he was never complained of. In his sixth year, on the 24th of February, 1867, he

joined Salem Sabbath-school, and continued a scholar till the day of his death.

At school he was a quiet and apparently thoughtful boy; he could the most readily of his class understand his teacher's remarks and answer his questions, by which he gained a greater share of his teacher's attention; and this remark of his teacher is borne out by a chubby little class-mate of his whom I asked. He said he was a very quiet boy, and he answered questions "before any of the other boys in the class."

Such was his character as it presented itself to those around him.

On the day of the school anniversary services, an important day in our school history, he was taken ill, and in a few days his illness showed dangerous symptoms and became serious, as typhus fever had set in. This fatal malady prostrated his little body and deprived him of speech for some time, and then relaxing a little, hope revived in the bosom of his family—a hope which was transitory, for the disease returned with great force, and all hope for his life was gone. He was conscious of his position, and, as in many cases of early death, as if the fell destroyer hurried to complete the man, the sufferer becomes mature and sage-like in his remarks, and death, a strange subject for a boy to speak of, had no terrors for him; and though he had his bat and ball, his playthings and companions, his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, yet now before them all he preferred Jesus; he wished to be in heaven.

He asked his sister to sing "Across the River," one of our anniversary hymns:—

"Tis just across the river,
The narrow, narrow river;
'Tis just across the river,
Upon the other shore;
And there upon the other shore,
We hope to meet to part no more,
And dwell with God for ever,
And dwell with God for ever."

And as soon as she had done singing he began and sang it himself. Shortly before he died, in the presence of his weeping mother, while in the throes of death, it is impossible to say what were the emotions of his soul, though we

might imagine his Saviour's presence; and as if he sought help and to be released from the pains of death, he exclaimed "Now! now! now!" and he died, on the 9th August, 1871.

"The little graves! the little graves!
In all the churchyard ground,
There's scarce a single tree but waves
Over some little mound!"

R. PENWICK, Supt.

Newcastle-on-Tyne,
Sept. 8th, 1871.

Our Children's Portion.

FINISHED AND FOLDED UP.

"THERE, that is finished and folded up, and I am heartily glad," said Bertha, as she took off her little silver thimble and laid on the table a pretty blue muslin dress, on which she had been busy for several days.

"Is it well done, too?" asked practical Aunt Mabel.

"Pretty well done for me, auntie; mother says I improve in dress-making."

"That is encouraging. Now, Bertha, do you know that something else of yours is also finished and folded up this evening?"

"What else can it be, Aunt Mabel? This is the only piece of work I have had about this week, unless it is that tidy. I do not expect to see the end of that these six weeks."

"Still, you have finished and folded up something far more important than your tidy or your dress even. Something that will not be unfolded for ages perhaps; and yet you will surely see it again with every line and fold. Your day's record is done, and gone from your keeping. You may

re-model the dress if it does not please you, but you cannot change one jot or tittle of the day's record."

Aunt Mabel had the fashion of dropping these seed-thoughts, which often grew into strong, vigorous plants in young hearts.

"What has the record been?" asked Bertha of her own heart, as she thoughtfully laid away the blue muslin. As little by little she tried to go over the hours, there was much she would gladly have changed if she could.

"I wish I had spoken pleasantly to Ned, when he wished me to help him with his flag. It would only have taken me a minute or two; and he was first sad and then vexed at my crossness. It is too bad I left mother to do all her baking alone, and did not even prepare the cherries for her, in my haste to finish my dress." A sight of a little Bible, whose clasp had been closed all day, suggested still more reproachful thoughts.

"No wonder I have such a poor record, when I began it in too much haste for prayer, or reading a

verse even." The day's work did not look satisfactory from this stand-point, and she sighed as she felt it was all folded up.

It is well for us all thus to review the swift-footed days, and to strive to have folded up in every one some deed of love, and kindness, and great watchfulness against sin, joined with constant prayer for God's help. So shall we be able at last to meet the record without fear and confusion of face.—*Child's World*.

WHAT IS WHISKEY BRINGING?
"WHAT is whiskey bringing?" asked a dealer in this article one day. He meant to ask how much it is selling for.

A gentleman who heard the question took it in a different sense from that.

"What is whiskey bringing, do you ask? I'll tell you. It is bringing men to prison, and to the gallows, and it is bringing women and children to poverty and want."

There never was a truer answer than that.

It is estimated that one hundred thousand men and

women are sent to prison every year.

Twenty thousand children are sent to the poor-house.

Three hundred murders are caused by intemperance every year.

Two hundred thousand children are made orphans every year by this dreaded evil, and sixty-five thousand are killed by intemperance every year in this country.

When intemperance kills men, it destroys the soul as well as the body. The Bible tells us that "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God" (1 Cor. vi. 10). Suppose that you and I could stand at some place where we could see this army of sixty-five thousand drunkards go, reeling down to death. We watch them as they pass. With their wretched, bloated faces, we see them stagger on, and drop into the grave. And suppose, at the same time, we could see their souls plunging into that dreadful place to which God tells us drunkards must go; how terrible it would be! Do you think that after seeing such a sight we should ever be willing to drink, or to learn to drink?

Poetry.

MORALIZING.

How soft is the sound of the river,
Stealing down through the green piny
dale,

Where the sunbeams of eventide quiver
Through the scarce stirring foliage, and
ever

The cooing dove plains out its tale;
And the blackbird melodiously sings
An anthem, reminding of innocent things.
Blue evening comes onward, and scatters

The fires in the western serene;
And the shadows of Lebanon's daughters,
Darkly imaged, outspread on the waters,

Festoon'd with their branches of green;
The clouds journey past, and below
Are reflected, in brightness, their mar-
gins of snow.

Oh, sweet is the vision that loses
Present cares in the glow of the past!
As the light of reflection reposes:
On youth, with its blossoming roses,
And sunshine too lovely to last.
Sweet dreams! that have sparkled and
gone,
Like torrents of blue over ledges of
stone!

But why should break forth our re-
pining,

Over what we have loved or have lost?
Whether fortune be shaded or shining,
Our destiny bright or declining,

Our visions accomplished or crost.—
'Tis ours to be calm and resigned,
Faith's star beaming clear on the night
of the mind.



THE CAUBRON RAPIDS, OTTAWA.

Our Special Contributors.

WHAT I SAW IN CANADA.—XI.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE FARMING INTEREST OF CANADA.

THE official census taken in January, 1861, furnishes reliable data for arriving at the agricultural condition of the country; and an official Report from the Bureau of Agriculture, issued in 1863, provides estimates of two years' later date. From these returns it appears that the number of persons in actual occupation of land in Upper Canada (now the Province of Ontario), in 1860, was not less than 131,983, and in lower Canada (now the Province of Quebec), 105,671. The quantity of land held was as follows:—

Persons holding in

	U. Canada.	L. Canada.
10 acres and under	4,424	6,822
10 acres to 20	2,675	3,186
20 acres to 50	26,630	20,074
50 acres to 100	64,891	44,041
100 acres to 200	28,336	24,739
Above 200 acres	5,027	6,809
Total occupiers ■	131,983	105,671

It thus appears that there were, nine years ago, no fewer than 237,654 persons in Canada who cultivate their own land; and if the army of farm servants, choppers, carpenters, blacksmiths, wagon-makers, harness-makers, &c., directly employed on farm work, be added, it will be seen at once how vast a proportion of the half-million of male adults in Canada are directly employed in the cultivation of the soil.

Then as to the capital employed. The estimated cash value of the farms and farming implements was in January, 1861, as follows:—

In Upper Canada	306,442,662 dols.
In Lower Canada	178,870,271 „
Total value	485,312,933 „

And this enormous sum does not include the live stock and crops on hand. The last census showed the live stock to have been then as follows:—

	U. Canada.	L. Canada.
Milch cows, number of head	451,640	328,370
Oxen and steers	99,605	200,991
Young cattle	464,083	287,611
Horses of all kinds	377,681	248,515
Sheep	1,170,225	682,829
Pigs	776,001	286,400

At present prices these cannot be valued at much under 100,000,000 dols.; and the amazing rapidity with which the live stock of the country is increasing in number and value can readily be seen, by a comparison of the census returns of 1851 and 1861.

But perhaps a more satisfactory idea of the agricultural industry of the Province can be gained from a statement of the annual product of our farms. In the year 1860 the crop was as follows:—

	U. Canada.	L. Canada.	Total.
Wheat, bushels	24,620,425	2,654,354	27,274,779
Barley, do.	2,821,962	2,281,674	5,103,636
Rye, do.	973,181	844,192	1,817,373
Peas, do.	9,601,396	2,648,777	12,250,173
Oats, do.	21,320,874	17,551,296	38,772,170
Buckwheat, do.	1,284,637	1,250,025	2,534,662
Indian corn, do.	2,256,290	344,861	2,591,151
Potatoes, do.	15,325,920	12,770,471	28,096,391
Turnips, do.	18,306,949	892,484	19,099,393
Man. wurz., do.	546,971	207,256	754,227
Carrots, do.	1,905,598	293,067	2,198,665
Beans, do.	49,148	21,394	70,527
Clover and Timothy seed, bushels	61,818	38,954	95,772
Hay, tons	851,844	689,977	1,551,821
Hops, tons	247,052	53,387	300,439
Maple sugar, lbs.	6,970,605	9,325,147	16,295,752
Cider, gallons	1,567,831	21,011	1,588,842
Wool, lbs.	3,659,766	1,967,388	5,627,154
Butter, lbs.	23,823,264	15,906,949	42,735,213
Cheese, lbs.	2,487,172	686,297	3,373,469
Flax and hemp, lbs.	1,225,934	975,827	2,201,761
Tobacco	777,426		

The total value of these products of the farm in 1860 was close upon 100 millions of dollars! And if we add the increase made since that year on the live stock, the improvements made on old farms, and the new lands brought into cultivation, a pretty good estimate may be formed of the highly satisfactory condition of the farming interests in Canada.

And then the work is but begun. The total number of acres that had passed from the Government into private hands in 1861 was:—

In Upper Canada	13,354,997
In Lower Canada	10,375,418
Total acres sold	23,730,325

Of this there are in cultivation, acres:—

In Upper Canada	6,051,619
In Lower Canada	4,804,235
Leaving yet wild	10,855,854

Not one-half of the land already in private hands, therefore, is yet cultivated, to say nothing of the many millions of acres of wild lands still undisposed of by Government. The war on the wilderness has but begun, and assuredly the prospects before agri-

culturists are encouraging enough, and the field of exertion wide enough to stimulate the best and most ambitious to active and persevering exertion for the advancement of this greatest interest of the country.

STATE OF NEW YORK AND ONTARIO.

There is no part of this continent superior to Ontario as an agricultural country. This is abundantly borne out by statistics. These prove not only our Western lands to be unexcelled in fertility, but that our system of husbandry is of the most satisfactory kind. We have no later Canadian statistics than those of the census of 1861, but even these—and we have made great progress since that time—compare favourably with any of the adjoining American States. Take New York for example. That State is regarded as one of the best agricultural districts in the Union, and as regards climate occupies pretty much the same position as the Western Provinces. Its latest agricultural statistics are for the year 1864—three years after ours were taken—and yet in many particulars we completely take the lead. The following are the principal agricultural returns of each country—those of Ontario, it should be remembered, being for the year 1861, and those of New York for 1864:—

	Ontario.	New York.
Population	1,396,091	4,554,204
Acres of improved lands	6,051,619	14,828,216
Acres unimproved	7,303,288	10,412,534
Cash value of farms	\$295,162,315	\$923,881,381
Value of implements	\$11,280,347	\$21,184,324
Acres fall wheat	434,729	406,591
Bushels do.	7,537,651	5,432,282
Acres spring wheat	951,634	104,996
Bushels do.	17,082,774	
Acres barley	118,940	189,035
Bushels do.	2,821,962	3,075,170
Acres rye	70,376	233,219
Bushels do.	973,181	2,575,438
Acres peas	460,595	46,461
Bushels do.	9,601,396	580,827
Acres oats	678,337	1,109,565
Bushels do.	21,220,874	19,052,833
Acres corn	79,918	632,235
Bushels do.	2,256,290	17,983,888
Acres potatoes	137,266	235,073
Bushels do.	15,325,920	23,237,762
Acres turnips	73,409	8,124
Bushels do.	18,206,950	1,282,388

The contrast between New York State and Ontario, as afforded by these statistics, is very favourable to us. With far less population, less improved land, and less value of implements, our farmers turn out far more fall wheat, spring wheat, peas, oats, turnips, &c. Of Indian corn, rye, and potatoes, the New Yorkers naturally take the lead, and they are also set down as doing so in barley in the above table. But the barley crop has had an immense increase in Ontario since 1861, and we have little doubt that our next census

will show that we now raise more barley than New York does. As to quality, it is freely admitted by the Americans themselves that we raise the best barley to be had on the continent. The higher price paid for our barley fully attests this fact.

One of the most gratifying features of the above comparison, is the fact that our lands yield more per acre than those of New York State. Of fall wheat, New York sowed within some 28,000 acres of the breadth sown in Ontario, but we reaped over 2,000,000 bushels more than they did. The average quantity of oats raised by us in 1861 was fully more than 31 bushels per acre—but New York only averaged 17 bushels per acre! As will be seen by reference to the table, New York reaped 19,052,853 bushels of oats from 1,109,565 acres sown, whilst our Western farmers, from 678,337 acres, took off no less than 21,220,874 bushels! This fact of itself speaks volumes for the fertility of Canadian soil. The small quantity of turnips raised in New York appears singular—our returns being 18,206,950 bushels as against 1,282,388. Taking the returns all in all, they indicate pretty clearly that our farmers have nothing to envy in the Empire State, and that either as regards excellent soil or good farming, we can compare favourably with our neighbours.

RELIGION.

The settler will find all the different forms of religion in Ontario that exist in Great Britain. The following are the numbers of the religious denominations, according to the census of 1861, given in the order of number:—

Church of England	311,565
Presbyterians	303,384
Roman Catholics	258,141
Wesleyan Methodists	218,427
Other Methodists	123,125
Baptists	61,559
Lutherans	24,299
Congregationalists	9,357
Miscellaneous creeds	60,718
Of no religion	17,373
No creed stated	8,123

Total 1,396,091

It will be seen that not one of the different denominations is so numerous as to give it undue preponderance relatively to the whole population. After a long-continued agitation on the subject, the union between Church and State was severed many years ago, so that there is now no Established Church which is taken under the especial protection and patronage of the Government. The result is that there is perfect religious equality in the eye of the law.

TAXATION.

The Dominion revenue is raised altogether by indirect taxation. The annual expenditure amounts to about 15,000,000 dols., equal

to 3.75 dols. per head. In the United States the Federal tax amounts to about 16.45 dols. in gold per head. Besides this, there is the State tax, which each State collects for State purposes. In New York State this amounts to about 1.60 dols. a head; adding this to the Federal tax, the sum is 18.05 dols., which is the annual burden per head of the population of that State.

In Ontario there is no taxation answering to the State taxation, the Provincial expenditure being far more than covered by the share of the Dominion tax, which the Dominion hands over to each Province. There is in the United States a municipal tax besides the Federal and State taxes, which is probably about equal in amount to the municipal tax of Ontario.

The above figures of 3.65 dols. per head and 81.05 per head will very nearly represent the difference between Ontario and New York State in regard to the weight of taxation.

With respect to public debt, that of Canada is 23.50 dols. per head, that of the United States is 80.18 dols., showing a state of things much in favour of the former country.

THE PUBLIC PRESS.

This great power has been developed to an extent which is unknown in Great Britain: every town has its weekly or daily newspaper, which brings the latest news from all parts of the world within reach of all the inhabitants. The total number of papers published in the Province is about 180, of which fifteen are daily, the rest weekly or bi-weekly.

WAGES.

Farm indoor servants, who are generally treated as members of the family, receive from 10 dols. to 14 dols. a month, by the year. Farm servants with wives can obtain employment with board, in the house, at from 12 dols. to 18 dols. a month, provided the wife is willing to assist in the general female work of the farm. Sometimes farmers give to married servants a cottage and garden, with fuel, and grass for a cow, on the premises. In such cases, the usual wages are from £50 to £60 a year.

Female servants receive from 4 dols. to 6 dols. a month, by the year. In country places, wages are somewhat lower. The demand is constant for both these classes throughout the Province, and superior servants will sometimes get higher wages than the largest amounts above stated.

Labourers receive from 75 c. to 1 dol. 25 c. a day, with board. During harvest wages have often risen to 1 dol. 50 c. and 2 dols. a day with board. Boys twelve years of age and upwards readily get employment at proportionate wages. During three or four months of winter, farm work becomes scarcer, and wages consequently lower, and in extreme weather but little can be done out of doors, except chopping, and preparing rails for fencing, &c.

But people who are apt and ready usually find something advantageous to do within doors.

For professional gardeners there is but little demand; but an emigrant possessing a practical knowledge of gardening, in addition to that of farm work, will generally find such an acquisition advantageous.

Mechanics.

Carpenters in towns get from 1 dol. 50 c. to 2 dols. 25 c. per day; bricklayers, plasterers, and stonemasons, from 1 dol. 75 c. to 3 dols.; painters and plumbers, 1 dol. 50 c. to 2 dols. 25 c.; tinsmiths, 1 dol. 25 c. to 1 dol. 50 c.; blacksmiths, 1 dol. 25 c. to 2 dols.; wheelwrights, 1 dol. to 75 c. Tailors can earn from 1 dol. 50 c. to 2 dols., and shoemakers nearly the same.

There is usually more or less work going on in the building trade during the winter, except in extreme weather, when out of door operations are partially suspended.

COST OF LIVING.

The cost of living in Ontario for ordinary mechanics and agricultural labourers, when quantity and quality of food are considered, is cheaper than it is for the same classes in the old country.

Rents.—Cottages and small houses in cities and towns, suitable for single families, from 4 dols. to 8 dols. a month, including taxes. Facilities are frequently available to workmen enabling them to purchase a building lot, and erect a cottage, to be paid for by easy instalments, thus ultimately procuring for themselves the freehold. In the country, rents are much lower than in towns, and workmen have often the advantage of a garden, the keep of a cow, pigs, and poultry.

Flour, per barrel (200 lbs.), 5 dols. to 6 dols.

Butcher's meat, from 5 dols. to 7 dols. per 100 lbs.

Both flour and meat have fluctuated considerably in price of late years.

Cheese, 12 to 16 cents per lb.; butter, 15 to 25 cents per lb.; tea, 60 cents to 1 dol.; coffee, 25 to 40 cents.; sugar, 8 to 13 cents. In the country, people sometimes make enough sugar from the maple tree of the forest for their own consumption, and occasionally have a surplus for sale.

Poultry are generally plentiful and cheap. Geese, 30 to 50 cents; turkeys, 50 to 75 cents; ducks and chickens in proportion. Turkeys are common, the climate being naturally adapted to them.

Potatoes and ordinary vegetables are usually procured at moderate prices. Working people living in the country commonly raise sufficient of the before-mentioned articles to supply their own domestic wants.

Fruits.—Apples, pears, plums, &c., are commonly produced in

most of the well-settled portions of the province, in quantities sufficient to meet the demand, at moderate prices. In the south-western parts the choicest varieties of the principal fruits are raised, including grapes, and sometimes peaches, in the open air. The cultivation of the grape has been of late years constantly extending, and the manufacture of wine is beginning to assume some importance.

Clothing, strong and well suited to the climate, made from cloth manufactured in the province, can be obtained at reasonable rates. A man's winter suit, including the making, from 14 dols. to 20 dols. Summer clothing lower. Hats and caps but a little dearer than in England. Shoes much the same; good stout men's boots, from 3 dols. to 4 dols. a pair. Calico and the finer descriptions of woollen goods, being generally imported, are consequently dearer than in England.

THE WORDS WE USE: THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING.

CHAPTER VI.

CHANGES IN THE SPELLING AND MEANING OF WORDS.

I COME now to tell you a little about the changes which are always taking place in the words we use. And first about *changes in spelling*, which are the cause too of changes in sound. If it were possible for us to call to life one of our early Saxon ancestors we should find, on trying to converse with him, that we could scarcely understand one another. Our talk would sound to him almost like that of foreigners, while his would also be just as strange to us. Why? Well, partly because we should use many words which he had never heard: words which have been introduced into our language since his time. But also because even when we used the old Saxon words he had used, we should pronounce them differently. As an instance, take our word "home." You have already been told that this word was once *ham*. Here, you see, both the spelling and the sound of the word are partly altered. And it is the same with almost every word which for a long time has been a part of our language. The alteration in the word mentioned above is only slight, when compared with that which has taken place in many others.

But that my readers may see for themselves the changes which are always going on in our speech, we will give a passage from the New Testament written in the English language, but at three different times. The first is the old Anglo-Saxon written as the translation of the New Testament words, about 1,000 years ago. The second is from the translation of Wychiffe, A.D. 1380—that is nearly 500 years ago. The third is taken from the translation of Tyndale, A.D. 1526, or about 300 years since. The passage, you will see, is from Matthew vii. 27.

<i>Anglo-Saxon.</i>	<i>Wycliffe.</i>	<i>Tyndale.</i>
"Tharindehyt and thaer com flood, and blewon wind-as on thaet hus: and thaet hus feoll, and hys hryre was mysel."	"And rain come down and floodis camen and windis blewon and thei hurliden in to that house: and it felle down, and the fallyng down thereof was grete."	"And abundance of rayne descended, and the fluddes came, and the wyndes blew, and beet upon that housse, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

The Anglo-Saxon reads thus: "Then rained it, and there came flood, and blew winds, and rushed on that house, and that house fell, and its rush was great."*

A glance at the above will show you at once the nature of the change which is gradually taking place in the form of our words. But to give you just another instance, take our little word "it." You would not think there were many ways of spelling this word, would you? And yet in old books it is found spelt in half a dozen different ways: namely—*hit, hytte, itt, hyt, hite, itte*! If you ask how these changes come about, neither I nor any one else can really tell you. Little differences creep in unawares, and for the most part we only find them out after they have become established: But perhaps you ask, if people spelt these words differently in former times, why cannot we do so now? Why cannot we throw our spelling books away, and write our words just as we please? Because every age has its own rule of spelling, and of pronouncing too; so that what was proper once may not be so now. If you wish you can both write and speak your words in the old-fashioned manner, but then you break *the law of custom*, and make yourself appear both singular and ignorant. You have heard how people who live in the country often speak: how rough and curious is their talk! There is no doubt that most of the words they use, and which now sound so broad and rude, were hundreds of years ago spoken in the same way by the best and most correct speakers. Only, you see, custom has altered. You would not think of dressing in the odd style of those people whose pictures you see in your English histories, and no more must you think of writing or speaking like them.

And now about change in the *meaning* of words. Perhaps it seems strange to you that a word should not mean the same now that it has ever done, and yet such is the fact in the case of many. Let us look first at some Scripture words. The language in which the Old Testament was first written was Hebrew, and that of the New Testament Greek. The Bible we now use is a translation which was completed A.D. 1611. That is 260 years ago. Since then many of the words employed in translating the Scriptures into English have become more or less altered in meaning. Take the word "cunning" (Psalm cxxvii. 5). This word has mostly an unfavourable meaning attached to it now. We use it to express "slyness" or "deceit." But when our translators used it, it

* Angus' Handbook of the English Tongue, p. 56.

meant "art," "skill," or "cleverness." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her *skill*."

There is another word in this passage we may notice, though it presents not a change of meaning but of form. We should now say not "*her* cunning," but "*its* cunning." Two hundred years ago, however, they always spoke of a thing as if it were either male or female, and so in a sentence like this one always used the word *his* or *her*. You will find it so all through the Bible. Our present word "*its*" does not occur once.

Turning to the New Testament, let us notice the phrase "*by and by*." "Give me *by and by* in a charger the head of John the Baptist" (Mark vi. 25). When Herod's niece asks to have this shameful gift *by and by*, she does not mean after a time, on some future day, but on the contrary she means *as soon as possible*. Such was the meaning of the phrase when our Bible was translated. And when our Lord says, "But the end is not *by and by*" (Luke xxi. 9), his words really mean *not just now*.

Let us go a little further. One day the men who collected the tribute money at Capernaum, asked Peter whether his Master did not pay tribute. Peter answered, yes, and went to mention it to Jesus. But the narrative says, "Jesus *prevented* him" (Matt. xvii. 25). Now, if we did not know, we should understand this to mean that Jesus would not let Peter say anything about it; whereas it only means that Jesus was the first to mention the matter as soon as Peter had found his Lord. "To prevent" now means "to hinder," but it used to mean "to come before, or first," as our Lord did to this subject on this occasion. Again, we have another instance in the word "charity." This word is now generally understood to mean "alms-giving or kindness to the poor," but in the New Testament (1 Cor. xiii., &c.) it has a much wider meaning, indeed it is *love* in its best and highest sense, and extended not towards the poor only, but towards all. These are but specimens of a number of others which might be taken from our English Bible. But we must pass on to a still wider field. Our language abounds with words which have become very much altered from their first meaning. I can only tell you of a very few, but the purpose of these short papers will be answered if any are induced to study more closely the peculiarities of our mother tongue.

STATIONER.—*Statio* is a Latin word meaning "a standing place." If a person wishes to do business, he must generally have some one place in which to store his goods and receive his customers; that is to say, he must have either a stall or a shop which shall be his *statio*, standing place, or, put into English form, his station. And a stationer once was any one who had a station for selling his goods. So that, you see, the patient old woman who waits to sell her apples at the corner of the street might once have been called a *stationer*, as properly as any one else. But afterwards the word came to mean one who had a station for *selling paper*.

And now the word carries very much the same meaning, only any person who sells paper is a stationer, whether he has a standing place or not, and the paper goods he sells are now called *stationery*.

TREACLE.—You know what this is now, but I hardly think you know what that was which was first called by this name. It used to be the name of a certain sort of stuff made of vipers! Now is not this strange? But let me explain. The viper has a very poisonous sting. When one of the ancient Greeks was bitten and so poisoned by a viper, they used if possible to catch the viper, and either boil or otherwise prepare its flesh so as to make a medicine of it, which they believed would be a certain cure for the reptile's poison. Afterwards any sort of stuff which would be a cure for poison was called by this name. These medicines were mostly in the form of syrup, so that the name was further widened so as to mean any kind of syrup. And now, you see, the word is used to mean only one particular sort of syrup, that of molasses, or sugar.

BLACKGUARD.—This is another word which is worth our notice. The meaning is bad enough now, but once it was better. You have often read of the difficulty of travelling in former times. Of course they had no railways, and for the most part only very rough and uneven roads. The carriages they had were very clumsy and uncomfortable things when compared with ours. The poor never did travel, not even for a cheap trip, because trips then were always very dear. The rich only travelled seldom, but when they did they made some stir about it. The lord and his lady would go first in the best carriage. Then would come the children, and then other superior members of the household. Then the carts with the luggage, and last of all the one carrying the kitchen utensils, all sorts of pots and pans, and cooking requisites, which they always took with them from place to place. And with these last carts were a number of the lower servants, who riding among these grimy articles, were of course besmudged or blackened by them. And these are they who were first called the *black-guard*. So that at first a man might belong to the black-guard, and yet be a very decent honest fellow. Unfortunately, however, many of them were as black in character as in face and dress. Along the road they were often followed, too, by those who were even worse than themselves, and so the word has eventually come to mean any one who belongs to the last and worst class of men.

AMUSE.—We use this word now in the sense of diversion, play, or pastime. But what would you say if one were to tell you he *amused* himself with working at an iron furnace all the day? And yet at one time it would have been quite correct to have applied the word in this way; for then to be amused meant to be engaged or fully occupied with anything. They used even to say that a man was *amused* with fear! By which they intended to say that his mind was so overcome with fear, that he could attend to nothing else.

POACHER.—You know that this word is now the name of any person who trespasses on other people's lands with the intention of stealing game. But not very long ago the meaning of this word was much wider. Indeed, everybody who went pushing himself into places where he had no business, or who troubled himself with other people's affairs, every one in fact who was a busybody, was a *poacher* as well. Now, you see, the word is confined to one class of offenders. But it would perhaps be well, at least sometimes, if these busybodies got the same punishment as the poachers, for certainly they do quite as much mischief.

These few words will serve to illustrate to you the changes which in the course of time come over our language, and I hope also may excite in you an interest only to be satisfied by more extended inquiry.

J. C. S.

GLANCES AT THE BLACK COUNTRY.—IV.

ITS MORALS.

THERE are doubtless some who will be inclined to question the appropriateness of the title of this paper, and suggest, as being more in accordance with the character of the people, that it should be headed "Its Immorality." Such folks are always ready to tell you that the name of the district is equally applicable to its moral as to its physical aspect. Even some of our London journalists are fond of drawing attention to any of its local crimes by a sensational heading, thus—"Another Black Country Outrage!" or "Black Country Depravity!" and if the case is of sufficient importance to demand a leading article, the said article will teem with such elegant (?) expressions as "coal-pit morality," "Black Country savages," "native barbarity," &c. To all such individuals I would humbly suggest, as a profitable occupation, that they should procure the assize calendars for a year and classify each case geographically. I think they will then prove that this neighbourhood will compare favourably with any district where the population is equally dense. I imagine they will also find that if the crimes committed in the Black Country are sometimes distinguished by brutal violence, they are seldom remarkable for that refined ingenuity of torture which marks their perpetration in London and our large towns, and which would lead one to suppose their authors had acquired their atrocious accomplishments amid the horrors of the Inquisition. It is true that in years gone by this locality may in some measure have deserved the epithets so freely bestowed on it, but it is surely time now to cast them aside as worn out and no longer appropriate. Their continued use can only engender ill-feeling, and will be more likely to cast a reflection on the person who employs them, than on the people whom he thus indiscriminately condemns.

Let us take a "glance" at Black Country morals sixty or seventy years ago; and perhaps we can best judge of them by

looking at its amusements at that time, for tastes and preferences are always perceptible in a people's pastimes. The principal sport of the period was the national one of bull-baiting, an exhibition which pandered to the lowest passions of our fallen nature, and developed in the men who had the management of it a fierce courage and a brutal insensibility to pain which were terrible to witness. This cruel pastime was patronised by the support, and often by the presence, of the squires and justices, and even of the parsons of this district; and this influential patronage rendered it the chief attraction at the numerous wakes and fairs. Cock-fighting was another favourite amusement. Almost every ale-house of any pretensions had its cock-pit, where the sporting fraternity assembled in noisy conclave to gloat over sanguinary encounters between feathered combatants. Here again the squire and the cottager, the master and the servant, frequently met on the common footing of a mutual liking for a sport which degraded both. Pugilistic encounters were also of constant recurrence, and nearly every village had its champion, who was bound to contest with all comers for the honour of the place he represented. Bear-baiting, badgering, and ratting were other evidences of the same depraved tastes; whilst foot-racing and pigeon-flying were the least objectionable of all their amusements. Of course betting attended them all, and gave additional interest and excitement to the sport, at the same time bringing into lively exercise the passions of avarice, envy, and jealousy. It will be readily believed that disputes frequently arose between winners and losers, and, as the only law recognised was brute force, a free fight was no uncommon sequel to a day's amusement. Thus were the leisure hours of the Black Country people occupied a little over half a century ago.

Education was almost unknown among the working classes, and even with the gentry it was often of a most elementary character, for a knowledge of horsemanship was in better repute than a headful of learning. Religious instruction was conspicuous by its absence. It is true the prayers, as appointed by law, were read in the parish churches, and miserable compositions dignified with the name of sermons were read from the pulpit, but in too many cases the clergy preached one doctrine and practised another; and, as the listeners preferred example before precept, they were but little better for the preaching. There were a few Methodist chapels which had been erected or fitted up by Wesley's converts, and these humble conventicles seem to have exerted a great influence in their immediate neighbourhood. An evident proof of this influence is to be found in the many and bitter persecutions it called forth, both from the profligates and from the bigoted Church party. As the followers of Wesley were chiefly very poor, their meeting-houses were of the poorest and most inconvenient kind; such as old barns, ruined houses patched up, disused stables, and shaky upper rooms which were approached by rickety stairs.

It required no small courage to be a Methodist in this district at that time, but persecution had its good effects, for we may be sure there were few hypocrites in those days. The law was strict against heretics, and when required the local justices did not hesitate even to strain it a little, in order to punish dissenters. They were consequently always subject to the petty annoyances and daring outrages of their enemies, without mercy or redress. Sometimes they would find the door of their meeting-room nailed fast, or taken away; traitors slyly crept in and interrupted the services with buffoonery or practical joking; but in the latter case it not unfrequently happened that "those who came to mock remained to pray." The following is from a little work lately published: *—

"Towards the end of the gullet were two wash-houses in close proximity, and stretching across them from roof to roof was an improvised chamber, evidently the work of amateurs. It was mainly of wood, all sorts of old boards variously painted, and two or three strangely disproportioned window-frames, being pressed into the service. It was approached by a rickety flight of wooden steps without a hand-rail, and so imperfect in general construction as to demand the utmost circumspection to ensure a successful ascent. The little band worshipping in this quaint old meeting-house shared the general experience of tyranny and persecution. The opposing villagers, not content with words, carried it even to the length of physical force. Stones and mud were hurled at the frail temple with such violence as to threaten its overthrow; sparrows were craftily introduced through shattered panes, and their shrill chirping within was the signal for boisterous hilarity among the noisy blasphemers without. On one occasion the staircase was removed bodily during the meeting hour, and the whole court was mightily entertained at the sight of staid Methodist matrons leaping into the arms of brawny leaders waiting below to catch them in their precipitate descent."

Occasionally persecution showed itself in worse forms. Dissenters were thrown out of employment, and visited by violent mobs, who did their utmost to injure them in person and property. Wesley himself experienced some of his worst persecutions in Wednesbury, Sedgley, and Tipton. One part of the parish of Sedgley is called Gospel End, in consequence, it is said, of the founder of Methodism having there finished a discourse commenced in some other village, but which had been interrupted by a mob, who had driven him from the neighbourhood. At Wednesbury he had several very narrow escapes from the violence of the infuriated mob, but in all he was providentially protected.

Some of the old names which still cling to the locality, give an idea of the degradation and wickedness that formerly deluged it. There is Hell Lane, at Sedgley, in which stood the notorious Hell

* "Sketches of Early Methodism in the Black Country." By J. C. T. Published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.

House, the resort of a gang of pugilists and thieves of a most desperate character. The lane was the terror of all peaceable citizens, and was never visited after dark if at all avoidable. Sodom and Catochem's Corner are the very suggestive names of other parts of Sedgley, and which were at one time the scenes of numerous robberies, and even of violence and bloodshed. Near Wolverhampton is a place called Fighting Cock's Hall, so designated because the owner of the property encumbered it by betting on that sport. And in nearly every town there is a space called the Bull Ring, which was formerly the appointed place for baiting, &c. While on this subject of names, I may just mention Gospel Oak, near Tipton, as a memento of the preaching of Wesley under a tree in that locality,

From this dark view of the Black Country sixty or seventy years ago, let us turn to see what its morals are now, and fortunately it is a much brighter picture to look on. Bull and bear baiting have long since disappeared from the wakes and fairs. Cock-fighting is no longer recognised as an innocent recreation, but is only indulged in by the lowest class, and even then it has to be done secretly, for both law and public opinion have discountenanced it. Pugilism is equally tabooed, and the noble art of self-defence has fallen from its proud position as a manly accomplishment, to the degradation of being practised only by ruffians and bullies. Badgering is unknown, and ratting is considered an evidence of extremely low taste, and is consequently shunned by respectable citizens. Pigeon-flying, though frequently indulged in by the least intellectual from the ranks of colliers and iron-workers, is not the common pastime it once was, and is even now gradually giving place to more manly pursuits. Foot-racing, once commonly practised on the highway, has now retired to the secrecy of inn gardens, and is only patronised by the lower class of turf speculators.

With all these improvements on the olden days, there is one particular in which the Black Country folks of to-day are but little better than their immediate ancestors. I refer to the drinking habits of the people. As I said in a former paper, iron-workers, in consequence of the great heat to which their occupation exposes them, are great drinkers; and, as the majority imbibe intoxicants instead of milder stimulants, they rapidly acquire a habit of drunkenness; and it is a lamentable fact that hundreds of the working men of this district can find no better employment for their leisure hours than to sit in a beer-shop, talking muddled reform politics, with equally muddled companions. Many of these men, when sober, will freely confess the folly and sin of their conduct, but they say they cannot help themselves so long as the ale-houses are so thickly strewn in their path; and so they go on, ruining body and soul, and bringing their families to destitution, because the legislature expects every man to be resolute enough to

resist a temptation, which at the same time it presents to him at every few yards. When shall we have a law to stop this wholesale destruction?

Horse-racing is another great curse to the working classes of this district. Many of them invest all their ready cash on these gigantic swindles; and they study the sporting columns of the newspaper with as much interest as a member of Tattersall's.

Concert halls prove a great attraction in the towns, and they are generally crowded by operatives, who relish the perfect freedom from restraint which characterises these places of amusement. The literature of these halls is of a very questionable sort, as many of the songs are made to give expression to fancied wrongs, and to the class prejudices against the well-to-do part of the community; very illogically ascribing the poverty of the artisans to the tyranny of the upper classes, instead of to its proper source—their own improvident habits. The comic songs are remarkably devoid of humour, and generally consist of about four lines to a verse, and ten or twelve to the chorus.

Lectures and science classes are not very well attended, except by the great middle class, comprising tradesmen and intelligent artisans; and it is this class which is the chief support of the institutes and public libraries that are to be found even in this benighted region.

The people are, as might be expected, fond of short excursions into the green borderland of this manufacturing district; and the railway companies must reap a rich harvest from this peculiarity. There is very little work done on Mondays, and on that day troops of the better class of workmen may be seen with their sweethearts (or their wives and children, if they are so blessed), all in holiday attire, setting out for Hagley, Malvern, Sutton, or some other place equally famous for pic-nics; there to get a view of nature's charms, which they are denied at home, and to get a breath of pure, fresh, country air. And well is money spent that goes in this way, for the prospect of a trip to be taken, and the retrospect of one happily ended, make the arduous duties of the men, and the dismal surroundings of their homes, less depressing to the mind and nerves.

With regard to education, the Black Country will soon be able to hold up its head with the most enlightened centres of population. In a few years we shall begin to reap the benefit from the recent Factory and Educational legislation, which at present seems only to have wrought evil. The former Act forbade the employment of children in iron-works and factories, before the new scheme of education, embodied in the second, was sufficiently matured to compel their attendance at school; and thus hundreds of lads who were formerly industriously occupied, and who contributed their share to the family income, are left to run the streets, there learning habits of idleness, mischief, and sometimes of dishonesty. But when our national prejudice against compulsion shall have given way, and

all our poor children receive the elements of a sound education, the district shall no longer be proverbial for ignorance, and its constant associates—superstition and cruelty.

The religious aspect of this district is perhaps the most favourable one in which to view it. Notwithstanding the evil habits of many of the inhabitants, there are few districts which can boast so many places of worship. There are a good few churches, and it is only fair to say that most of the clergy of the Establishment are deservedly respected for their liberal views, and evangelical teaching. At Bilston there is quite a curiosity in church patronage. The right of presentation to the living of St. Leonard's there is in the hands of the ratepayers; and, in case of a vacancy, if two or more candidates present themselves, a poll is taken, and the one who gets most votes is the minister. A contest of this sort occurred a few months since, and, as the living is a good one, it proved attractive enough to draw several competitors. This mode of electing the spiritual guide of a parish has little but its democracy to recommend it; for, as in a parliamentary election, every possible advantage was taken by each party; squibs of the bitterest personal kind were circulated, and evil passions excited, which were a disgrace to any Christian community. But to return to our subject.

While the most popular clergymen can always get their churches well attended, it is an unmistakable fact that Methodism is the religion of the masses. The seed sown by Wesley a century ago, in this locality, has brought forth abundantly. Methodism, from its simple form of worship and its liberal institutions, is particularly adapted to become the chosen religion of people who are intensely demonstrative in feeling, and who hold opinions almost democratic in their liberality. This may in some measure account for its great spread, but the real cause is to be found in the fervent devotion and noble self-sacrifice which distinguished the labours of its pioneers, but which, alas! are now less noticeable. Of the various forms of Methodism, the one designated "Primitive" is most popular among the poorer classes. The members of this community are here called "Ranters," and whoever the term may have been applied to first, it has certainly now lost its reproach, and is used even by themselves. Higginson, the great Revivalist, used to give as his intended epitaph:—

"Here lies Higginson, the devil router—
Lived a *Ranter*, died a shouter."

The Primitive Methodists are very zealous, impulsive, and enthusiastic, and a trifle more eccentric and outspoken than is appreciated by some people. Perhaps these peculiarities are the grounds of their great success with the lowest and most degraded of our population, who would shrink from the extremely decorous respectability of more formal denominations.

Congregationalism, in its various forms, is fairly represented

throughout the district, and may well be proud of its handsome chapels, its influential members, and its useful ministers.

With reference to the social morals—economy and honesty, the Black Country, though bad, is not much worse than other localities. Cases of planned deliberate fraud are not very common, but dishonesty often succeeds improvidence. The lack of prudence and economy brings people into such wretched circumstances, that the sense of right and wrong becomes blunted, and dishonesty follows as a natural consequence.

The domestic morals are far more observed now than they were some twenty or thirty years ago; for at that time the bond between husband and wife was broken almost at will, and persons now living can even remember wives being sold by auction, their discontented husbands leading them to their new owners with a halter round their necks. But there is still great room for improvement in the domestic economy of the very poor. The husband among this class is commonly called "my master" by his wife, and he in turn designates her by the degrading appellation of "my woman." In too many cases these terms correctly define the relations existing between the parties. The "master" allows his wife a scanty sum with which to provide necessities, and spends the rest of his wages in his own indulgence. He expects meat dinners every day sent to his place of employment, while his sorry partner has to content herself with smelling the meat ere it goes, and eating potatoes with the gravy. The sons early begin to spend their own earnings, giving the "old woman" a weekly amount for board, &c. It is not surprising that children reared in such circumstances are not remarkable for filial affection or respect.

TOM BROWN.

THE DOOR IN THE HEART; OR, WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

"But far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in her heart, was a door easily passed by, and on that door was written 'woman.'"

"And so it is with the drunkard; far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in his heart, there is a door easily passed by; and he must knock once, twice, seven times, yea seventy times seven, to open it."—JOHN B. GOUGH.

HE was an old man. Not so very old either, for the wrinkles that marked his cadaverous visage were not the autograph that Time's finger had laid there, and the hand that placed upon the low pine table the well-drained glass, did not tremble so with the weakening that age induces; yet very old and very wretched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room, with its red curtain, and floor stained with tobacco saliva, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar-room into which it opened.

A hat—it must have been intended for one—half concealed the owner's uncombed locks; and unmistakable evidence of a familiar

acquaintance with brickbats and the gutter did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat, out of whose sleeves peeped a pair of elbows, in rejoicing consciousness that they "could afford to be out." Add to these, reader, a shabby pair of faded pants, and you have the *tout ensemble* of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potations in the only "grog-shop" he was allowed to enter. And yet the wretched, friendless man that sat there under the stupefying effect of his morning dram, had a *heart*; and up a great many pair of winding stairs in that heart, was a *door* easily passed by; and on that door, covered with cobwebs of time and neglect, was written "Man." But nobody dreamed of this; and when the temperance men had gone to him, and promised him employment and respectability, if he would "sign the pledge," and others (well-meaning men) had rated him soundly for his evil ways, and he had turned a deaf ear to all these things, and gone back with pertinacity to his "cups," everybody said old Bill Strong's case was a hopeless one. Ah! none of these had patiently groped their way up the heart's winding stairs, and read the inscription on the hidden door there.

But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the barkeeper suddenly entered followed by a lady with a pale, high brow, mild, hazel eyes, and a strangely winning expression on her mild face. The man looked up with a vacant stare of astonishment, as the barkeeper tendered the lady a seat and pointed to the other, saying, "That's Bill Strong, ma'am," and, with a glance that indicated very plainly his wonder at what she could want there, left her alone with the astounded and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad, pitying expression over old Bill's features, and then in a low, sweet voice, she asked—

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah! with those few words, the lady had got further up the winding stairs, and nearer the hidden door, than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said old Bill, and he glanced down at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow that was peeping out. It was a long time since he had been addressed as *Mr. William Strong*, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," responded the lady; "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison?"

"Oh! no; Charlie and I used to be great cronies," said old Bill, with sudden animation, and a light in his eye, such as had not shone there for a long time, except when rum gave it a fitful brilliancy.

Ah, the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door. So she went on—

"I almost feel, Mr. Strong, as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood; I have heard my father describe it so often—the hill, with its crown of old oaks at the back of your house, and the field of yellow harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was the green grass before the front door, with the huge apple-tree that threw its shadows across it; and the old 'portico,' with the grape-vine that climbed over it, and the white roses that peeped in at the bedroom window; and the spring that went shining and bubbling through the bed of green mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally; but, unmindful of this, the lady kept on in the same low, melting voice—

"'Many and many were the hours,' so father would say, 'that Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple-tree, playing at hide-and-seek, or lolling on the grass and telling each other the great things we meant to do when we became big men, while Willie's blue eyes would sparkle with hope and happiness; and, when the sunset laid a crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, Willie's mother might be seen standing in the portico, with her snowy cap and checked apron, and we would hear her cheerful voice, calling us to come to supper.'"

One after another the big, warm, blessed tears went rolling down old Bill's cheeks and falling on the pine table. Ah, the lady was at the door then!

"'I was always at home at Willie's,' father would say, 'and used to have my bowl of fresh milk and bread, too; and, when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his little stool to his mother's feet, and she would tell him some pleasant story of Joseph, or David, or some good boy, who afterwards became a great man. And then she would part Willie's brown curls from off his forehead, and say, in a trembling voice I can never forget, 'Promise me, Willie, when you are a man, and the grey hairs of your mother are resting in the churchyard yonder, you will never disgrace her memory.' And Willie would draw up his light form, lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother, and say, 'Never fear, mother; I will make a good man and a great one too.' And then, after we had said our evening prayers, we would go, contented and happy as the birds that nestled in the old apple-tree, to rest. Then, just as we were sinking into some pleasant dream, we would hear a well-known foot-fall on the stairs, and a kind face bending over us would inquire if we were nicely tucked up. It is a long, long time,' father would say, 'since I heard from Willie; but I am very sure he has never fallen into any evil ways. The words of his mother would keep him from that.'"

Rap! rap! rap! went the words of the lady at the door of old Bill's heart. Creak! creak! creak! went the door on its rusted hinges. Angels of God, held ye not your breaths to listen? The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his clasped hands, and, while his frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur, amid childlike sobs, "My mother, O my mother!" and she felt as though the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks were washing out a long, dark record of old Bill's past life. So, with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed—

"But there was one thing my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to do one's eyes good to look at them,' he would say, 'as they walked up the old church aisle—he, with his proud, manly tread, and she, a delicate, fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and confident William's voice sounded through the old church, as he promised to love, protect, and cherish the bright, confiding creature at his side; and I knew he thought, as he looked down upon her, that the winds of heaven would never visit her face too roughly.' And then my father would tell us of your pleasant home, and of the bright-eyed boy and the fair-haired girl that came after a while to gladden it. And then, you know, he removed to the West, Mr. Strong, and lost sight of you."

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold; and then in a lower tone she spoke—

"I did not forget the promise I made my father, previous to his death, that, if ever I visited his native state, I would seek out his old friend. But when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a desolate and broken household; of the blue-eyed boy, that a father's heart might so well delight in, who had left his home in disgust and despair for one on the homeless waters; of the gentle, suffering wife, who, faithful to the last, went down, with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken-hearted to the grave; and of the fair-haired orphan girl, who followed her mother in a little while. Oh, it is a sad, sad story I have heard of my father's old friend!"

"It was *I*! it was *I* that did it! *I* killed them!" cried old Bill, lifting his bowed head, and gazing on the lady, every feature expressive of such wild agony and helpless remorse, that she shuddered at the despair her own words had aroused. (Wide, wide open stood the door then, and the lady pressed in.)

A soft hand was laid soothingly upon Bill's arm, and a voice full of hope murmured, "Even for all this, there is mercy. There is redemption through the atoning merits of Jesus, and you well know your *first step* toward it. Sign the pledge. In the name of the last prayer of your dying wife, and of the child that sleeps by her side, I ask you, will you do it?"

"I will," said old Bill, while he brought down his closed hand with such force on the rickety pine table, that it rocked beneath it; and a gleam of hope lighted up his features, as he seized the pen and paper the lady placed before him, which paper contained a pledge binding all who signed it to abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages; and when he returned it to her, in bold, legible characters, there lay written beneath it the name of "William Strong."

There was an expression almost ludicrous from its intenseness of curiosity, on the bar-keeper's physiognomy, as the lady, after her long interview with old Bill, passed quietly through the shop; and the expression was not lessened when old Bill, a few moments after, walked through without taking another glass of grog; and he never passed over the threshold again.

Earnest-hearted reader, you whose soul may be glowing with sympathy for your erring brother-man, who would gladly raise him from the depths of sin and degradation, and point him to the highway of peace and prosperity, remember there is *a door* in every human breast. See that you pass not by it!

Editor's Table.

Coseley, October 16th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please to give an explanation on verses 28 and 41 of the 18th chapter of 1 Kings xviii.? An answer through your JUVENILE will oblige,
J. GIBBONS.

ANSWER.—As to the 28th verse of this chapter, it was customary for the worshippers of Baal to cut themselves with stones, as is here described, imagining that such cruel inflictions would be acceptable to the idol, and procure the answer of the prayers offered up. As to the 41st verse, there is nothing to explain. The whole people had been starving, for there was "a sore famine in Samaria," and now in answer to the prophet's prayer, the Lord was about to send rain upon the land. The king himself, though a bad man, could not but have felt sorely troubled on account of the sufferings of his people, and perhaps had himself felt the pinchings of hunger. But now the trouble was about to come to an end, and the prophet told him to eat and drink, for there was a sound of abundance of rain.

New Wortley, Leeds, Sept. 8th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please explain me the following questions on Job ii. 1, when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord. It seems to me that there must be a difference between God and the Lord; and that the sons of God, now in another place in Holy Writ, where the Holy Ghost came down in the shape of a

dove, and a loud voice cried, "This is my only-begotten son in whom I am well pleased." It seems to me that one contradicts the other. An early answer will oblige through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.—
Yours truly, A SCHOLAR OF BETHESDA SCHOOL.

ANSWER.—We can hardly comprehend what it is that troubles our friend in this passage. We do not see any difference between God and the Lord, or how the declaration "This is my son," &c., contradicts the other, or, in fact, what the one case has to do with the other. Cannot our correspondent be more explicit, and we will try to answer him.

October 4th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you give an explanation, through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, as to the passages in the Book of Exodus xxiii. 20-23, for some suppose that the angel here mentioned was no less a person than Jesus Christ. I ask your opinion, did Jesus Christ appear on earth before he appeared a babe in Bethlehem? Please to give an explanation on 'Malachi' iii. 1, for some say the messenger was Jesus Christ. An answer through your JUVENILE will much oblige,
J. P.

ANSWER.—We have no authority for saying that the angel mentioned in these verses was the Lord Jesus Christ, who was manifested in the flesh in the fulness of time. This was an "angel," a messenger sent by God, to guide and help the Israelites in the conquest of the land; but Christ was not manifested till long after this, and when he was manifested it was in the flesh. As to the passage in Malachi iii. 1, it was a prediction, and undoubtedly refers to Christ, who, when he came, exercised the functions mentioned by the prophet.

August 28th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Is it right to give the title Reverend to ministers, or preachers of the Gospel? I can find no warrant for it in Scripture, but much to the contrary. In Psalm cxi. 9, it is said Holy and Reverend is his (Jehovah's) name. In this case it is taking a name which belongs to Jehovah, and applying it as a title to a servant. Where is our Scripture for this? Then, again, Christ said to his disciples, "Be not ye called Rabbi, for one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren," and he tells them to call no man their Father, "neither be ye called masters, for one is your master, even Christ (Matt. xxiii. 8). We here see at once our Lord's aversion to giving titles to his servants. Again, we never find the apostles, or any of their fellow-workmen, ever assuming that or any such title; if they did not, ill does it become any of Christ's servants in the present day. (See Gal. ii. 9; 1 Cor. iii. 21-22 and iv. 6.) If this title be received as right and Scriptural, then there can be no valid objection made to a number of others, such as Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop, His Grace the Archbishop, His Eminence the Cardinal, His Holiness the Pope. We have no Scripture for those titles, and yet, just as much as for Reverend. Sir, your opinion on the above, as early as possible, would oblige a reader of your JUVENILE. P.

ANSWER.—Our opinion is that our correspondent may lawfully abstain from calling any one Reverend, but that it is a question of no moment whatever. If, however, he will carry out his principles, he must cease to call any one Mr., or any company Messrs., or any lady Mrs., or any young lady Miss; and resort to the simple name—James, John, Lucy, or Sarah Jane, as the case may be, to which we, for our part, as often as he writes to us, have not the slightest objection.

Birley Edge, Aug. 27th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—We have an improvement class at Birley Carr for young men, conducted by Mr. J. S. Robinson, of Sheffield. After the class was over on Saturday night, August 26th, we young men had a discussion on the darkness at the death of Christ. Some thought that it was a universal darkness. I thought it was only dark in Palestine. However, we came to no conclusion, and we still differ in opinion. Matthew and Mark say there was darkness over the land, but John says over the whole earth. Your opinion on this point, in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, will greatly oblige.—Yours truly,

WM. STEEL.

ANSWER.—There was a darkness, and the spectators saw it, but to what extent it reached we do not know, and either theory will do. John's declaration that it extended over the whole earth, is in no way inconsistent with the idea that it was a local darkness. The whole earth, or district, or country, or land means just what we see at the time when a black thunder-cloud overshadows all around us.

Liverpool, Sept. 6th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—If the question is not too onerous, I would desire to know why the Christians in these days have not the power to work miracles the same as the apostles and disciples in time of old (Acts iii. 6, Luke x. 17), and you will greatly oblige,

A SCHOLAR OF ST. DOMINGO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ANSWER.—If the continuance of miracles in the Church had been necessary, Christians now-a-days would have had the power given them to perform them, but that power is not given, and we know no other reason than the above for absence.

Durham, Sept. 19th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Would you be so kind as to favour two constant readers of your JUVENILE with your opinion on the following passages, quoted in 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35: "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." Also in 1 Tim. ii. 11-12: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." Whether it is good in the sight of God for a woman to

preach the Gospel." An early expression of your opinion, through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, will greatly oblige, yours truly,

W. G. and W. E.

ANSWER.—We do not think these passages forbid any suitably gifted woman to preach the Gospel. What the Apostle forbids is wrangling in the church, with the men—dictating to them, and usurping authority. But if even the passages were interpreted to mean that a woman might not preach in Paul's time, it would still need proving that his prohibition extended to all time. There is a great change in the position of women now as compared with then, and what it might not be proper for women to do then is highly proper for them to do now. In Paul's time and country the women were veiled so that no one could see their faces; they did not occupy the same apartments in the house as men. They could not be seen by any man visiting their husbands. But how different it is now! Women are our constant and most agreeable companions, and their society is the greatest charm of our social life. We cannot therefore apply restrictions to them in church matters which might be necessary, in deference to the social conditions and notions prevalent in Paul's time.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

PADDOCK, HUDDERSFIELD.—The members of the Paddock Methodist New Connexion Band of Hope held their third festival in the schoolroom, on Thursday, October 5th. There was a very large attendance of the general public. Mr. Fred Sykes, of Huddersfield, occupied the chair, and contributed much by his pleasant manner to the success of the meeting. A short report by Mr. Thornton gave a very gratifying account of the state of the society. Earnest and interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. E. Radcliffe, of Barnsley, and Mr. David Shaw, of Paddock. The singing of the children, which was excellent throughout, was under the leadership of their indefatigable conductor, Mr. John Thornton. The dialogues and recitations, which reflected great credit upon the boys and girls giving them, were under the management of Mr. Edward Hollas. We may say the programme included thirteen recitations, four dialogues, and six melodies; all of which were heartily applauded by the audience. Votes of thanks to the chairman and speakers concluded a very pleasant meeting.—J. S.

GUERNSEY, ST. PAUL'S JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—We held our annual tea on Tuesday evening, Sept. 12th, 1871, in the schoolroom underneath the church. About a hundred persons sat down to tea, which was got up by three young ladies of the society. After tea, a public meeting was held. It was opened with singing and prayer, by the Rev. T. Addyman, who introduced Mr. T. Hunkin as the chairman of the meeting. The chairman, in a few words, expressed his

heartly sympathy in the mission cause, and called on Mr. S. Stribley to give his maiden speech, which was exceedingly good and full of missionary spirit. Mr. T. Gaved spoke on individual efforts; Rev. T. Addyman gave a beautiful home missionary address; Rev. W. Wilshaw gave us an address which fired the hearts of all present to be up and doing for God. During the evening, three beautiful new hymn tunes were sung by the choir, led by Mr. Le Patourel, the organist of our chapel. Votes of thanks were given to Rev. W. Wilshaw, and a poetical vote of thanks was given to the chairman, the choir, and the young ladies who prepared the tea, by Mr. F. Clark. The meeting closed with prayer by Rev. T. Addyman. Profits of the tea, £5 12s., being £2 7s. in advance of last year.—T. GAVED, Secretary.

Biography.

GEORGE BARROWCLOUGH,
PRIMROSE HILL,
HUDDERSFIELD CIRCUIT.

WHEN the New Connexion commenced a Sunday-school at the above place, one of the first scholars entered in the book was George Barrowclough; and since that time until sickness compelled him to remain at home, he was one of the most regular attenders at the school. Every Sunday George Barrowclough was to be seen at his place unless prevented by sickness. He was one of those boys that had won the love of nearly all in the school, his kind genial temper and sweet smile had placed him in the esteem of both teachers and scholars. He not only attended regularly at the school, but his attention to the lesson and his conduct generally were most exemplary. He came not to spend his time in play but to improve himself, and more than once he has wept when one of the scholars has misbehaved. I don't remember having once to call him to order, and when Sunday evening came, instead of going with other boys in the woods and lanes in the district,

he would come to the chapel, and then went home to read some good book. His every-day life was a pattern to other boys; I built hopes of him some time joining the Church and becoming one of its pillars, but the cruel disease, consumption, set in and took him to a better world. During his illness I many times visited him. As is often the case, he thought at first he would get better; but the hollow cough sounded as though it mocked his wish, his strength became weakness and his cough stronger, until he became weary of this life for another beyond the grave. He had already made his peace with God, and was waiting for the appearance of his Lord, and on the 24th June he parted with mortality for life, aged eleven years. On the Sunday following his death was the school anniversary; the day was beautiful, and when the scholars met with glad hearts, the school was opened with the hymn—

"Death has been here."

A cloud appeared to gather over the countenances of the scholars. After his death the

following was found in books,
which states the feeling of his
mind—

"A sinner, Lord, behold I stand,
In thought and word and deed,
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.

From early infancy I know
A rebel I have been,
And daily as I older grow,
I fear I grow in sin.

But God can change this evil heart,
Can give a holy mind;
And his only heavenly grace impart,
Which those that seek shall find."

May this visitation of God's
providence be a warning to the
remainder of the scholars, to
prepare to meet their God.

JOHN E. SANDFORD.

Our Children's Portion.

"FATHER WATCHED ALL NIGHT."

LITTLE Ella and her father were
once travelling together, and it
was necessary for them to ride all
night. When it became too dark for
them to look out of the windows,
and the lamps were lighted inside,
the father laid aside his little
girl's hat, and spreading out
cloaks and shawls, said, "Now
we will rest." But a little troubled
face peered out upon the strange
scene, and the cheery tone of
voice changed to a plaintive one
as she asked, "Father, how can
we go to bed here?"

"This is your bed, darling,"
he said, drawing her to his heart,
"and a warm one you will always
find it." And then he tucked her in
so carefully, that in place of what
had been a little girl, there
seemed only a great bundle of
shawls. But every now and then
there was a movement inside the
bundle, and a voice would say,
"Oh, father, I am afraid to go to
sleep here."

Then the father reminded her
that he was taking care of her,
and would do so all night. So at
last, soothed by this assurance,
she fell asleep. When she
opened her eyes again, after
what seemed to her only a few
minutes, the sun was shining

brightly. The train stopped, and
there, just in sight, was her own
dear home. She could even see
her still more dear mother stand-
ing in the open door, with arms
outstretched to welcome back her
loved ones. Their first meeting
was too full of joy for many
words to be spoken; but after
those close embraces and warm
kisses were over, the mother
asked, "And so my little girl was
travelling all night! Did she
find it a long and weary time?"

"Oh, no, mother, not at all; I
had such a good sleep, and father
watched over me all night!
Only think of it! At first I
was afraid to go to sleep in that
strange place; but he told me to
lean against him, and shut my
eyes and rest easily, for he would
stay awake and take care of me.
So I crept up close to him, and
before I knew it I was sound
asleep; and dear father took
care of me all night. How I
do love him for it!"

Then the mother told her
child of that other good Father
who watches over each one of
his children, not only one, but
every night of their lives. And
the words she spoke were so im-
pressed upon Ella's mind that,
though grown to womanhood now,

she still remembers them, and never lies down to sleep without the glad feeling, "My Father will be awake to watch over me." And her first thoughts on waking to the beauties of the morning light, are of the dear Father in heaven, whose loving care has made her rest so safe and pleasant to her.—*Christian Advocate.*

WHY I LOVE JESUS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I was once a sinner, but am now a sinner saved by grace. I was trained to love and not to hate all humanity; but, like many more careless children, I thought myself too big even to go to a Sunday school. Well, I wandered far from the house of God, and in the sinful pursuits of this world I took delight, until one day I was nearly broken down by an irresistible desire to turn unto God with full purpose of heart. Well, this thought continued, and I was at last savingly brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. But by not living close to my Redeemer's side, as every Christian should and ought to do, I step by step left my first

love again, and continued in sin and wickedness for a few months. Then I was brought back into the fold again, and praise God for ever and ever, I still continue to walk in the light of God; and the reason why I love Jesus is this—because he brought me into the fold again, washed me by his all-atoning blood, and now

"I love Jesus, Hallelujah!
Jesus smiles and loves me too."

Oh, let me love Jesus for ever and ever, and God grant that I may always love him and count all things loss for Jesus' sake, ever being determined that, whether in life or death, Jesus Christ my Redeemer shall be magnified in my body; and forbid that I should glory in anything saving then in the cross of Christ, my Lord and my Redeemer. Then, my dear young friends, let me ask you all, as one that desires an interest in all your welfare, temporally, spiritually, and eternally, give God your hearts, and lend a helping hand in the promotion and extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and then with me tell all why you love Jesus.

WM. BACON.

Poetry.

"DON'T SELL MY FATHER RUM."

Don't sell him another drink, please;
He's reeling already, you see;
And I fear, when he comes home to-night,

He'll beat my poor mother and me.
She's waiting in darkness and cold,
And dreading to hear him come home;
He treats us so bad when he's drunk,
Oh! don't sell him any more rum.

I heard mother praying last night
(She thought I was quite sound asleep);
She prayed God her husband to save,
His soul from temptation to keep.

She cried like her poor heart would break;

So, trying to comfort her some,
I told her I'd beg you to-day
Not to sell father any more rum.

Why don't you have something to sell

That will not make people so sad?
That will not make dear mothers grieve,
And kind fathers cruel and bad?

Ah me! it is hard; and I see
You're angry because I have come:
Forgive a poor sad little girl;
And don't sell her dear father rum!

Temperance Banner.



JAMES AND CESSAR.

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER I.

TOPOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

GRIMSIDE is situated on the "backbone" of England. The neighbourhood seems as if it had been made after the rest of creation was finished, and of such material as was not wanted elsewhere. In many parts of England there are long stretches of rich land—level, deep, "loamy" soil, where anything will grow except wooden nutmegs, which are said to have been produced at Boston, United States—land where once grew magnificent oaks, and the graceful beech and birch—where, now that the "woodman's axe" has bared the landscape of its trees, there flourish rich pastures and waving corn, fine old English homesteads and prize cattle; with equally fine, and more prizable, men and women. In other parts of England there are beautiful uplands, where, if trees are absent, there is the sweetest grass, which sheep know how to relish, and undulating scenery which the eye never tires in gazing upon. But at Grimside all is wild, rough, and stony. Grass grows on some of its vales, and scanty and precarious crops reward the tillage of the husbandman; but the general features of the landscape are, moorland and mountain, deep glens and overhanging precipices, hard rocks and gravel-beds, covered by little verdure, and producing only heather, whortleberries, and feeding for the grouse and blackcock, so dear to the sportsman on the 12th of August. Silence as of eternity reigns over the hills of Grimside, except when the sharp ring of the sportsman's gun awakens the echoes in the glens during the "shooting season," or some awful thunder-clap, in the summer time, strikes the mountains and reverberates through the deep gorges, terrifying the listener, starting the birds from their coveys, whose wild cry indicates their fear of impending destruction; bounding on as it does from peak to peak and from crag to crag, prolonging the deep and awful roar till one would think the doom of Grimside had come. Then, when all is over, it is difficult to decide whether the stillness, by a

kind of reaction in nature, or in the senses of the listener, is not more awful than the roar of the storm itself. In winter this silence is broken by storms of another character. Whistling winds and driving snows rush through the glens, and leave, when their fury is over, a scene as dreary and wild as can be found anywhere else in England in the winter time. But nature everywhere has its compensations. If Grimside has no trees, no soft and varied foliage, no wide-reaching plains, bearing abundant crops; if the climate is rigorous and the mist and drizzle are more constant than is desirable, it has its sunny days, its clear and bracing atmosphere, and its brawling streams, running over beds of yellow sandstone, which, in the reflection of the summer sun, seem lumps of burnished gold. It has health, too, for those who can stand the climate, and rears a race of stalwart men and women, unsurpassed in vigour in any part of England.

How people came to live there at first is not an easy matter to decide. It can hardly be supposed that they came from choice; there were lovelier spots in England when Grimside was "settled," to which its inhabitants might have turned their faces instead of coming there. The land was not so full in those early days that the people had to be thrust into Grimside because there was no room for them anywhere else. Monkeys there were none in the whole region, else, Darwinianly, it might have been supposed the people had been "developed" from that quarter; and, singular to say, even so late as the time at which this story begins, namely, at the early part of this century, there was not a road on which a stage-coach could travel, nor a stage-coach to be had in the whole district if there had been a road for it. Merchandise was transported on pack-horses, coals were carried to the houses of the inhabitants on the backs of donkeys.* Here and there there was a cart and a cart-horse, but these were not numerous; and the greatest institution in the way of locomotion was that once a week a carrier came to Grimside from the nearest market town with such wares as were needed by the people, which he had purchased either on speculation or by their order; bringing with him the newspapers, the few letters that were addressed to persons living at the place, and executing such commissions generally as were from time to time entrusted to him. The "Scotchman," also, that is, the pedlar, who carries his wares on his back, visited the place every Monday, sold as much of his freight as he could, collected the money or proceeds of the last week's sale, and took orders for such things as he had not with him, to be delivered on his next round. Who, then, would have lived at Grimside if he or she, especially she, could have helped it? No stylish bonnets, no dashing silks, no flashing ribbons, no "Brummagem" jewellery, no flounces and furbelows, no nothing that ladies like so well to

* This is a literal fact, as is also the statement about the pack-horses. Living witnesses could be produced to verify it if necessary from Grimside itself.

see and wear were to be seen at Grimside so late as the beginning of this century. There was one "fashionable" dressmaker in the place, who built dresses after the most approved pattern of the time; but even her productions would not pass muster now, but if seen in a museum would excite as much curiosity as the big beasts or petrified monsters—the *megatheria* and *ichthyosaurus* creatures—of the British Museum.

Yet, with all this backwardness at Grimside—who would think it?—there were three things which testified to a civilisation older than A.D. 1800. There was a castle, an old manorial hall, and, alas! a lunatic asylum. The castle is in ruins, scarcely one stone being left upon another; the old hall is standing, but unoccupied; and either the people have more sense than formerly, or the patients are better and more successfully treated at the "county" institution—at any rate, the asylum is abolished, though the building is standing, and occupied as a private residence. Who built that castle, or was it a castle at all? What was there to defend at Grimside? What enemy knew or had heard of the place three hundred years ago? And if he had heard of it, and was determined to demolish it, how would he, how *did* he, drag his artillery to the spot to batter it down? These are questions for the learned, but unsuitable for this story. I have my opinion, after surveying the place for the purpose of this present writing, that it was no castle at all; for, first, there is, or rather was, at the time no passable road to it; secondly, there was nothing to eat near it; and, lastly, there was nothing to defend in the vicinity. Yet the big stones of the walls lie scattered all about, and they have evidently been dressed by the mason's art. No other theory seems to hold together but this, that in the dim past, it may be before William the Conqueror, or even Julius Cæsar, some old worshippers of Thor or Woden, or, earlier still, some old Druids, built their altars on the spot, and worshipped and sacrificed as was their wont. No monks ever built it for a shrine, for they were too fond of good eating to live in such a place. No Norman robber that came along with William needed it, for the district at that time was scarcely worth stealing; but what it is there it is, and you can go and see it as soon as you like. Book at — Station, and the railway will take you to Grimside in a short time.

This antiquarian digression certainly adds importance to Grimside. Somebody of consequence must have lived there in the ages that are past; and we cannot wonder that James Faithful's father, and grandfather, and great grandfather before him should have been found there, for they must live somewhere, and why not here, along with many other good people in the same tribulation?

The family of the Faithfuls at the time referred to—the beginning of this century, the exact date need not be given—consisted of the father, mother, and aunt of this young boy, and the boy himself.

species, which, on account of its fine qualities, its remarkable intelligence, and its wonderful and almost unaccountable attachment to this boy, was loved and petted as if it had been a human being. The child was as fond of the dog as the dog was of the child. They were hardly ever separated, even at night, for, having played with the child all day Cæsar—for that was the dog's name—would, if possible, steal into the child's room, and, lying down on the rug beside his bed, would keep watch there all night. Whenever Cæsar was absent from the kitchen hearth at night as the family were sitting round the fire, they all knew where to find him. Many a time force was used to expel him from the child's room, but the attempts were so difficult and at last so painful, even to the mother of the child, that she let the dog have his own way, and he went in and out at his pleasure without much further molestation. Guardian angels are of many shapes on earth, and who can tell but that the Creator, who gave to dogs their wonderful instinct, and their well-known but often ill-requited fidelity, had formed some link between the child's destiny and this dog, which no one thought of at the time? However that may be, as this story will reveal as it proceeds, there he is before you, as our artist has depicted him, with little James sitting by his side; and a beautiful pair they are. Never was there a finer, honester countenance than that of this boy, and never did a noble creature like this dog exhibit superior intelligence or affection.

There was another being also linked in with the history of James Faithful whom I cannot pass over in this story. She looked half woman and half angel—tall, graceful, beautiful, with a countenance as fine as if it had been sent from heaven for her special use; but, alas! with an eye whose restless motion and eager, flashing gaze indicated a mind ill at ease, if not positively insane. She lived at the asylum of which mention has been made, not exactly as a patient, for hers was thought to be an incurable case, but as a boarder, whom her friends could more conveniently dispose of in that way than by striving, as in fact they had done for many years, to manage her at home. If I may use such a term, she was a kind of "ticket-of-leave" patient; content, as far as such a person was likely to be, with her situation; harmless, though strange, in her temper and habits; fond of the wild scenery of Grimside, allowed any reasonable liberty to wander about the neighbourhood, and delighted at all times to meet with little James and Cæsar. Her chief intelligible faculty was in song. In fact, her melancholy and her madness ran into music, and she would sit for hours together in the coppice near the asylum, watching the mountain stream which rushed past the place, gathering wild flowers and leaves, which she would weave into a chaplet, and crown herself therewith as if she were a queen. One of her ditties, preserved from oblivion by the person who took care of her, was as follows:—

I'm the Lady of Grimside ; they say I am mad,
 But where is the ground for their notion ?
 If I sigh, if I weep, when my heart is so sad,
 Is it madness to feel such emotion ?

Mad am I ? Well, others beside me are so,
 Or, it's one of my foolish conjectures,
 They've taught what the world did not much like to know,
 And strait jackets have paid for their lectures.

The majority is wise, the majority rules ;
 So the people deemed rather demented
 Are sent to asylums, or mad people's schools,
 Till they're sane and have duly repented.

The doctors are quoted, "and surely they know,"
 Don't they skilfully set broken bones ?
 But the heart's cry, the soul's grief, and much of our woe,
 What know of these, more than the stones ?

Well, the flowers are not mad which so beautiful seem,
 In the light of this bright summer noontide,
 They'll make me a chaplet will suit any queen,
 And be fit for the Lady of Grimside.

We all must do something, and I'll do my part,
 Though it's little I'm thought to be fit for ;
 And if nought else on earth has a place in my heart,
 There's more room for my darling and Cæsar.

Mrs. Faithful had her misgivings about the result of the evidently strong and growing attachment of this strange creature for little Jimmy. She often spoke to her husband on the subject, and represented the danger of allowing the child to be so much with her, and especially so much alone with her. What if some day she should take a notion to throw the child down the steep bank of the stream and drown it ? What if in some other way she should destroy his life or injure him ? All had gone on well so far ; but sudden fits of even Satanic malignity sometimes seize on the insane, and those who trust them often pay dearly for their confidence.

"I think," said Mrs. Faithful, "we had better keep the child out of her reach ; something dreadful may happen if we don't."

"Well," said Mr. Faithful, "I do not feel any alarm or even concern about this matter. Grace Middleton"—(for that was the young lady's name)—"seems so fond of the child that I do not think she will hurt him. Besides, Cæsar is always with them, and he would not suffer the child to be hurt by any one while he was there ; and, to tell you the truth, it has dawned upon my mind that little Jimmy may do for her what the asylum cannot, what the doctors cannot, namely, heal her disordered mind. It is in the Bible that "a little child shall lead" fiercer creatures than ever Grace Middleton was, and it appears to me that that is coming to pass, in its measure, in this case. I think I can see an awakening of her faculties through her womanly interest in this child. There is always a bright and cheerful influence where a child is, and I am of opinion that as she has taken to him she may continue to think about him and love him, till she learns to think rationally

and feel healthily on all other subjects. At all events, we and the child have suffered no harm yet, and I hope some good is coming out of the relation; and I cannot see my way clear at present to interfere."

"Well," said Mrs. Faithful, "it may be as you say, but I have my fears. However, I will try to banish them, and hope as you do for the best."

CHAPTER II.

RELIGION.

JAMES FAITHFUL was a God-fearing man after his fashion. He was strictly moral, temperate, and industrious. He was a Churchman, because his forefathers had been such, and there was no other form of religion of which he had much knowledge anywhere in the neighbourhood. The Methodists had indeed just set up their banners at Grimside, but Mr. Faithful had never been to hear their preachers; and all he knew of them was derived from the circumstance that he had to pass the house of one of his neighbours, when going to church on a Sunday morning, where a class-meeting was held, and as the members of the class were generally pretty lively about the time the Church people were passing, James often heard the shouts of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" "Bless the Lord!" which he hardly knew what to think of, for he had never heard, as he deemed them, such irreverent expressions anywhere else in connection with religion—he thought there were certainly more mad people in the world than Grace Middleton. At the church all was decorous, at least during service-time. At many other times the parson was drunk, the clerk ditto, and the sexton worst of all. But the "Amens," and the responses in the Litany, and all other departments of the service were respectably conducted, and Mr. Faithful, his wife, and "Auntie," returned home after the morning and afternoon service refreshed by whatever spiritual influence had flowed to them through the forms they had sincerely attended to, and with their moral principles strengthened by the repetition in a splendid voice of a sermon from Tillotson, Blair, or some other leading divine, for the clergyman never pretended to make his own sermons.* On arriving at home the Sunday clothes were put off, brushed, and carefully put away in their appropriate place. The once-a-week tea was prepared, but the family enjoyed this refreshing meal once a week only, except that Mrs. Faithful prepared a cup on the sly for herself, Auntie, and the servant-girl on the washing-day. The cows were fetched home to be milked, and the dairy operations being finished, a few chapters were read in the family Bible; the Catechism was repeated by the younger members of the household, and other young people who might come in. Little Jimmy took his part, as well as a child

* What is stated above is strictly true, but the writer is glad to know that these scandals to religion do not now exist at Grimside.

could who was less than four years of age, in the Catechism process ; but, Auntie, who was always the catechiser, could with difficulty refrain from smiling at the child's answers. The incidents of one of their Sunday evening doings were as follows :—

Auntie asked James, "What is your name?"

"Jimmy," was the answer.

"No, no," said, Auntie; "you should say James."

"Dames? Well then, Dames."

"No, not Dames," said Auntie; "James."

"Zames; will that do, Auntie?"

"Well, I suppose it must," said Auntie, "if we can get no better."

"Who gave you that name?"

"My dodfathers and dodmothers in my batism."

"No, no; you should say godfathers and godmothers," said Auntie, "and Baptism."

"Now, Auntie," said Jimmy, who had brought Cæsar to the front and put a Catechism into his mouth, "ask Cæsar"—(or Teaser as the child pronounced it)—"his catism."

This unexpected turn in the exercise upset the gravity of the company, and they had to postpone the questions to a future occasion.

As nothing more could be done in this department, it was proposed to have a walk in the fields and enjoy the evening sunlight and air, which, at that particular time of the year were as delicious as in most other places on an autumn evening. Jimmy and Cæsar were as riotous as usual when they got together in the open air. Mr. Faithful would lift the child on the dog's back, and let him ride as far as he could. Of course he tumbled off again and again, whereupon the dog would lick the child's face, jump and bark all round him, poke his nose under his side as he lay on the ground, and thus ask him as plainly as he could to get up and ride again. Sticks and stones were thrown as far as possible in advance of the dog, when he would bound away, seize the stick or stone in his mouth, and bring it back as a trophy of his playfulness and lay it at the child's feet.

Just as they were emerging from a path behind a hedge which had hid them from the sight of the person whom they now saw sitting on a stile, but who did not see them because her back was toward them, they heard a voice which they were quite accustomed to hear, and which they at once knew to be the voice of Miss Middleton, singing in her old tune, for she stuck to it at all times—

"All the world is in knots,
And there's nothing but "whats,"
Which sadly perplexes the thoughtful;
Will it always be night?
Will there never be light?
Or certainty come to the doubtful?"

While they paused and listened, a third party had overtaken

them, whose footsteps on the path they had not heard, their minds being occupied with Grace Middleton and her song. It was a young woman who had caught the infection, as some called it, of the Methodists at the class-meeting aforesaid, where they shouted "Glory" so lustily, but as this young woman thought and said, she had found Jesus the Nazarene. At all events, whatever it was that she had caught or found, her whole nature was affected by the influence which had come to her. It had made her remarkably earnest and devoted. She was at this particular time going to a cottage not far from where she joined the family group, to visit a sick and, as was supposed, a dying woman, at whose bedside two or three other young women, like-minded with herself, had agreed to meet, and offer spiritual comfort to the patient, and intercession on her behalf. She had on her head a plain bonnet, with a little border of frill under it. Her dress was very plain, but neat; in short, she was dressed much as the Quaker females used to dress before they also began to study the fashions. She heard Grace Middleton's song, and though she had often heard of her she had never seen her till this moment.

Now, reader, between you and me, I rather like a person of this sort. I like to see religious convictions do something *with* a person and for a person. The vanities of dress are, to be sure, small matters, but the feeling and conviction that I must put these vanities away to satisfy my sense of duty is *not* a small matter. It is a mighty inward force, my friend, which has a wider reach and a stronger power than in reference to that Quaker-like bonnet and plain stuff dress. The essence of that inward power we all want, and must have, or we shall be good for little in this universe.

"The world is in knots,
And there's nothing but whats."

Mr. Faithful, were those the words this lady was singing? I fear she is not happy; I cannot see how any person can be happy who sings such words."

"Miss Middleton is out of her mind," whispered Mr. Faithful to the young woman, "and lives at the asylum."

"Indeed! Is that the lady I have often heard of but have never seen till now, who sings so much and has such strange ways? May I speak to her?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Faithful, "you may speak to her, but I don't know how she will take it."

The young woman went up to Miss Middleton, and said—

"My friend, I heard you sing just now something about the world being all knots, and about there being no light and certainty to thoughtful and doubtful minds. I am glad to say I have found a Friend who has solved my doubts, chased away my darkness, and filled my heart with light and joy."

"Indeed," said Miss Middleton, "you have been very lucky."

"Oh no," said the young woman, "it is not luck at all. He

asked me to come, and I came—to seek him, and I found him—to the joy of my heart; and if you would come to him he would give you light and joy also.”

“I cannot say about that,” said Miss Middleton; “you are handsomer than I am, and people are very particular in these days about showing friendship to young women. I shouldn’t have as good a chance as you.”

“Yes, you would, just the same chance; whosoever cometh unto him he will in no wise cast them out.”

“Did he ever cure any mad people?”

“Yes, many, and some of them the most desperate cases.”

“Are his charges high?”

“Oh no; all he does for us is without money and without price.”

“Indeed! that is cheaper than the asylum.”

“Yes,” said Ann Selby, for that was the young woman’s name; “and I can assure you that every word I have said about him is true.”

“Does he keep an asylum somewhere,” said Miss Middleton, “like that?” pointing to the place where she lived.

“No, he keeps no asylum,” said Ann; “all who come to him are made free, and become clothed and in their right mind. But I must go to see my sick friend, and I hope some time I shall see you again, and that I can persuade you to come to this great Physician of souls.”

“Well, I shall be glad to see you any time,” said Miss Middleton; “only you must not deceive me, for I want the knots all untied, and everything put straight. And, mind, little Jimmy must go with me if I go; as for Auntie, she need not go, for she is better than any of us already.”

With these words the group dispersed—Ann to visit the sick, the Faithfuls to go home, and Miss Middleton to come at her leisure to the asylum. But an arrow had been shot at a venture, and with no unkindly intention—in fact, with no intention at all—that pierced Auntie’s heart, and led to results in her case and that of the whole family which must be narrated in due time. Sufficient has been said to indicate the orderly and decorous life which the Faithfuls lived as to its religious aspect. They followed the light they had, and obeyed the eternal laws of good conduct as they are placed before us in the Bible. They were a quiet, unpretending family, who tried to do their duty in that situation of life in which God had placed them. There were no very ardent spiritual affections in their nature, for, in fact, they had never been taught to understand the nature and operation of such affections. They scarcely knew whether there were “any Holy Ghost,” and as to the “hallelujah” business, they did not understand it at all. Mr. Faithful had too much good sense and charity to join in the common verdict of some of his neighbours respecting the religious

excitement which had just then begun to manifest itself in the neighbourhood, attributing this, as they did, to hypocrisy, fanaticism, or a love of notoriety and display. He saw that if the persons thus excited were not in all things perfect, there was a great change for the better in the conduct of most of them, and that, whatever their excitement might be, or wherever it might come from, there was an outward consistency, an earnestness of life, an interest in the good of others, which he had never seen before in the same persons, or in the Church to which he belonged. Glad would he have been if any such influence would have come on his own clergyman, and especially on the rank and file of the lay officials of the Church. If a dozen Ann Selbys had risen up among them, to kindle their spiritual fervour, and show an interest in the wants and sorrows of the people, he would willingly have pardoned their demure dress and their assumption of superior sanctity, so only there might be something like the spirit of that Christianity which the Church professed. Mr. Faithful knew, as we all know, that we cannot make a religion by "clear starching," that is, by niceness, formality, and precision. He knew, as we all know, that all religions which work, and last, and triumph are made in a red-hot furnace of feeling and fire; and that hard forms will never affect human nature to any saving result, unless they can be heated and welded into passionate expressions of our inward life and consciousness.

But this kind of preaching won't do for "a story for the young," and I shall finish this Sunday evening's proceedings by remarking that Mrs. Faithful—a very Martha in her disposition and habits—after the rest of the family had retired, was gathering together the clothes to be washed the next day, preparing the fuel for the "furnace," and putting other necessary things in order for work at five o'clock next morning; for it was an established article in her household creed that "no mistress of a household was worth a button who could not have the clothes washed, dried, and ironed by five o'clock on Monday afternoon;" which rule, whether it be a practicable one in all cases, I shall leave to my lady readers to decide. It might seem a worldly, and hardly a Sabbath-keeping work thus to anticipate the labours of the Monday morning, but it must be remembered that Mrs. Faithful was a woman of great energy, to whom it was almost painful to be doing nothing; and as she had been to church twice that day, and the religious duties of the day were done, she conceived she was breaking no commandment by doing as she did. I am not defending her, but only reporting her doings. Some people will keep the Sabbath all the week, and neither wash the clothes or do anything else. Perhaps, on the other side, Mrs. Faithful thought too much about the washing.

(To be continued.)

TOM BROWN ON PROVERBS.

I HOPE none of the readers of the JUVENILE will skip this and my succeeding papers because of the subject.

I dare say many of you have an idea that proverbs carry with them a musty, mouldy smell, as if they had been hunted up out of the rubbish and litter of some old lumber-room, after having been buried for years. Perhaps you think, too, that proverbs and preaching always go together; and, in your dread of a sermon, you will leave these articles unread.

Now, I have set myself the task of correcting the first of these notions. Whether I shall be successful or not remains to be seen.

I want to make you little folks see that proverbs, instead of being mildewed, dusty odds and ends, are bright gold coins, which for many many years—long before even your parents were born—have been passing from one to another, just as our money does.

As for preaching, I am sure I shall try not to offend you by that. I only wish you to comprehend the real meaning of these wisdom-scrap, so that you may be able to make a right use of them, and also that their teachings may influence you for good. I shall try to do this in an interesting manner, so as not to deserve the charge of being too prosy. If, however, any of you should think my style is getting rather dry at any time, and you will take the trouble to write to the Editor, I am sure I will try to be more lively.

Many meanings have been given of the word "Proverb." It has been defined as "a short sentence drawn from long experience;" as "a well-known saying, remarkable for some elegant novelty;" as "a short sentence, frequently repeated by the people;" and as "the wit of one and the wisdom of the many." From these various definitions we gather that its chief characteristics are brevity, wit, truth, and popularity or general use.

They form some of the oldest fragments of wisdom which have descended from our ancestors, and they are many of them the wise sayings of sages and poets, whose names have long since been forgotten.

They claim an important place in the literature of a country, as their shortness and wit cause them to be remembered and frequently used by all classes of the people, but especially by the more humble and least educated, who, from the difficulty they experience in clothing their ideas in appropriate language, have constant recourse to these "old saws."

Proverbs have been used by all nations and at all periods. Many celebrated writers have made frequent employment of them in their works. Among these may be mentioned the great names of Aristotle, Cicero, Erasmus, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Rabelais.

Some of the proverbs now in common use can be traced back, through varied changes, through the literature of Greece and Rome, right away to ancient Egypt.

Many have been brought to us by our Continental neighbours, and from their universal adaptation they have been received and adopted into our language. So that now we frequently make use of the proverbial expressions of France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Holland, without knowing to what country we are indebted for their introduction.

The best collection of proverbs is doubtless that contained in the Bible, collected, and many of them written, by Solomon, the pre-eminently wise man. It is said that "he spake three thousand proverbs; he spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." Those which he has handed down to us are indeed precious gems of truth. They may be taken as embodying the whole duty of man. Warnings and threatenings, encouragements and promises are there given "line upon line" and "precept upon precept."

A proverb is none the worse for requiring a little thoughtful consideration in applying it; but generally the meaning is so plain and pointed that the mere hearing of it will strike the mind with such force as to influence the springs of action. This is the chief use of the proverb. To quote from the inspired Book—"A word spoken in due season, how good is it." A seed of truth dropped in the pleasant form of a common saying has often been fruitful in deterring individuals from crimes which they were contemplating, or in inciting them to noble deeds or to patient endurance. At times when we begin to feel that after all we might as well give up the struggle against selfishness and meanness, some proverb will occur to our mind, or be spoken in our hearing, which at once checks the ignoble thought, and decides the case on the side of honour and integrity.

It is a remarkable fact that the vast majority of proverbs inculcate virtue and uprightness. There certainly are a *few* which may be perverted and used by the cruel or the mean-spirited in defence of their conduct, but the number is miserably and significantly small. This peculiarity proves that in the opinion of past generations, not only will virtue meet its reward hereafter, but that even in this world it is the only safe path to happiness and lasting prosperity.

The great force of proverbs results from the fact that they are the embodiment of the wisdom not of one but of many generations. Hence the use we make of them. If we think our individual opinion or argument requires confirmation, we instantly have recourse to a proverb to back it up. No one thinks of contradicting a proverb; for has it not come to us endorsed by the testimony of each succeeding period since it was first uttered.

Of course they only give expression to general truths; their brevity hinders the insertion of any conditional clauses. If, therefore, we find a case in which some proverb would be false if applied,

we must not think the proverb worthless or void of truth. There are exceptions to all rules, and as proverbs give only general rules there is scarcely one but may be at some time or other wrongly used. There are many of them, too, which partake of the parable as well as of the proverb, and, consequently, they cannot be taken literally. Their meaning is, however, generally easy to be perceived.

For our first study let us take one which seems to recommend itself as being appropriate, not only for the commencement of a series of papers, but also for the present season, the New Year—"Well begun is half done."

This is a very old proverb, as is evident from the fact that it is found in the writings of Horace. We have another embodying the same idea—"A good beginning makes a good ending;" and our friends the Italians have two beautiful ones: "The beginning only is hard, and costs dear," and "Begin your web, and God will supply you with the thread."

"Well begun is half done" is one of that class of proverbs which cannot be taken literally. Of course we very well know that however well anything may be "begun," it is *not* really and truly "half done." The meaning, however, is very plain. It is that after a "good beginning" further progress is comparatively easy and pleasant. The aim, then, of the proverb is to inculcate the vast importance of "beginning" well, or of a "beginning" *to do well*. This importance we shall see more clearly if we look at it for a few moments.

Philosophers tell us there is always more force required to put anything in motion than is required to continue that motion, as there is a property in all things which they call by the strange-looking name *inertia*—this is the property of inactivity, or resistance to motion. Now, in the moral world, as in the physical, we find this same *inertia*, or a propensity for remaining as we are. Therefore, before any moral work can be done by any individual, this inactivity must be overcome. Hence the grand importance of having "well begun."

But "well begun" may, without asking for any great licence of interpretation, be taken to mean a *beginning to do well*, or a reformation. And of how much greater consequence is a beginning which consists of a "ceasing to do evil" and a "learning to do well!" A glorious victory has been achieved when the force of evil habits and evil tempers has been conquered, so as to allow of the individual making a start on a new track. It is as if his moral powers, which had long been retreating before the army of evil, had now not only paused in their precipitate flight, but had turned about and faced the foe with an invincible determination to drive it back.

Another reason of the great value of having "well begun," is the encouragement it gives for further progress. "We never knew what we can do till we try" is an old maxim, and a true one.

Many things which look difficult to attain, or hard to bear, are found to be wonderfully easy when attempted. We are much too apt to look at the hill of difficulty as though it had to be mounted at a single bound, whereas only one step at a time is required of us; and each step taken leaves fewer to be taken, till when we have reached the summit, and look back on the gradual ascent, we wonder we ever hesitated at all in starting.

Let us now look at a few of the cases in which the proverb is applicable.

First, then, childhood is the "beginning" of life. And how much depends on life being "well begun!" What vast destinies are affected! what happiness or misery is at stake! During childhood we are very much influenced by our surroundings, either for good or evil. Our characters are forming, our habits growing, our opinions and principles becoming fixed. Most of the men who have made their mark in the world, and who have inscribed their names on the roll of honourable fame, have attributed their success to the habits and tastes they acquired in early life. Merchants and millionaires, poets and painters, preachers and philanthropists, statesmen and philosophers, inventors and great mechanics, all point to the influences which surrounded them in childhood; to the habits of observation, perseverance, and industry then formed, as the secrets of their ultimate prosperity and usefulness. How important then that our life should be "well begun;" that true and noble principles should be instilled into our minds; and that all our sympathies should be drawn towards the pure and the true. "Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

But there are other periods of life which may well be designated "beginnings," as they are points where we seem to start again upon the journey. Let us look at one or two.

There is the "beginning" of school life. We will suppose the child has hitherto been kept at home, carefully watched and tended by loving parents. All his hopes and fears, his anxieties and cares have been bounded by the family circle. What a change for such a lad to go to school! To be treated with only common attention instead of being the darling! To make a single unit in the "world of school!" Here, indeed, is a fresh start for him. He finds himself among a host of schoolfellows of all sorts—good and bad, strong and weak, big and little. He finds new interests rising in his mind; school affairs, studies, and traditions become an all-absorbing subject. Another peculiarity of his new position is that for the first time in life he finds himself to a certain extent thrown on his own responsibility. Many questions he has to decide for himself which he has formerly been used to refer to the opinions of his parents. And now is seen of what stuff his character is made, and what principles he has imbibed in his home-training.

The knowledge he now acquires and stores up for future use, although exceedingly valuable, is not of half so much consequence as the moral part of his school education. He now begins to form habits which will cling to him probably through life. Additional interest also attaches to this period of his life, because he is now exposed to both bad and good influences. Some of his fellow-pupils are not desirable acquaintances, and much depends on the character of those whom he chooses as friends and companions. The boy who shirks his lessons, or only learns enough to escape punishment; plays truant, or is guilty of petty acts of cruelty, deceit, or meanness, has certainly made a bad "beginning" of his school life, and unless he makes an alteration he will just as certainly come to a bad "ending."

There is also the "beginning" of working life. Many young people, unfortunately, have to leave home to commence theirs; and with them especially is this new start one of great moment. Of all periods perhaps this is the most critical. The youth is thrown among new acquaintances, with whom he has daily to associate without choice, and many of whom are wild and dissolute. Not only that, his home associations are severed, the home example and restraint gone. He is in a strange town, it may be a gay one, and the many subtle temptations presented to him under such pleasing guises sadly perplex his judgment. For the first time, too, he feels the dignity of being his own master, and burns to try his freedom; and as a further argument for questionable amusements, he finds himself after business hours with nothing to occupy his leisure, and perhaps in uncomfortable apartments which contrast sadly with the cosy fireside at home. That youth has not "well begun" his working life who, delighted with his new-found liberty, visits scenes and places, or indulges in habits which were forbidden when at home. The first step in the downward career of such a young man is the wilful disregard of home cautions, advice, and injunctions. Far more likely to make a good "ending" is he who spends his leisure in improving his mind and in refining his tastes; who culls the flowers of knowledge, the perfume of which is fragrant and tasting, and indulges in the sweets of literature whose delights leave no sting.

There are other "beginnings" we might mention, but their consideration would not be of much service to my young readers. Suffice it that every new situation, every new position of life, has its "beginning;" and to a wonderful extent success or failure depends on the spirit, the manner, and the determination with which it is entered upon.

We will now look at a few other cases, in which to have "well begun" is of importance.

Mark those two boys at school. They have just had a task set them by their teacher. For a minute they both survey it with a similar mournfully puzzled face. But see, one of them at last puts

down his book with a resolute air, and at once commences his task. The other still looks at his, wonders how long it will take to master it; whether it is very difficult or not, and longs for the hour that will release him from his studies. He at last commences. He learns a line or two, and then has another "long lingering look" at the busy sparrows on the neighbouring trees. In this half-asleep style he keeps on, till aroused by his companion jumping up from the seat, his face beaming with conscious victory, as he goes to the master to repeat his lesson. The difference in the progress of these two boys is all due to the different ways in which they started upon their exercises. Depend upon it, if there is anything that *must* be done the sooner it is set about the better; every idle and irresolute moment makes it more difficult of accomplishment.

What a great deal depends on the way in which each day is "begun." If it is "well begun" with cheerfulness and kindness, there is a fair prospect of its duties and its cares being gone through with contentment and resignation. But if, on the contrary, the day is commenced with ill-tempers and unkind words, how miserably do the hours drag on, and every one is pleased when the day is over. A sour face at the breakfast-table is quite enough to make a whole family sulky for the rest of the day, just as a damp, dull morning gives to every one a feeling of melancholy. What a vast difference there is in the way children "begin" the day. Some jump cheerfully out of bed at early sunrise. They have plenty of time to do all their little duties. They are never in a hurry. They seem to have gained a march on time, for all through the day what they have to do is done at its proper time; and as there is no haste about them, it is done well. Others keep dozing away in bed till the very last minute they dare. They allow themselves barely sufficient time to prepare for school, and if anything happens to hinder them something has to be left undone. They have a very hasty swill instead of a thorough good wash. Often they have to leave their prayers unsaid. They hastily dress, and then they have to hurry over their breakfasts, scalding their mouths, and almost choking themselves in their haste; and when at last they start to school they have to run all the way, and often get "too late" even then. And if they manage to get in time, the hurry-scurry they have gone through has so heated and excited them that they are quite unfit for their studies, and consequently they get disgraced. All through the day they are much the same. The time lost in the morning cannot be caught up again, and so many boys and girls are everlastingly occupied in doing what should have been done half an hour before.

Then again there is the present season, the "beginning" of the year, which of all times seems the most appropriate for reflecting on the past, and resolving for the future. I hope, my young friends, you have commenced the year well. I hope you have

made firm resolutions that this shall be the best year you have ever spent; that you will learn more, and be more gentle and noble than you have ever yet been. But how are you "beginning?" Have you "well begun?" Beware of the temptation to do anything wrong *just this once*. Be watchful of the first inclinations to relax from your diligence. Resist any impulse which would urge you to say an unkind word, or to do a selfish action, and you will find yourselves each day getting stronger for good.

In conclusion, let me ask you, my dear young readers, to take to heart the lesson this proverb teaches. Although applicable to all, it is specially so to you who are just commencing life. I doubt not you frequently indulge in glorious dreams of the future—dreams which I hope are bright with noble purposes and honest aims. I would not discourage these fancy flights by suggesting cynical doubts of their ever being realized. On the contrary, I would like you to see, and to feel, that nowadays you may be very much what you like to make yourselves; but not by dreaming of it only. You must work with perseverance and determination. Nerve yourselves, then, for the effort, and in youth lay a foundation of principle and character on which to build up your future prosperity and usefulness, ever remembering the hidden meaning of the proverb "WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE."

MONEY.

INTRODUCTORY ARTICLE.

No doubt some of our young friends wonder what we have to say about money. Perhaps some think that very little can be said about it, and it may be that a few think that the best thing we can do will be to tell aunts and uncles to give more pennies and sixpences to their nephews and nieces; but before we can recommend this we shall require to know what the young folks do with their money, and perhaps some will be unable to tell us. Now it will be a capital thing if you will begin and try to keep a record of all the money you get, and what you do with it. Just procure a penny memorandum book, and write on one side an account of every farthing you receive, and on the other a record of all that you spend. You can put down so much for tops, skipping-ropes, the missions, books, spice, and marbles; it will be as good as having a shop, and will give you a little practice in the method of bookkeeping. You can balance up accounts at the end of each quarter or year, and if you begin now you can commence with January 1st, 1872. Just ask your mamma what she thinks about it, and if you adopt the plan be very careful not to get into debt: always try to keep a little in hand.

Yet this is not exactly what we intended to write about. Our purpose is to tell of money itself, rather than about the way in

which to use it. We wish to let you know why money came into use, how it came into use, and when. Then we purpose describing to you the various kinds of money which have been used in this country, and in others; and the different kinds which are being used now. There is much valuable information to be obtained from the names, figures, and dates on ancient coins and medals. Often the writers of history would be in doubt as to the date of some great event, but for the help which they gain by examining a good collection of old coins. It is estimated that the number of varieties of coins and medals existing in collections now is not less than 200,000. The collection in the British Museum comprises about 150,000 specimens. Wherever have they all come from? From all sorts of places all over the civilized world. Some of them have been in existence for more than 2,000 years. But how is it they are not worn out? Because some of them have been very little used. They have been discovered hid away in strong boxes or earthenware vessels under the ground.

In olden times when governments were not so strong as they are now, people were more afraid of having their money stolen by housebreakers and others; so in order to preserve it they dug holes in the ground, and put it there out of sight, where no one else knew of its existence. Then if the person who had concealed it died suddenly or was killed, no one knew where to find his possessions: so they remained there till accidentally discovered many years afterwards. Sometimes when a war broke out, the men who had to go and fight, having no bank to put their money in, hid it in a wood or field, or under large stones in cellars. Then, perhaps, they were killed in battle; and, as no one knew about the hiding-place, the coins were preserved for a long time, until turned up by the plough, or found by builders when digging to make foundations for new buildings. You will remember, too, that our Saviour uses the parable of a man finding treasure "hid in a field,"* for the purpose of showing the great value of religion, and how well it is worth the giving up of everything else that we may obtain it. That is a very beautiful little parable, and I would have you think about it. It is said that in Eastern countries many rich men divided their goods into three parts: one they used in commerce, or for their necessary support; one they turned into jewels, which could be easily carried with them, if for any reason they had to fly; the remaining third, they buried. As they told no person where they had buried it, if they did not return to the spot, it was lost until by chance somebody found it. By these means many coins have been preserved, which would otherwise have been worn out.

Some people are deeply interested in the collection of these various sorts of money. They search for them, purchase them, arrange them in the order of their dates, and preserve them in

* Matt. xiii. 44.

glass or wood cases with very great care. In a cabinet of English coins you can trace the history of the nation by noticing the various figures and letters, the form of the coins, and the kinds of metal of which they are composed. This study of coins for the purpose of classifying them and gathering information from them, is called the science of numismatics; but as this is rather a difficult word to remember, we shall not make much use of it. As a sample of the historical value of coins, we may notice one struck in commemoration of the visit of the Roman Emperor, Hadrian, to this country, about the year 120, and designed to signify the final conquest of a great part of Britain.

On one side is the name HADRIANUS, and on the other BRITANNIA. On the side where the name Britannia is, there is also



ROMAN COIN.

the figure of a female seated on a rock, having a spear in her left hand, and a round shield with a spike in its centre by her left side. The elbow of the left arm rests on the edge of the shield, and the right hand is raised as if to support the head. The figures on this coin are of a much better stamp than those on many other Roman coins. As another example, we will just mention that some specimens, by the figures and words which they bear, confirm the history of the Christian religion: but these will be referred to at some future time.

We wish now to call your attention to one of the coins of our own time in order to excite your interest in the subject. Just get a penny. Haven't you one in your pocket, or money-box? Christmas is only just over, and most young people get a supply about this time of the year. If you have not a penny, use a halfpenny. If you can pick one that is not much worn, it will be the best; and if you are unable to do without borrowing, be sure you pay back as soon as you have read this description of it. Having got a penny, we first ask, what is it made of? We usually call it copper; but a glance will show that it is not pure copper, for it is not so red as copper is. It is an *alloy*, or mixture of metals; and consists of copper, zinc, and tin. This alloy wears longer than pure copper, and that is one reason why it is used. Now look at the penny again. Its edges are raised up, or "milled," so as to form a rim; in

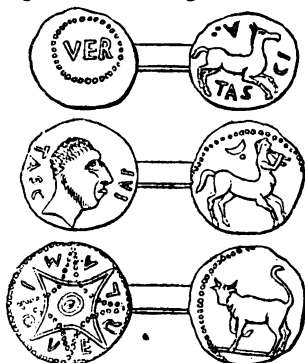
this respect, it resembles all other English coins in use at the present time. This rim serves several important purposes. It protects the figures on the sides from friction, and so saves them from being rubbed off so easily as they otherwise would be; and it serves as a check upon a practice much resorted to at one time, that of clipping and filing the edges. Many years ago, when money was made without these raised edges, small pieces of metal were clipped or filed off the edges of coins; then the coins were passed for their usual value, and the clippings and filings were melted down and sold. The Jews are said to have been very guilty of this method of robbing the king; and, whether justly or unjustly, many of them suffered for it. In order to check the practice it became customary to print letters on the edges, as in our crown pieces, or to raise the edges, as in all the coins now issued. Now, any filing or clipping could be easily detected, and people refuse to take coin which has been much defaced. Let us now turn to the penny again. On one side, called the *obverse*, there is a bust or head of Her Majesty the Queen. It presents the sinister profile—that is, a left-side view. The head is laureated, or adorned with laurel; the hair is parted on the forehead, carried over the top of the ear, then joined with the back hair, and plaited into a sort of knot: part of it appears to be tied with a piece of ribbon, the ends of which are allowed to hang down on the back of the neck; the shoulder is draped, or covered with the upper part of the dress: and if the coin you have is not much worn, you may see just over the arm part of the symbol of the Order of the Garter, the highest order of English knighthood. The portion in sight on the coin presents to view the French word, *Honi*, and part of another French word, *soit*.

Look, now, round the inner edge of the penny, and you see a number of letters: these form what is termed the *legend*. On an English penny of the present reign, the legend is VICTORIA D: G: BRITT: REG: F: D: These letters stand for Victoria, Dei Gratia, Britanniarum Regina, Fidei Defensor. Those of our readers who have commenced the study of Latin will, doubtless, be able to translate these words correctly with or without the use of a dictionary; and as they are very simple, perhaps others will almost succeed if they will only try. But we must tell the little ones that their English meaning is—Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of the British Isles; Defender of the Faith.

We turn next to the other side of the penny; it is called the *reverse*. Here we have a figure of Britannia, seated, with a helmet on her head, and an oval shield at her right side. Her right hand rests on the edge of the shield, while the left grasps a trident, or three-forked sceptre; behind her is a lighthouse, and before, a ship with sails set and streamer flying: no doubt intended to signify the commercial character of the nation. Inside the edge are letters giving the value of the coin, and underneath the figure

of Britannia is the date of coinage. Thus you see an English penny is a nice work of art, and an interesting object of study.

But the coinage of this country has not always been so near perfection; there are some rude specimens to be seen, showing the gradual changes from barbarous times, and the advancement which has been made in design and sculpture. We are indebted to the Romans for the introduction of coins to this country. According to Julius Cæsar, the money in use among the ancient Britons consisted of "rude pieces of brass and iron rings, regulated to a certain weight." Probably some of these were held together by means of a cord passed through the middle, just as the Chinese string their coins together now. But for several



ANCIENT ROMAN COINS STRUCK DURING THE ROMAN PERIOD IN ENGLAND.

hundred years previous to their conquest of Britain the Romans had practised the art of coining. They had very little gold or silver in use, their usual medium of commerce being copper. In some specimens of their money the figures and letters are well framed, giving evidence of great care and skill; but in others, both the designer and coiner appear to have been careless. The greater number of coins in circulation under the Roman Republic bore on the obverse, or principal side, the head of a Roman god: and on the reverse, a rude representation of the prow of a ship. Under the Roman Empire the coins generally had the head of the reigning emperor on one side, and on the other, horse-soldiers, or a figure of the goddess Victory; but in some instances there was nothing but rude representations of animals and fantastic figures, altogether without meaning.

Yet the use of money did not originate with the Romans. There are coins in existence now which were made more than a hundred years before the first attempt to coin at Rome. Next month we will give some account of the origin of money.

SHORT PAPERS BY UNCLE WILLIAM.

NO. 1.—GOOD THINGS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

UNCLE WILLIAM, whose heart has still a warm place for the young, feels pleasure in renewing his acquaintance with his JUVENILE friends, sincerely hoping that, though already numerous, they will "increase and multiply" to double their present number. By this time a new friend will have arrived, and Uncle William, giving him a hearty welcome, celebrates his arrival in this his first "Short paper." Our new friend is the year 1872. By the way, how fond we are of new things! Not only young folks whose eyes glisten at the sight of a new frock or a new toy, but also "children of a riper growth." And so for a little while we call each year new, and fuss about it and make much of it; but it soon grows old, and then we take its weeks and months as a matter of course, and the last 300 bran new days come and go with little notice. In Scotland, France, and some parts of Germany the first of January is above all other days the occasion of great rejoicings; but English folk make it a part of merry Christmas-time, with its feasting and jollities, and so give it a decent kind of welcome, especially making it an occasion for *compliments* and *charities*, *kind acts*, and *fresh beginnings*. So Uncle William presents his packet of good things to the young folks, labelled "Good wishes," "Good gifts," "Good resolves," and "Good deeds."

Good wishes are in season just now. They are as plentiful and sweet as plums in a Christmas pudding. They (the *wishes*, not the *plums*) may lay dormant and be unexpressed all the year round, but now their presence is made known on all hands. Everybody wishes well to everybody, as though kind words came in with the year. You see it in the flaring placards in shopkeepers' windows, complimentary cards, the postman's letter-bag, and the loving voice of friends—all these, more or less formal, telling of good wishes. Uncle William believes it to be a good practice to begin the year in the house of God, and on this occasion invites his many thousand young friends to go with him to a Watch-night Service. As the visit is imaginary, we will not heed the frost and snow. It is very late, nearly midnight, yet all seem wide awake, as though on the look-out for some one. The service is nearly over; all bow or kneel for prayer, but no words are uttered. How solemnly still and quiet it seems. You almost hear your neighbour's heart beat as well as your own, and the old clock appears to tick louder than ever, till at last it strikes *twelve*, and the merry bells peal out. The people rise; everybody is glad and friendly. At last all stand up to sing with heartiness—

"Come, let us anew our journey pursue."

Hundreds of thousands, year after year, sing that fine old hymn of Wesley's to that same old tune, at the same moment of time.

But the singing is over, and then you hear from the pulpit the pleasant greeting, "I wish you all a very happy New Year." Good wishes in the house of prayer! The people give and take them amid hearty hand-shakings; and then away home, where they are lovingly passed round; then to the Sunday-school, where teachers and scholars vie with each other in telling out their good wishes. And now Uncle William would not be behind, but by means of these pages express his real earnest wish, and say A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL. Your old friend shakes hands with you in heart, and whether you live in the midst of London's wonders, Liverpool's shipping, Cornwall's rugged cliffs, or Chester's antiquities, in town or country, rest assured you have the good wishes of Uncle William.

But, says one, stop; what good are wishes? They will not feed a hungry boy, or give health to a sickly girl. Some one has said, "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride." But wishes, like everything else, are right in their proper place. They are not intended to ride on. Uncle William would not encourage *idle* wishes; *they* are not *good*. Nor would he put wishing in place of doing. But we should be sorry for *kind wishes* to die out. The world could ill spare them. The wish or desire is often the father to the resolve, and then comes the action. We have no notion of a boy *wishing*, but not *helping* to give his mother a happy new year. And if those who wish us well cannot help us, what then? One likes to have the good wishes of others. But, dear young friends, remember that the kindly wishes of a Christian, like the blessings of the patriarchs, are *prayers*, and as such are registered in heaven. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and is worth having. Uncle William's wish of "a happy New Year" includes all that can make you happy, not only in 1872, but for *ever*. So now let us open our next packet,

GOOD GIFTS.—New Year's gifts are not so cheap and abundant as good wishes, yet they are anything but scarce. They belong to the pleasant things of the season, both giving and receiving. Many a German boy will go to his garden plot, and look on the rough, sturdy little tree—from which our Christmas-tree is taken—to see what the fairies have brought him; and the more practical English boy and girl will lift up the pillow or look into the stocking to see what those who are better than fancy sprites or fairies have placed there for a New Year's surprise. And then there are more useful and important New Year's gifts, gifts of clothing and food for the needy; kind-hearted people's presents to the poor widow and orphan, or the master's welcome present to his servant. Boys and girls, you may not have much to give; but if you would know what real luxury is, find out some one poorer than yourself, and while you wish *well* give *better*; and thus whether you *receive* any other New Year's gift than the *year* itself, you will increase your own and others' happiness. Uncle William would ask you to make

one very special gift this year. Not to himself, no, but to a King ; and while your old friend would not encourage the idea of giving on the low motive of being repaid with interest, in this case it is your advantage to make the offering, for God, the great King, says, "Give me thine heart;" and this great Giver of all good gifts says, "A new heart also will I give you." Now, boys and girls, "covet the best gifts."

"Give God your heart, and if the Bible's true,
He'll fill it with his love, and give it back made new;
Then come what may, you'll nothing have to fear,
But really happy be the live-long year."

Now then for our next packet—

GOOD RESOLVES.—Thousands of good resolutions are born on New Year's Day. It is a famous fresh starting-time. It is like a new copy-book, when the scholar not only "turns over a new leaf," but has the whole book entirely unwritten, not a blot, not a blunder. 1872 is as yet a blank book. What will you write in it? It has fifty-two pages, each page with seven lines ; and the top line is (the Sabbath) a golden line to gild the whole page. Uncle William looks back to the old copy-book (1871), and sees much to erase, many blots and crooked lines, and *resolves* better for this year. Will you join him, lads? Take a pocket-book, and on one page write thus—"I resolve to serve God this year;" "I resolve to do all the good I can this year," and so on, line to line; and then take another leaf, and as a second-class list, write, "I will try and be regular and more attentive at school," &c. But what are these worth? It all depends. Resolves are like the figure 0 in arithmetic, which means much or little, according to the figure placed before it, and *nothing* by itself. So sincerity and prayer must be placed before the best resolutions to give them value. Resolves made in our own strength are like card houses, built up to be blown down, or like the house pictured by the great Master, "built upon the sand," and doomed to fall. Then let your resolves be made in His strength; then they become as "the house on the rock."

Let us now open our last packet. Last and least, and yet the greatest is this—

GOOD DEEDS.—Uncle William, somewhat ahead of you in life, would this year act as captain to our juvenile forces. He would lead you on to action. Now boys, now girls, for a busy, useful year. Let us all be at it. The world needs *workers*, not *dreamers*. Wishing and resolving may be good, but *doing* is better. You are rising up, and will become the future men and women of England. Wishing will not make you stalwart men, or noble women, such as our schools should send out; but kind deeds and pious efforts will. Do you want to help to make the world better; don't wait, but begin, for

"All can do something for Jesus."

Look in your homes, your school, your play-ground. Bear in mind the missionary-box and the Band of Hope; for

"If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere."

"Still pressing on where duty calls,
Still keeping heaven in view,
We'll work for Jesus, for we know
There's work for all to do.
We may not live to see the end
Of labours we've begun,
And every day the soul may grieve
At something left undone."

Editor's Table.

We have received the following letter, which will explain itself:—

Durham, December 12.

DEAR SIR,—I am very very sorry to read in this month's JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR that in future your answers to correspondents will be "limited and contracted." This will be detrimental to the "unprecedented success" which you so earnestly wish for, and which, I think, you will, with a few moments' reflection, also agree with me. The reason is obvious. There are a great many "Seniors" as well as "Juveniles" take in this Magazine, at least in this circuit there are—if not more of the former than of the latter—expressly for the lengthy and explicit answers which have so characterized the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and have no doubt been one of the principal causes of the large circulation which it now has, but which might still be augmented. The system which you are going to introduce is something like the style of newspapers, and is, therefore, almost strictly private; whereas the present system of the JUVENILE is not private, but is an explanation of certain given Scripture passages to all who read it. And again you might answer a correspondent next month, in a limited manner, such as you have given an illustration of, and the month following you might have several communications on the same subject; whereas if the old system had been retained, one answer and one communication would have sufficed. You must not think that I am writing you on this subject to save some of us the trouble of writing you. No, far from it; but especially because you seem to be so desirous of having this year an "unprecedented success," and in my opinion you are introducing that which will make it an unprecedented failure. And I find there are others also of the same opinion. Hoping that you will reconsider your notice, and that you will still let us have the explanation of Scripture on the old principle of being addressed to all readers and not to one solitary individual,—I remain, dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

DESIDERATUM.

The alteration we proposed to make in this department was not to save labour or trouble to ourself, but to make room for the contributions of valued correspondents, whose services we have engaged for the coming year. It had been represented to us by some of our correspondents that this department was dull and uninteresting; that some of the questions were asked over and over again; that many of them were frivolous and curious rather than useful; and further—and this weighed with us more than anything else—that we were encouraging a species of vanity in the inquirers, by allowing them to appear in this department, when some of them had really nothing to write about but to have their names appear in print. If these notions are erroneous, we are only the more glad that it is so, because it was a pleasure to us to answer our correspondents rather than a trouble; and we have not and cannot have any other desire than to contribute in any practicable way to the instruction and profit of our young friends. This correspondent and one other have represented to us that to abridge this department will disappoint and displease many of the young people who take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. If this is so, by all means let us adhere to the old plan. We only wish to please every one, if we can, which, however, it is not easy to do. *This month*, however, we are shut out from reverting to the old plan, by reason of the arrangements made; and as it is, we fear we shall have to exclude one communication, with its appropriate cuts, for want of room. Have patience with us, therefore, another month, and we will attend as heretofore to the questions of our young friends. We have but twenty-eight pages at our disposal. Our own story will take eight or ten of these monthly. The editor's table will, on the old plan, take four pages on an average. Reports of meetings and memoirs will take probably four pages at the least. Children's portion, say two pages with the poetry. So here we have eighteen pages bespoke, and only ten left for all our other correspondents. The simple truth is, then, if you have it one way you cannot have it in another. If the "Editor's Table" must take four pages instead of two, then two pages must be taken from something else. Any way will suit us personally: but, in deference to the wish of our present correspondent and the other we have named, we shall revert to the old plan of the "Editor's Table," and arrange other departments accordingly. We have a fair circulation; but it is not what it used to be ten years ago. The plans proposed this year have been arranged with a view, if possible, to extend the circulation; and if our friends, the superintendents of our schools and the teachers, only work with us as they can, we are confident we shall have an increased circulation.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

—♦—

PUDSEY, BRADFORD CIRCUIT.—On Sunday afternoon, October 8, 1871, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the school-room. Our esteemed brother, Edward Hinchcliffe, presided. The report was read by the secretary. Our noble band of collectors have been on the whole very successful, and the following is the result:—Books, boxes, and cards, £9 11s. 5½d.; public collection, £1 16s. 4d.; making a total of £11 7s. 9½d.; increase over last year's efforts of £6 15s. 9½d. Hoping that our present success will stimulate us to still further exertions. After the report was read, addresses were given by our esteemed minister, the Rev. A. R. Pearson, Messrs. John Shaw, John Boyes, and Henry Marsden. The dialogue, which appears in April number of our JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, was given by Ellen Hinchcliffe, Mary Bragden, and Sarah Ann Webster; and the other dialogue, that is in the February number, was given by Mary Hinchcliffe and Sarah Hannah Raistrick; and pieces were recited by Eva Cormack, Elizabeth Boyes, and Anney Hudson. The Rev. A. Pearson presented each collector with a reward. The meeting throughout was very profitable and interesting.—WM. RAISTRICK, *Secretary*.

Poetry.

PRIDE AND THE ROSE.

A FABLE IN RHYME.

WITHIN a garden, once there grew
A gorgeous rose of richest hue,
The queen of that fair spot;
Its stately form and regal grace
Bespoke the conscious pride of race,
And told an envied lot.

O'er bud and flower it reared its head,
And in its own proud language said—
"Who can with me compare?
How well my colours match and blend,
And what a sweet perfume I send
Floating upon the air!

"Say if in all the garden round
A sight more lovely can be found
Than my rich hues disclose?
No one who passes by, but stays
To speak the loveliness and praise
Of me, the fair queen rose!"

And through the short-lived summer's
day
The rose held undisputed sway
In Flora's fairy bow'r:

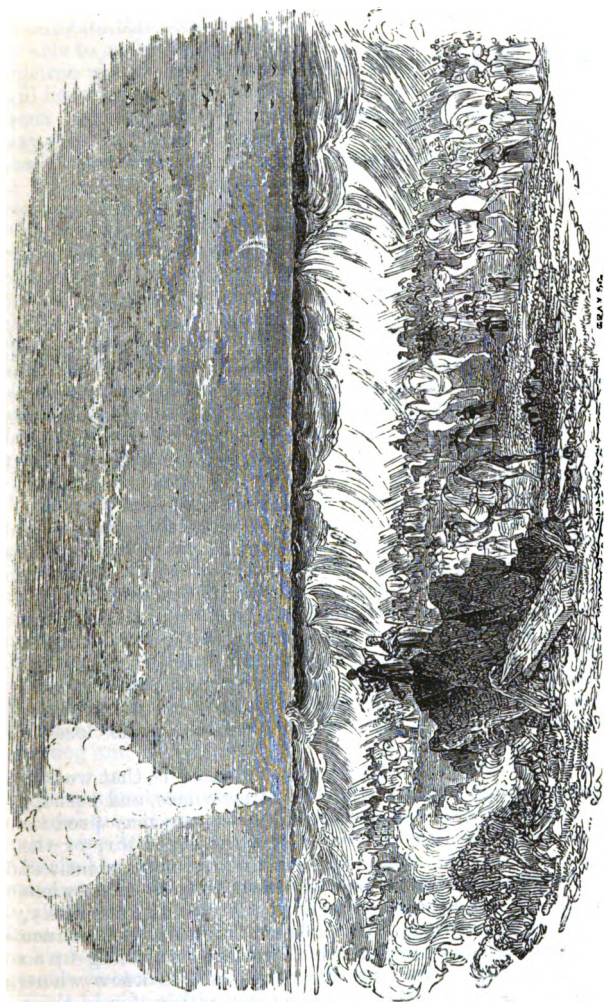
No thought of coming evening blast,
And no concern at sky o'ercast,
Oppressed the haughty flower.

But as the sun sank to his rest,
Black darkness gathered in the west,
Foretelling storm and rain;
And followed soon the angry wind—
Swift in its course as fleetest hind—
Bringing death in its train.

And scorning in its full-blown pride
To bend before the furious tide,
Or e'en to droop its head,
From parent stem the flower was torn,
And on the ground it lay forlorn,
All grace and beauty fled.

With morning's dawn the fair rose died,
A victim to the self same pride
That men so oft display;
While humbler flowers (they on the
ground
Safe shelter from the storm had found)
Bloomed brightly as the day.

AMICUS.



PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA. (See page 39.)

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER III.

WOOLLEN AND COTTON.

WHAT if James Watt had never lived, or having lived, what if he had never invented the steam-engine? What if James Crompton had never invented "mules," and there had never been any cotton spinning; or if that further invention, the "power-loom," had never been discovered—what then? Then Grimside had been a very different place from what it is, and this story had never been told; or if told, it would have had a very different complexion.

These questions open an inviting field for discussing some social questions; but as our young readers are not as yet politicians, as they have never studied Smith's "Wealth of Nations," "Tooke on Prices," Mr. Mill's "Principles of Political Economy," or the report of the commissioners on "the coal supply" (in which latter production it is shown that our coals will be done in less than 280 years), we must pass over the thoughts and speculations which these questions would involve and lead to; remarking, however, that there is a bad look-out for Grimside three centuries hence, when all its machinery will have to stop, and the mills close for want of coal.

There is one relief to this gloomy view, and that is, that we who are now living will all be dead before that time comes, and perhaps the millennium may come before then, or some one may produce steam power from distilled sunbeams or compressed air, or the force of gravity; but how the people are to roast their meat and boil their potatoes, and keep themselves warm in those times when the coal is done, is more than we can tell. There will, very likely, be great indignation meetings held all over the country to denounce the waste of the precious mineral which we are now using up so rapidly, and it would be well for the people not to know where James Watt is buried, or George Stephenson either, for in their displeasure they might tumble them out of their graves for having occasioned (mind, we do not say *caused*—look in the dictionary for

the difference of meaning of the two words) so great a privation to future generations. Let us hope that something will "turn up" to mitigate this possible calamity. Let us hope that Grimside may be able to cook its victuals somehow in those times, and keep the children warm; and if the mills have to stop, why then the people will have to emigrate somewhere. I have read several books which teach that there are "more worlds than ours," and probably some way may be found of getting at them, and transporting the people there; else, woe be to Grimside in the year 2172!

Grimside *was* a happy place once; as happy at least as such a place could be. There were no steam-engines there, no mills, no "power-loom." All that the people manufactured was woollen cloth. It was spun at home and woven at home. Nearly everybody was engaged in this employment. The husband, the wife, and all the grown-up children were thus employed at home. The children were always under their parents' eye, and, as a matter of course, there were stronger domestic affections than there are likely to be where children are withdrawn from their parents' care for so large a portion of their time, as they must necessarily be under modern manufacturing systems. Children were also more dependent on their parents, and were therefore likely to show them greater respect. Dick sets up for a man now by the time he is sixteen or eighteen. He can earn his own living, and have something to spare. So he snaps his fingers at his father and mother, buys him a small greyhound, gets him covered by a suit of cloth good enough for a boy, and we are told, though we do not know for certain, that he buys choice legs of mutton, and cuts his dog the choicest parts, that he may train him to run with other dogs, and in this "sport" he spends his half-holiday on the Saturday afternoon. Dick thinks this manly, and the right sort of thing. Then of course he bets on his dog, and this leads him into other dangers, which he thinks it manly to run into—company, drink, and other things, which can have but one end, the end of the transgressor, which is shame and death. Oh, Dick, Dick, by all means sell that dog and give up your bad company, or you will be ruined for ever!

James Faithful was one of these small manufacturers I have referred to. He had more hands employed than his own, or those of his own family; he was, in fact, a small employer in his way. Attached to his house there were about ten acres of land, so that he was a small farmer as well as manufacturer. Occasionally he went to London to buy wool, and this was a great event, detaining him from home at least three weeks, and causing considerable anxiety to his family. For who that went to London in those days, from so great a distance, could ever be sure of returning in safety? How different is the state of things now! You can go to London from that same place in a few hours, do your business in a day, and return the next. Human life is twice or three times as long for all

practical purposes in business matters as it used to be. We can go anywhere and almost everywhere through the length and breadth of the land, and be at home again in a few days. Workpeople can have a picnic a hundred, or a hundred and fifty miles, and go and come in the same day. Sunday-schools are taken out into the country for thirty or forty miles, to some country village or gentleman's park, and, after enjoying themselves for the day, can be back in the evening. I should not wonder if, before this century closes, we were to have picnics to Mont Blanc, and get astride the Matterhorn or the Jungfrau, and come home again in four or five days. By all accounts we are to have a tunnel under the channel to France; and when that is completed we can breakfast in London, dine in Paris, and sleep at the St. Bernard. All this, or much of it, can be done while the coal lasts; but when that is burnt out we shall have to stay at home for most of our lives, as our forefathers did.

If you throw a straw into the air on any day when the wind blows, you can see from what quarter the wind comes. There are people who have quite a faculty for ascertaining this. They always want to know which way the wind blows. There are other people who never care which way it blows. If it is in their teeth they meet it, and go on all the same. If it is on either side, all they care for is to keep on their feet so that it may not blow them over. If it is behind them, they travel all the faster, and they are thankful for the assisting breeze, and, like the captain of a ship, spread all sail that they may get along the faster.

Now this knowledge of the wind makes all the difference between good and bad luck, as it is called, between success and failure, between getting on a right track and keeping on a wrong one. Many people are experiencing to-day the consequences of either not knowing which way the wind blows, or of sailing with it or against it. Mrs. Faithful was one of those far-seeing persons who had thrown straws into the air, and saw which way they went. She saw that woollen at Grimside was doomed, and that cotton would be "king." She saw that the small domestic manufacture of even woollen was about to come to an end, and that through James Watt and his big boilers there would be a complete revolution in the trade of Grimside. She had no love for cotton for its own sake, but she saw that more money could be made out of it than out of their way of handling wool, and, being one of the "try" family, she had frequent discussions with her husband about this very question, which way the wind was blowing.

"I do not see," said she to her husband one evening as they were sitting by the fire, "why we should spend our lives and energies about such small results as are coming to us out of our small business, when there are greater results to be had in another direction. Why should not we, as some of our neighbours are doing, give up the woollen business and go into cotton; or, at

least, why should not we get a steam-engine, and have a mill like other people, and get rich as well as they?"

She could scarcely have said anything which would have frightened Mr. Faithful more than this. He fancied he saw himself "blown up" by an explosion, one arm flying east and another west, and the rest of him scattered in all directions. He fancied his "mill" in flames, and the gains of an industrious life all lost. He thought of the people he was employing, who would, as he supposed, be thrown out of employment by the steam-engine, and of the misery which would be spread among them by the introduction of machinery. Besides this, all the principles of religion which he had in his nature rose up against this striving after wealth and worldly position.

"Have we not," he said, "enough and to spare? Have we not a quiet home and a happy life? What is the good of heaping cares upon our heads and hearts for the sake of becoming great people, building a fine house, and creating a thousand wants which we ought never to feel? And if we succeeded, what would you do with the servants you would have to call about you? You would have no peace of mind; for even now if the one servant you have does not spin round like a top, you make her hear your voice, and there is a pretty racket in the house. I suppose you would want a lady's maid to dress your hair; you would set up some sort of a carriage, and the roads all about Grimside would have to be put in order to suit your new rig. I do not see the good of all this; you are happy as you are, and I would wish you to be content and thankful with the lot in which Providence has placed you. We are doing well, and let us 'let well alone.' I believe the best thing that could be done would be to send for Ann Selby to convert you, and sweep all these airy visions out of your mind."

"Ann Selby!" said Mrs. Faithful. "I should like to know what I have to do with her or she with me? I know one thing, that these very good folks require something to live on, and if one does not take care of one's self, I have seen enough of the world to know that there are very few people who will do it for us. But you are half a 'Methody' already, and I expect you will soon join the society, and we shall have a regular excitement in the house about religion. Here is Auntie turned quite serious since that Sunday night when we met Ann and Miss Middleton, and I consider her as good as one of the new lights already. But that is neither here nor there; I want us to make the best of our circumstances, and I tell you that the time is come when a great change is coming over the trade of this country, and that those who will not adapt themselves to the new state of things must go to the wall."

What a blessing it is to have a philosopher in the house, especially when that philosopher is one's wife. She is such a winning teacher any way, and her opportunities for teaching are so great, that it is likely she will carry her point in the end, how-

ever much we may oppose her. Mrs. Faithful was a philosopher, and this was her philosophy: that woollen was doomed, and that Grimside was going to be a great cotton centre, and James Watt was sure to triumph.

The clergyman had preached on the Sunday previous to this conversation on "The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself," and he had hinted at some social changes which were going on, and for which his hearers should be prepared, though he had not the slightest idea of any reference to James Watt and his steam-engine, as his own odd habits proved. He drove his horse with a gimlet, which he held in his right hand, and at every jog of the horse there came a poke of the gimlet; but the horse's hide had become so hardened by the operation by reason that he had been used to it for more than twenty years, that his rider might as well have used his gimlet on an inch board for any impression it produced. All the interest which the clergyman took in social questions was centred in one idea. He was a great believer in salt; he thought salt could cure many diseases, and was good for the land and for cattle, and all the work he ever published was on "Salt, as a Manure and Condiment; for Land, and for Horse, Cow, Sheep, and Cattle." That was the title, as it was described to me, although I never saw the work, or had the advantage of benefiting by its instructions. If the title was as I have given it above, the old gentleman must have been a little nervous when he wrote it, for there are rather too many words to describe the same thing; "cows" are generally included in "cattle," and the form savours of the same quality as the introduction to a speech I once heard, which commenced, "Ladies and gentlemen, men, women, and children." However that may be, it is probable that this sermon had awakened Mrs. Faithful's anxiety about the necessity of preparing for the change which she saw was impending between woollen and cotton, and gave rise to her remarks to her husband.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOLS.

THERE comes the same experience to most of us in early life. Of course we have to be nursed. Then to cut our teeth, to have the measles, the chicken-pox, perhaps the scarlet fever; to be whipped more or less according to our deserts, and the wisdom, judgment, or mercy of our parents. Then we get toys from our uncles and aunts, which we soon learn to smash up; and then to go to school.

Everybody is put about on our account when we are children. Even the patience of that most patient of all creatures—a mother—is sorely tried by us, even when we are reasonably good. Think of the tearing of clothes, the loss of buttons, the dirtying of pinafores, the wading through puddles in our clean stockings and

shoes, the crying for bread and butter, the bruises we get in our tumbles, our pouts when vexed, and our outrageous noises when we are pleased. Think how we break teacups and saucers, how we soil and derange furniture, how we tease the cat, and nearly tear the kitten limb from limb in our boisterous playfulness. Think how we leave everything everywhere, a doll here, a wooden horse there, the blocks we had built houses with scattered all over the room; think how we make railway carriages of all the chairs, wear the carpets, and throw everything upside down, and the wonder is that any one will bear with us or be bothered with us. Why, our very nurseries need to have the windows latticed like the windows of a prison, lest we should jump out and break our necks. The fireplace has to have a "guard" as high and strong almost as they use in a lunatic asylum, lest we should jump into the fire and be burnt. Then how fond we are of getting to the cupboard on the sly, and taking the sugar from the sugar-basin, poking our fingers into mother's jams, or soiling ourselves all over with stolen treacle. It takes hundreds of men and women to make playthings for us; to draw, engrave, and colour the pictures we are so pleased with, and to tell stories for our amusement. When father goes from home he is thinking about us all the time. If he passes a shop where there are nice toys, out goes his shilling, his half-crown, or more, to buy them for us; and by the time he starts for home he is loaded with carts and horses, dolls and trinkets, skittles, jumping jacks, and sweetmeats, all for the children! Poor, good soul, all for the children! Why, they don't earn him a penny; they only climb on his knee, pull his beard and his hair, kiss his teeth out or nearly, and almost demolish him with their caresses. That's all the pay he gets for all his love, and care, and cost. By and by he will perhaps get more, in the help the children will render him; but now, in childhood, he gets nothing from them but a bill of costs, and their smiles, kisses, and romps. Oh, you little bewitching rogues, how you do steal people's hearts! How you do make them work and care and contrive to make you happy. But the end of it all is—the school!—that terrible institution which most children dread; but which to them is the greatest blessing, next to religion, which Providence confers upon them.

There were two schools in Grimside. One was a kind of village school, or half-grammar school, connected with the church some way, and under its control; the other was a dame's school, taught by an old lady on her own account, and at moderate fees. The grammar school had, and I believe has had, respectable men appointed to the position of teachers, but it has never risen very high as an educational institution. In James Faithful's time the teacher was a clergyman, the Rev. J. B—, but he was out of his place, and worth a better situation. He felt this very much, but seemed unable at that time to command such a situation as he, with his education, was suited to.

When men are not in their right place they are apt to become either desperate or frivolous. The mind gets vent in dark passions, sour complainings, or deep resentments at their lot, and in such cases drink and ruin are as like as not to dishonour their career; or, on the other hand, the mind gets vent in frivolous occupations, unworthy of itself and its gifts, and which neither bring pecuniary reward or much honour or influence in the end. The school-master in this instance was a cheerful man, resolved to look on the bright side of things; and as he could not be what he wished to be, he was determined to employ his time somehow. He could not have scholars who would turn out to be as illustrious as a Parr or a Porson, and he made up for the deficiency by breeding and keeping canaries!

There were two compartments in the school, but as they were not both needed, he made a huge birdcage of one of them, in which he kept scores of canaries. It was supplied with perches for the birds, and in summer time branches of trees were brought in, forming a sort of natural arbour, in which the birds flew about as they pleased, and sang, as only canaries can, for each other's gratification and the pleasure of their owner and the scholars. It was very pleasant to hear them sing, and I suppose made Latin and decimal fractions go down better with the boys; but the feeding of the birds and cleaning out their room fell to the lot of the scholars, and some of them thought it a loss of time as well as a degradation to be thus occupied when they should have been at their lessons.

The other school was the dame's school already mentioned, taught by a tall, old maiden lady, who was lame, and used a crutch, which was useful in two ways—to help her to walk, and to tap the heads of the children when they misbehaved themselves. She was a kind old creature on the whole, and as patient as most persons in her situation could be with such restless and young children as she had to deal with, who were sent there rather to be out of the way and be taken care of, than for any mental results anticipated from her instructions. The crutch was employed occasionally, but not severely, to the heads of her pupils, on the principle, I suppose, on which an old Scotch minister acted upon at an ordination, who, being too far behind his brethren to lay his hands on the heads of the candidates, touched them with his crutch, and on being remonstrated with for the impropriety of the act, said, "Tut, tut, it is only timmer to timmer;" that is, only timber to timber. We all know that there is such a word used sometimes as *blockhead*, and the readers of this story know what it means. The old dame might apply her crutch to the heads of her scholars under the same impression as the minister, though it is never right to regard any minister or any child as a blockhead, for who knows what study and culture may do for us all? Out of that dame's school some have risen to do her honour, although, alas! she has

passed away beyond the reach of their gratitude for the pains she took with them. One day she became unusually vexed with one of the boys, and seemed determined to apply the crutch rather savagely. He ran out of the school, and she after him, hobbling as well as she could with the help of her crutch; but it needs hardly to be said that young legs are swifter than old ones, especially when one of the two is lame, and the young transgressor could not be overtaken and brought back to justice as he deserved. He kept away for the rest of that afternoon, and the next morning was received with a reprimand, but was spared the application of the crutch. These were the schools in which James Faithful was to receive his education, or rather the beginning of it. But who can tell where he will be educated, or how his education will be completed? At this very moment of which I am writing a sad and terrible event had happened to the Faithfuls. The shrieks of the boy's mother and aunt had been heard by all the neighbours. The father was sent for, and had come to share the terror of the family, and render his assistance to the distressed. The news of what had happened spread like wildfire through Grimside, and several people with feeling hearts were running to the spot, to help and comfort as they could or might. We never know how we are respected and beloved till calamities strike us, and then the floodgates of human sympathy are opened, and we see what human hearts really are.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE SCENES.

I.—THE WATER WALLS.

Exodus xiv.

THERE was another way by which the children of Israel might have travelled from Egypt to Canaan: the same their fathers had passed along when coming from Canaan to Egypt. Most of my readers well know that the huge continent of Africa is joined to Asia by a narrow slip of land called the Isthmus of Suez. But you had better, if you can get the map, look at it again. Along this isthmus ran the great highway between Egypt and Palestine. When Joseph came to Egypt a poor slave; when his brethren afterwards came, famine-stricken seekers for bread; when the wagons were sent to fetch Jacob to come and live with his prosperous son Joseph, they all went to and fro upon this road. But though this was the shortest and easiest way the Israelites were not allowed to choose it. Why not? Because they would have to pass through the land of the Philistines, and these fierce people seeing such great numbers would come out and fight the Israelites, fearing perhaps that this great multitude would drink up all their water or even take their land from them. So God, who is always thoughtful for his children, knowing that the Israelites were only poor slaves, unarmed too, and not fit to fight the warrior Philistines, ordered them to march in a direction a little more to the south (Exod. xiii. 17, 18). So away

they go, in well-arranged companies, all keeping their places. Some in the ranks, others driving the cattle, others leading the camels; while all have burdens of some kind which they must carry along with them. What an immense army! 600,000 men, besides the women and children and strangers! Some say they walked five abreast, but this, allowing a yard for each rank, would make a line more than sixty-eight miles long. It is likely their ranks were much wider than this; yet still they would stretch over many miles. Away they go. The captains ordering, the men shouting, the women singing, the children clapping their hands, the kine lowing, the sheep bleating, such a busy hum and whirl and clamour. Hurrah for freedom! No more brick-making without straw; no more taskmaster's whippings and cursings now. Hurrah for the promised land whither all are bound! But we have not seen the leader of this mighty host yet. Let us hasten to the front to seek him. Here he is: Moses, the man of God. See how noble he looks with his loose flowing garments and his staff in his hand. Watch him as he turns round every now and again, putting up his hand to shade his eyes, and looking all along the ranks to see if they follow orderly and well. He is a very old man already as we should reckon, being eighty years of age, but he has hard work yet to do. And do not miss noticing Aaron, his brother, and older than he even by three years; Aaron is always by his side, and ready to help in everything.

But there is another leader yet. That wonderful cloud which ever goes before the host, and at night changes into a bright pillar of flame. Why, there is no end to the merciful things that God will do for those who love him. So away they go; as safe in the night as in the day; over miles and miles of sandy wastes, past Succoth, past Etham, but stopping every now and then where water can be obtained—water, so necessary to preserve the life of all that mighty throng. Why, such a journey seems easy and merry enough with such leaders, and such provisions for the wants of all. Hurrah for freedom! Hurrah for the promised land whither all are bound! But stop! something is the matter. The shouting, and the singing, and the clapping are suddenly hushed. We look into the faces of the people; the joy that was there a moment since is gone; there is only fear and fright now. What is the matter? What is it? And then the answer comes: the Egyptians! The Egyptians are pursuing us! Very soon the people are asking in greatest dread—What can we do? Can we run away? No; we might throw down our loads and forsake our flocks, but our wives are with us, our children, too, we cannot leave them. Besides, the Egyptians have chariots, they could overtake us still. But what do we talk of? Running away? Look! look! Why, there is the Red Sea just before us, and twelve miles across! We are locked in—jammed on every side! Good heavens! what shall we do? “And when Pharaoh drew nigh, the children of Israel lifted up their eyes, and, behold, the Egyptians

marched after them ; and they were sore afraid : and the children of Israel cried out unto the Lord " (verse 10). But Moses is not afraid. The people begin to make loud and bitter complaints to him. Were there not graves enough in Egypt without bringing us all to be buried at once in one great grave here ? (verses 11, 12). " And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." So they learn what they are to do ; they are to do nothing. Only stand still, and see what God does for them. My dear reader, you perhaps some day may be locked in amid dangers threatening to the soul, but fear ye not ; God will as surely deliver you, if you are only following in the good way, as he did these Israelites now. While these people are complaining, let us see what God is doing. It is evening ; perhaps about eight o'clock. The cloud-leader moves backward until it is placed between God's children and their enemies. Moses, directed by God, we may suppose is standing upon some rock which overlooks the sea. He stretches out his rod, when lo ! the sea is parted. It is built up on either hand a substantial wall. What ! water walls ? Yes, even so. For God himself has built them, and they shall stand till he shall please to cast them down again. " And now speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." And away they go again ! Rank after rank, company after company ; the path is dry and hard, for the hot east wind has quickly caused it to be so. And the shouting begins again, and the singing, and the clapping. Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! The Lord is greater than our enemies.

And the Egyptians, will they follow ? We should have thought not, but they do. Angry, fierce, desperate, on they come ! They will not be balked yet. Their hearts are hardened, they do not see how God is against them. On they come ! Pharaoh in his chariot, and six hundred more of Egypt's great ones in their chariots, and these followed by thousands of well-armed men all ready for bloody work. It is daybreak now. The Israelites are getting well across. The Egyptians think the same way is good for them. But no, God does not make a way for the bad as well as the good. Those who fear him he will prosper, but not those who hate him. Those water walls were gates of deliverance to God's people. They shall be gates of hell to his enemies. See ! the Egyptians are in the midst of the sea now ; and Moses stretches out his hand again. Before it was to save ; this time it is to destroy. See ! the walls break, they fall into mighty, rushing, engulfing waves again ! And where is Pharaoh and all his boasting army now ?

" The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil ; my lust shall be satisfied upon them ; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them : they sank as lead in the mighty waters. Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods ? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders ?" (Exod. xv. 9—11.)

J. C. S.

THE STORY OF JOHN BUNYAN.

CHAPTER I.—WHEN HE WAS BORN AND WHERE.

CHARLES I. was king of England when John Bunyan was born. Charles became king in the year 1625. Bunyan's birth occurred three years after, 1628. Just use your calculating powers a little, then, and you will find it is now two hundred and forty years since the subject of our little history made his appearance in the world. But how different were those times from the present! Perhaps you have not yet read much of English history; so in order that you may better understand what I shall afterwards have to tell, I shall occupy most of this chapter in trying to give you a little knowledge of the circumstances of our country at the time of Bunyan's birth.

To begin with, then, let me say that Charles I. was a very deceitful and self-willed man; a very unwise and tyrannical king. A good king will always make the well-being of his people his first concern. He will never willingly increase the burdens of his subjects, but always endeavour to lighten and remove them. He will ever see that the law is not set aside, but rather always upheld with justice and mercy. Unfortunately, Charles was not a good king, and so he acted very differently from this. He thought because he was king he had a right to do just what he pleased, and that the only duty of his subjects was to obey him in whatever he might command. As soon as Charles came to the throne he was anxious to carry on a war with Spain. But where was the money to come from to pay for the war? War is extremely costly, and therefore the ordinary taxes were not enough, and Parliament, which always grants the taxes, would supply only very little more. So Charles determined he would not be hindered, but would get the money without the consent of Parliament. How did he do it? He ordered every seaport town to fit out and arm so many ships. London was to provide twenty ships. Then he sent his officers round and compelled the people to lend him large sums of money, and if they refused they were sent to prison, to stay as long as the king pleased. Then when soldiers were raised the people were ordered to take them into their houses, and lodge and feed them until the time came for them to be sent away. These and other grievances oppressed the people exceedingly. At last Charles still found he had not money sufficient, and as he could not get more by these unlawful means, he resolved to call another Parliament, which met in London on March 17th, 1628. There were some noble men in that assembly; men who did not fear to complain aloud to the king because of his oppression of the people. The king was very angry at first, and threatened them; but they did not flinch at his threatenings, because they knew that their complaint was just. They quietly went to work; voted some money

according to his desire ; then they drew up a petition to the king, called the *Petition of Right*. In this petition they required him to promise that he would not commit again the wrongs I have told you of above. He was not to raise taxes again without the consent of Parliament ; nor to force the people to lend him money ; nor to imprison any who were not proved to be offenders ; nor was he to compel the people to take his soldiers into their houses as he had done before. These and other things he was asked to promise, and unless he did so he was not to have any more money. Charles began to shuffle at first, and tried to avoid making these promises ;



BUNYAN'S HOUSE AT ELSTOW.

but at last, with very great reluctance, he gave his consent to this petition, saying, "Let it be law, as is desired." I wish I could add that Charles kept his promises ; he began to break them almost at once, the consequence of which was still greater bitterness between himself and his people, which terminated a few years after in a fearful civil war.

In religious matters the country was mostly divided between two parties—that of the Church and that of the Puritans. The Church or Episcopalian party was very powerful, and supported Charles in most of his tyrannical schemes. Though the Pope was not now the head of the English Church, still much of the spirit of Popery existed in its services and in the teachings of its clergy. Sad to say, many of the ministers of the Church were hard-hearted, ungodly men, thinking very much of their own interests, but very

little of those of the people, whose best servants and wisest counsellors they ought to have been. On the other hand were the Puritans; a stern, thoughtful, and resolute band of men, who certainly felt their own times were out of joint, and were determined, as far as they could, to put them right again. They strongly objected to the despotic rule of Charles, and to whatever in the Church seemed to border upon Popery. They did not think it necessary to have archbishops and bishops; they believed that much of the teaching of the clergy was contrary to the Word of God, and they denounced the flagrant sins of many of them. You will judge, then, that this year, 1628, was not a very peaceable one, although it was but the beginning of still more troublous times.

There were very few schools in those days; poor people were seldom able to have their children taught to read and write. Books, too, were very scarce and very costly. If any man wrote a tract or a book he was not allowed to have it printed without a licence from a bishop or some other authority. If they broke this rule they had to suffer very severely for it. In 1630 Dr. Alexander Leighton had a small pamphlet printed, in which he said some rather strong things about the bishops, but not any stronger than they deserved. He was ordered to be imprisoned for life; to pay a fine of £10,000; to stand in the pillory; to have his nose slit; his ears cropped off; and his cheeks branded with a red-hot iron, marking them with the letters S S, meaning a stirrer up of sedition. Was not this a fearful punishment for so small an offence? For he had said no more than we should say in these days without any fear at all. The Sabbath was shamefully disregarded then. In this respect we have far too much to grieve us still, but it was far worse two hundred years ago. Passing along the streets after church hours you might have seen many sitting at tables outside of the taverns drinking and swearing, and singing profane songs. Here a company of gamblers playing at pitch-and-toss, yonder a band of youths playing with bat and ball. There were no Sunday schools then. Instead of being the best day of all the seven, the Sabbath was usually the worst. This very brief and imperfect sketch will perhaps be enough to show you the character of the times of which we have to speak.

And now let us go and see the place where Bunyan began his days. Starting from the St. Pancras Station of the Midland Railway, and quickly leaving busy, crowded London behind, we come in a little over an hour to a clean and not very large station, and if we listen to the man who is calling out, we shall hear that this is Bedford. We must alight here, for this is where we want to go. How much would John Bunyan have liked to have passed between London and Bedford in so short a time! Forty-seven and a half miles in only a little over an hour! Why, when Bunyan went to London it took him a whole day, and often perhaps more than

that. Bedford is now a town containing over sixteen thousand inhabitants. There is one long main street crossed by many smaller ones. Many an old-fashioned house is here. Then there is the river, the Ouse, by which barges can come all the way from Lynn. There is work going on here, as everywhere. The manufacture of agricultural implements is one business which engages many of the people; and a much more delicate manufacture, that of lace for ladies' wear, employs many more. But Bunyan was not born here, though it was here he spent a great part of his life. Leaving Bedford, we turn into a road leading out into the country. Walking along for about a mile and a half, we come at length to a pretty little village called Elstow. Being naturally a very attractive spot, it was chosen more than a thousand years ago by Judith, niece of William the Conqueror, as a suitable place at which to build a nunnery. She called it Helen-stow, after Helena, the good mother of Constantine the Great. Since then the name has got worn down to its present shorter form. Besides finding here the ordinary objects of a little wayside hamlet—the church, the squire's residence, and cluster of humbler dwellings—we come at last to the place of which we have been in search, the very house in which it is said John Bunyan was born. This house or cottage, of which an engraving is given, was renovated some time ago, and is still preserved as a place of special interest to all who honour the memory of this truly great and good man.

J. C. S.

TALES ABOUT DOGS.

I BELIEVE these tales will interest you, if I can only manage to tell them well, for children generally like to hear about the lower animals, and to watch their ways. Many of you, in fact, keep pet animals of your own, and a very nice amusement it is, only I should like to give some of you a hint. A farmer, who was about to give a little girl a pet lamb, all at once stopped short and said, "Now will you promise me to take care of it?" "Why, sir," replied she, "how can you ask me that question? Just as if I could ever cease to care for a dear little thing like that!" "All very easy said, my little maiden, but I've noticed that when children have pets given them, at first they can't make too much of them, indeed, they overfeed them; then they grow tired of them and neglect them, and they often die in consequence." Be kind to your pets, and take good care of them, or else give them away to some one else who will. If we would please God, we must treat his creatures well while they are under our care.

The dog not only deserves to be called "the friend of man," but there are regions where men could hardly live without him. A very fine animal he becomes, when well trained. It is hardly possible for human beings to show more attachment to their masters

than many dogs have done. Dr. Doddridge, who kept a college at Northampton in Wesley's day, had a favourite dog, the same I suppose about whom the little girl held such queer views. Not knowing that any one was by, she played with him and talked to him, and, among other things, asked him, "Now, then, can you tell me who made you?" The dog most likely looked very grave; but, at any rate, he made no reply, so she scolded him and said, "Oh, fie! fie! You Dr. Doddridge's dog, and not know your Catechism!" The doctor told this to his young men, and added, laughingly, "So you see, if so much is expected from my dog, how much more may be expected from my pupils!" But though this dog did not know his Catechism, those who did might have learnt from him a useful lesson; for Dr. Doddridge, speaking of him after his death, remarked, "When I die, may it be as that dog died; his every look was for his master." True, he had one of the best and kindest masters in England, and no wonder that he loved him well; but good children have a far better Master in heaven.

Most of you have heard of the gentleman who, during a very severe winter, tried to cross Helvellyn, a high mountain in Cumberland, and lost his life in the snow on its summit. For three months did his faithful dog keep watch over his body. "What could he find to eat?" you ask. Well, on this point our next story may cast some light, but I fancy one way would be this: the dog would sometimes leave the top of the mountain, go in search of food, and then come back to keep watch over his dead master. Quite as touching is the following story, which relates to a London parish (St. Olave's, Southwark). A poor tailor, dying, left a small cur dog inconsolable for his loss. The little animal would not leave his master, even for food, and whatever he ate had to be placed in the same room with the corpse. When the body was taken for burial, the faithful dog followed the coffin. After the funeral he was driven out of the churchyard by the sexton, who, however, found him there the next day. How he got there is hard to say (probably through some cellar window), but there he was on the grave of his dead master, where he had dug himself a bed. The clergyman of the parish, hearing the dog's story, had him caught, taken home and fed, and tried by every means to win his affections, but they were wedded to his late master, and so he took the very first chance of running away to his lonely station in the churchyard. This time the kind clergyman let him have his way, and built for him upon the grave a small kennel, which was supplied once a day with food and water. Two years did the faithful, patient dog pass in this manner, when death put an end to his griefs, and the clergyman had him buried in the same grave with his beloved master.

No animal is more useful than the dog in saving human life. Many instances may have fallen under your own notice, but you will be glad to hear of a few more. If you look at the map, you

will find that the Grampian Mountains are in the north of Scotland. One day a shepherd who lived among them took with him his dog and one of his children, a boy about three years old. After having walked some distance, the shepherd had to get up a steep place, which the child could not climb, so he left them on a small plain at the bottom, with strict orders not to stir till his return. Scarcely had he gained the top of the hill, before he was overtaken by one of those thick fogs which often fall as thickly on the Grampians as in a few minutes to turn day into night. The father at once hastened back to find his child, but owing to the darkness and other causes missed his way. After a fruitless search of many hours in some very dangerous places, he was overtaken by night, but he still kept on, until the light of the moon showed him that he was close to his own cottage. To renew the search that night would have been equally dangerous and fruitless, so he returned home, having lost his child and also his dog, which had served him faithfully for many years. Next morning and for many days after he tried to recover his child, but in vain, and perhaps, but for his dog, he would never have done so at all. It was noticed that the dog came every morning to the cottage to get his allowance of oat-cake, and when he got it ran away at once with all his speed. One morning, the shepherd stayed at home for the purpose of following him. The dog led the way to a waterfall, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd left his child; he then went down a cliff so steep and rugged that his master could hardly follow him, and at last disappeared in a cave, the entrance of which was close to the fall. When the shepherd entered the cave, what do you think he saw? Why, his own child, eating with much relish the cake which the faithful dog had just brought him. It seems that the poor child had wandered till he came to the edge of a cliff (happily not a steep one like the other), and had either fallen or scrambled down it, till he reached the cave, which he dared not leave for fear of the torrent. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and had saved him from starving by bringing him his own daily allowance. I doubt whether the dog went without food all this time; perhaps he kept back a small part of the oat-cake, or hunted down some animals which he found in the neighbourhood. It seems that he kept watch over the child day and night, except at those times when he went to fetch his oat-cake and to find a meal for himself. Shepherds generally make much of their dogs, and we may hope that both the father and his little boy were kind to the dog I have been writing about; but you will all own that this faithful creature fully repaid any kindness which the family had shown him.

About ten years ago two dogs, "Bob" and "Bill," belonged to men working in the London Fire Brigade. Mr. Wood, Bill's master, had, when we last heard of him (in 1859), saved nearly 100 men, women, and children from the flames, but then much of his success

was due to his wonderful dog, who went with him to fires, and helped him to find out and carry off the people inside the burning houses. Bob, the other dog, was the means of saving a little child's life, in Westminster Road. The firemen thought that everybody had been got out of the house, but Bob knew better, and kept barking and scratching at a small door. The firemen ordered him to "hold his noise and get away;" but, though usually a very obedient dog, he barked more loudly than ever, and seemed almost to say, "Be quick, do open this door!" The firemen feared that if this door were opened it would make the fire burn more quickly, but as Bob was so very boisterous, one of the firemen said, "There is some reason why Bob makes this ado—let us break open the door." They did so, and found a poor little child, who, but for Bob, might have been burnt to death.

It seems only fitting to close this piece with two stories about dogs saving people from drowning. A Newfoundland gentleman saw one of his fishing-boats placed in great danger, and yet neither he nor any one else on shore could give them the least aid. His dog thought he could, and swam to the boat. The crew thought he wished to join them, but nothing could induce him to come on board; he would not go within their reach, but kept swimming about a short distance from them. At first they could not make out what he meant, but at last one of them, guessing his meaning, cried, "Give him the end of a rope,—that's what he wants." The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, and made straight for the shore, and a few minutes after both crew and boat were brought there safely, thanks to their four-footed friend who went to help them of his own accord. A child, six years old, was playing on a wharf with his father's Newfoundland dog, and fell into the water. The dog jumped after him at once, seized the waist of his frock, and brought him to the dock, where there was a stage by which the boy held on, though he could not climb to the top. The dog, seeing he could not pull him out of the water, ran to a yard close by, where a girl nine years old was hanging out the clothes. He seized her by the frock, and though she tried to get away, dragged her to the spot where the little boy was still hanging by the hands to the stage. When she took hold of the child, the dog helped her to drag him out, then, after licking his face, jumped into the water again, and came back with his hat in his mouth. This took place in Yorkshire, in 1843. S.

THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER, A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

FOR many years Mr. Fletcher had felt with the deepest sensibility the neglected condition of the children of the poor, and some years before his death he began a school, where he taught the children himself every day. After pursuing this method for some time, he

erected a school in Madely Wood; but afterwards his thoughts were much engaged concerning the utility of Sunday-schools, especially after they were recommended to him by Mrs. Darby, an intelligent and pious woman, whom he always found ready to promote every good work. He then earnestly set about promoting Sunday-schools in his own parish. Three hundred children were soon gathered together, whom he took every opportunity of instructing, by regular meetings, for some time before the schools were opened. These meetings he attended with the utmost diligence till the very Thursday before his illness. In order to encourage the children, his method was to give them little hymn-books, pointing them to some friend or neighbour who would teach them the hymns, and instruct them to sing. The little creatures were greatly taken with this new employment, inasmuch that many of them would scarcely allow themselves time to eat or sleep, for the desire they had of learning their lessons. At every meeting, after inquiring who had made the greatest proficiency, he distinguished them by some small rewards.

In instructing children, one great difficulty is to draw out and fix their attention. Mr. Fletcher had a singular gift for doing this, as appears by the following anecdote, and others that might be related, if need were:—Once, when he visited Kingswood school, having collected all the youths together, and secretly addressed the throne of grace, he called for pen, ink, and paper, told the scholars he came to seek for volunteers for Christ, and desired all those who were willing to enlist in his service to enter their names on the paper. A peculiar blessing attended the proposal; it led several of them to a serious concern for their souls, and to a resolution of giving themselves up to live and die in the Lord's service.

At another time, when he had a considerable number of children before him, in a place in his parish, as he was persuading them to mind what they were about, and to remember the text which he was going to mention, just then a robin flew into the house, and their eyes were presently turned after him. "Now," said he, "I see you can attend to that robin. Well, I will take that robin for my text." He then gave them a useful lecture on the harmlessness of that little creature, and the tender care of its Creator.

Editor's Table.

MY DEAR SIR,—In reply to the query of "E. M. C.," in your last, I beg to say that the author of the hymn referred to is Charles Wesley. It may be found in "Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1749, Vol. I., or in the new Edition of "Wesley's Poetry," Vol. V., p. 25. A few stanzas of the hymn, which is one of a number entitled

"Hymns for a Believer," may be acceptable to your youthful readers. Happy the boy who can make them his own:—

"All praise to the Lamb!
Accepted I am,
I am told to believe on my Jesus's name.

"In thee I confide,
Thy blood is applied;
For me thou hast suffer'd, for me thou hast died.

"Not a doubt can arise
To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.

"I already am blest,
I lean on thy breast,
And lo! in thy wounds I continually rest.

"My cup it runs o'er,
I have comfort and power,
I have pardon—what can a poor sinner have more?

"He may be without sin,
All holy and clean,
He may be as his Master, all glorious within."

Yours faithfully, HENRY PIGGIN.

Manchester, 13th December, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—As a reader of your valuable Magazine, will you be so kind as to give an explanation of the following verse:—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them" (Isa. xi. 6). N. C.

ANSWER.—The prophet is describing in figurative language the blessed effects on mankind of the progress of truth and righteousness in the earth. Barbarism, bloodshed, wars, hatreds of all kinds disappear in proportion as the Spirit of Christ spreads in the world. And as this world is given to Christ as the reward of "the travail of his soul," his kingdom in it must extend and prevail, till the evils it proposes to conquer are removed, and then the prediction of the prophet will be fulfilled. The spirit of the wolf will disappear, the spirit of the leopard will be conquered, and all cruel and wicked dispositions will be tamed, and so "a little child" can lead men who otherwise could not be subdued or tamed by law or any other human influence.

Pensnett Sunday-School, Dec. 20th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please oblige me with an explanation in your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of the following passage:—"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword" (Matt. x. 34).

What is your opinion of the writings of Sir Walter Scott? Can a professing Christian with consistency read them? I have heard different opinions on this point.—Yours truly, CHARLEY SEYMOUR.

* "Can," original; "doth" is an improvement.

ANSWER.—Jesus Christ is the Prince of Peace, and wherever he is allowed to reign there is peace; but at the same time the principles he came to establish on earth often come into collision with bad principles, and in this case there is of course hostility “and a sword.” And it is in this sense that he came to send a sword and not peace. He came to establish truth and righteousness, and truth and righteousness will be opposed by wicked men, and on that account there must be war against all evil.

As to Sir Walter Scott’s “writings.” He wrote a great deal besides his novels. He wrote a life of Napoleon, and we suppose twenty other works, all of which are of the highest reputation. Does our correspondent mean these “writings,” or does he mean his novels only? If these latter, we should unhesitatingly say that any “professing Christian” who reads them should read them with discrimination; and as they are novels, he should let them be in their proper place, and not occupy time in reading them that belongs to other and more serious pursuits. The world is novel mad, and “professing Christians” are as mad as the rest after them. If we were to say all we think on this subject, we should only get ourselves into trouble, and we therefore abstain.

Walworth, Dec. 26th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I have had the following question put to me, and I cannot answer it. Who was David’s mother? If you will answer it through the JUVENILE, you will oblige me.—Yours respectfully,

JAMES WOOD.

ANSWER.—No one can say with certainty who David’s mother was.

Cornsay Colliery, July 22nd, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your practical expositions respecting the Scripture in this month’s Magazine with great interest, and being at times rather puzzled myself, I ask your kind favour respecting the following question, if you count it one:—Resurrection, I suppose, means a rising of the same body in every respect as laid in the grave. If not so, how can it be counted or called resurrection? A practical explanation respecting such a question will be gladly received by

WM. BACON.

ANSWER.—Our resurrection bodies are to be produced from the same body as was laid in the grave. “It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption.” The manner how we do not know, but undoubtedly the body in the grave is the seed out of which the resurrection body is to be found. This is clear from Paul’s teaching, and from other parts of Scripture.

Pensnett, Dec. 11th, 1871.

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to answer me the following queries?—1. In the 1st book of Samuel, chap. xv. 29, it reads as follows: “And also the Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent: for he is not a man, that he should repent.” And in part of verse 35, same

chapter, it reads: "And the Lord repented that he had made Saul king over Israel." 2. In chap. xvi. 21, it reads: "And David came to Saul, and stood before him: and he loved him greatly; and he became his armourbearer." In chap. xvii. 58, it reads: "And Saul said to him, Whose son art thou, thou young man? And David answered, I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Beth-lehemite." How was it that Saul did not know David again, when he had played on the harp before him, and had been his armourbearer? An answer in your next Magazine will greatly oblige, yours respectfully,
L. A.

ANSWER.—The first part of this communication we have answered in reply to another correspondent in this Magazine. With regard to the second point, it is clear to us that in 1 Samuel xvi. 21, the fact of David becoming Saul's armourbearer is stated by *anticipation*, and not in the order of time when it occurred. That fact is stated in the true order when it occurred in chap. xvii. 58. In chap. xvi. 21, it is stated that David "*became*" Saul's armourbearer, which is true, but he was not his armourbearer till after. Our correspondent asks, "How was it that Saul did not know David again, when he had played on the harp before him and had become his armourbearer?"

We cannot say how it happened. It is clear he did not remember him, for he asked Abner, "Whose son is this youth?" Great men have sometimes bad memories, and besides Saul at this time was out of his mind.

• REV. SIR,—In reading 1 Kings xvii. 1, I find that Elijah the prophet is brought before us a Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead. The history of this great man seems to be introduced very abruptly. His origin seems wrapt in obscurity. I find nothing said about his parentage. His birth seems to me a miraculous one. The obscurity of his origin, and the manner of his departure from this world, seems rather to give him the appearance of an angel united for a time to a human body, in order to bring back the children of Israel, who had wandered from the true and living God, and followed the example of their wicked king. More than a man like ourselves, yet he is said to be a man of like passions as we are. And in reading the 4th verse, I find there the ravens commanded to feed Elijah. Is the word "ravens" a correct translation? for there are many that believe that the original, *orebim*, means Arabians, or merchants, and not birds at all. Your opinion on the above question will oblige a constant reader of your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ANSWER.—We believe that Elijah was fed by ravens.

126, Roundthorn Road, Oldham, Nov. 29th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—The members of the Methodist New Connexion Young Men's Association, Roundthorn, will be glad to have your opinion as to the period when David was first introduced to Saul, viz.:—Did David become Saul's armourbearer before or after his encounter with the giant? An answer in the next issue of the JUVENILE will much oblige, yours truly,
ROBERT WOOD, *Secretary*.

ANSWER.—See what we have said in reply to another correspondent in this Magazine.

Leeds, Dec. 11th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please oblige by giving me an interpretation of the following, viz., 2 Kings ii. 11? Now in St. John iii. 13 it says, "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." Now in the latter part of the query it says, "No man hath ascended but he that came down from heaven;" and in the former part it says Elijah did ascend to heaven. How can this be, as one seems to go against the other? An early answer, through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, will oblige, yours sincerely,
J. H. M.

ANSWER.—Elijah's translation does not contradict our Saviour's words, for there is no proof that he ascended to heaven the same man, without any change, that he was upon earth.

Oldham, Dec. 18th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please favour me with an explanation, through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, as to the passages in St. Luke xxiii. 31, 32, 33: "For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? And there were also two other, malefactors, led with him to be put to death. And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left." I am at a loss to understand what the names of the malefactors were.

ANSWER.—"If they do these things," that is, crucify me and do all this wicked injustice now, and if this causes you, "the daughters of Jerusalem, to weep and lament, what will be your greater cause of sorrow when the calamities have fallen upon you which I have described?" This is evidently the meaning of the words, for Christ says, "Weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children." We do not know the names of the malefactors, nor does any one else.

Our correspondent asks also for an explanation of Acts xi. 5, 6. We gave an explanation of this passage on page 323 of last year's JUVENILE.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

SALEM SUNDAY SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—The teachers and friends of the above institutions met together on Saturday evening, October 21st, 1871, to partake of a social cup of tea, on the occasion of the secretary, Mr. R. Watson, leaving Newcastle to proceed to America. After tea the meeting was opened by singing an appropriate hymn, after which Mr. J. Hedley engaged in prayer. Mr. Kenwick, the superintendent of the school, was elected to the chair, who in very pleasing terms referred to the secretary, who had so efficiently discharged his duties in con-

nection with the school; also to the deep interest he took in the establishment and consolidation of the Band of Hope. Those labours which had been rendered so cheerfully, they were about to lose, and thus they were met together to bid him a loving farewell, and also to present him with a small token of their regard and esteem. He had, therefore, much pleasure in presenting the testimonial, which consisted of a handsome writing-desk and an album, both of which bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Robert Watson, by the teachers and a few friends in connection with Salem Sunday School and Band of Hope, on his leaving this town for America. Hood Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, October 21st, 1871"—which he trusted he would kindly accept from the teachers and friends, with the assurance of their best wishes for his future happiness and success in the land of his adoption. Mr. Watson, in acknowledging the gift, said that there were periods in a person's history when words failed to convey to others his thoughts, and he felt so to-night. He felt it to be a night of sorrow in parting with his fellow-teachers and friends, and in leaving the school in which, as they all knew, he had been trained, having advanced from the youngest class to the office of secretary, which he had had the honour to hold for three years. He also referred in feeling terms to the Band of Hope. The greatest trial he felt was parting with it; a work in which his heart and soul were engaged. He, however, left it in the hands of the committee, in whom he had the utmost confidence. He again thanked them for the very elegant present, and for the great amount of sympathy manifested towards him. A vote of thanks was proposed to Mrs. Thos. Bilcliff, who presided at the tea-table, by the writer, which was seconded by Mr. Geo. Hobbs. Another hymn was sung, and Mr. Kenwick engaged in prayer, and thus this very interesting meeting was brought to a close.

JOHN G. WATSON.

WEST MOOR, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE CIRCUIT.—MR. EDITOR—DEAR SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the success of our Band of Hope Review, which took place on Saturday, Nov. 18. We held a public tea party, which was provided gratuitously by a few friends, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Juvenile Missionary and Band of Hope funds. After tea we held a public meeting, under the presidency of Mr. Henry Wright, of Wallsend, who depicted and bore evidence of the enervating and deteriorating effects of alcohol which he had experienced, and then contrasted the salutary and good effects of the "*cold water system*" which had exerted on him such an elevating and aggrandising an influence, both temporally and spiritually, and he accordingly gave his eulogium to the "*bridge he had passed safest over.*" Mr. Thomas Towns, of Seghill, gave a very intelligent and instructive address on the brewing process, and the different bills which had been passed for the suppression of crime and pauperism, caused by the sale of spirituous liquors, but had failed to accomplish the amelioration contemplated by their projectors, simply because they had only dealt with the *effects*, while the *cause* remained the same. Mr. Thomas M'Naughton, of Howdon, gave a very touching and affecting recitation of the misery and desolation of a family through the intemperance of a drunken father, who was

ultimately reclaimed, and brought as a humble suppliant to Him who hath said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," by the filial affection and prayers of his two little children. Mr. Jackson, of Wallsend, also entertained the meeting by relating some amusing and laughable anecdotes of some devotees of Bacchus with whom he was acquainted. During the evening the children gave recitations and poetry, and sang melodies appropriate to the occasion. We hope that the success with which we have already been blessed may have the tendency to make us more assiduous and energetic to instil into the young minds the principles of *truth* and *sobriety*, while their hearts are susceptible to impressions; for youth is like white paper, they will take any impression; and how often are these impressions indelibly stamped on their minds, and are the *embryo* of the man. How careful ought we to be to inculcate *right principles*, in order that "custom in youth may become nature in old age." And as we live in a day when it is almost criminal to be ignorant, when there are so many facilities and auxiliaries accessible to all who have a desire to improve their minds, let us, as Sabbath-school teachers, do our duty by teaching those under our care to exercise and develop their mental faculties, that as they grow in physical stature, they may likewise increase in mental calibre. A vote of thanks to the friends who had provided the tea, and to the chairman and speakers, terminated a protracted but interesting meeting.—I remain, yours respectfully, ADAM MASON, *Sec.*

ST. DOMINGO SUNDAY SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE, LIVERPOOL CIRCUIT.—DEAR SIR,—Since we sent you a report of our proceedings, kindly inserted in your issue of May last, our society has been prosecuting its mission in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. The committee, however, thinking it worth while making a special effort to bring the Band of Hope movement more prominently under the notice of the public, resolved to make one of the fortnightly meetings a little more attractive than usual. For this purpose we procured promises of assistance from the Rev. John Jones (Independent), author of "Slain by Drink in Liverpool;" and Mr. Thomas Snape (United Methodist), both gentlemen being well known in the temperance cause in this and other towns. Mr. Snape delivered a soul-stirring "teetotal" address, strongly urging the necessity of young people becoming abstainers. Through unavoidable detention, the Rev. Mr. Jones was unable to be present. Our old friend, Mr. W. Galley, kindly acted as his substitute, and in his address argued the necessity of total abstinence upon phrenological principles. Recitations and dialogues were given with good effect by some of our juvenile members. Several melodies were sung from the Rev. J. Yeames' "Book of Song for Bands of Hope," which publication is, we think, the cheapest and best of its kind, and do earnestly recommend its use by all kindred societies. The chair was occupied by the president of our society. Altogether the meeting was interesting and enthusiastic, and will no doubt help to popularise the Band of Hope movement in our locality. There were about 200 present, and four signed the pledge at the close of the meeting, which gives us a total membership of 129. So far we think our work has been successful; and we continue to press on in the hope that we may even more prosperously be

enabled to assist in making the rising generation fully alive to the evils of the drinking system, and the great necessity for early total abstinence.—CHAS. J. CURE, *Treasurer*; G. W. BUCHANAN, *Secretary*.

Memoirs.

HANNAH EASTWOOD STOCKTON.

HANNAH EASTWOOD was the daughter of John and Dorothy Eastwood; she was born on September 22, 1857, in Norton Place, South Stockton. When six weeks old her parents removed to Wingate Grange Colliery, county of Durham. She at an early age was taken to the house of God, and sent to the Wesleyan Sabbath-school in the morning and the church in the afternoon, as we had no interest there. After a few years it was missioned by the friends of Hartlepool, but it was a failure at that time. They tried again, when a room was granted by W. Armstrong, Esq. Hannah, though young, took a great delight with her parents in making it comfortable for those that came to hear the Word of God. She also gloried in the Sabbath. When her father began it, she recited the first piece at the first anniversary, and so she continued to do while her parents resided there. But after twelve years' residence at Wingate they removed to Cornsay Colliery. It was here, under the preaching of Thomas Bell, local preacher of Sunny Brow, from Rev. vii. 9, 10, that she with two others felt themselves sinners, and she felt that she needed a Saviour. After the preaching service she remained at the prayer-meeting, and went to the penitent form crying in the language of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Her

chains fell off, her heart was free; she rose, went forth, and followed her Saviour to the end. Her two companions yielded to temptation, and fell back into the world. She tried to get them to come back, but could not succeed; she would say to her parents, "I have done all I can, and they will not come, but I cannot give them up, I'll pray for them." The class-meeting was her delight, and she would do anything rather than neglect it. She always tried to pay her pence. Her leader, Emanuel Williams, would say that it was not expected of her. She always tried to make a penny to assist her parents, theirs being a large family, and her father being much out of health. Her leader, when he heard of her death, had not the least doubt of her acceptance with God. Her conduct was remarked, by both the neighbours and the members of the church, as being that of a steady, industrious, good girl. She often went with her father to his appointments, and when he was planned at Whitton Gilbert, she was told of a party that was wanting a girl. Her mother went and obtained the situation for her; she was so glad, because she said it would help them at home; but finding it too heavy, she came home to see her parents. Meeting her father going to Framwellgate Moor to preach, she ran to him, and putting her arms round his neck kissed him; but when she got home, and was

sitting on a kind of couch, she trembled and could not speak, being in a kind of fit or inflammation. She was put to bed, and then was confined for a week. Shortly after her parents removed to Framwellgate Moor, and a local preacher wanted her. She went to him, but was obliged to leave on account of her health. She then took to her bed, and remained until the spirit took its flight. She never murmured or complained; her delight was to talk of Jesus and heaven. When asked how she felt, she would say that she was happy, her sins were pardoned, and she would like to be with Jesus. Her parents would pray and talk to her, and it seemed to cheer her up. The adversary of souls at one time tempted her; she called her mother to her bedside and said, "I cannot pray—not one word, but 'Our Father.'" Her mother told her several little prayers, such as "Lord, help me, and make me ready to die." After this she seemed to get liberty, and never was so again. From this time she was often heard to be offering up her prayers, and repeating one of her little hymns—

"Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angels' feet have trod?"

She spoke of seeing some friends ready to welcome her on the side of God's river; and also said that her grandmother was coming—and, strange to say, her grandmother did follow about ten weeks after, and was laid at the feet of Hannah. Just about half an hour before the grandmother died, she opened her arms and said that Hannah was hovering about waiting for her. She then said to her mother, "Mother, love the Lord—I love the Lord." Her mother told her

that she did love him. When she was about losing her eyesight she complained of the room being full of smoke, and said, "But when we get to heaven there will be no smoke there; sickness and sorrow, pain and death, will be felt and feared no more." She then would say—

"My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here."

At other times she would repeat the little hymn—

"I would like to be an angel,
And with an angel stand."

Our esteemed friend, Rev. R. C. Turner, paid her a visit, but did not think her end was so fast approaching; but he was fully satisfied that she was ready for the change. She was also visited by both the male and female members of different denominations, when some of them said that she had a view into the Celestial City. All of them said they were astonished to hear one so young utter the sweet language she did. She would often say that she was going to be with Jesus, and then she would often make the room ring with "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, hallelujahs," and "glories." Her parents seeing that the King of Terrors was approaching, she called them to her bed-side, and said, "Look yonder, they are coming, coming, coming," pointing to one corner of the room; and then said, "Stop, stop, stop." Turning her eyes to them, she said, "Farewell, father; farewell, mother; farewell, Alice; farewell, Sarah—you are not here, but tell her I am going home, home, to be with Jesus." Her voice failed, but still in a low tone she bade the remainder of the family farewell, and then said, "Come, Lord Jesus, quick, quick." Her father asked her if all was well to give a sign

by the waving of her hand; she then fixed her eyes to heaven, waving her hand, and then pointed towards heaven. Immediately convulsions seized her, and she fell asleep in Jesus on the 6th October, 1870. Her death was

improved by her spiritual father, Thomas Bell, from the same words that were preached when she gave her heart to God (Rev. vii. 9, 10), to a weeping congregation. Let us try to follow her.

EMANUEL WILLIAMS.

Our Children's Portion.

ABOUT "NORMA."

DEAR children, let me tell you a very interesting story about "Norma," a very handsome Newfoundland dog belonging to a friend of mine. First, I must tell you that she had a companion named "Laddie," a spoilt, peevish, little lapdog, whose only delight was to tease and torment her companion, and who was so disagreeable that she always used to snarl or growl at poor Norma if she only attempted to sit before the fire, although she herself was there all the day long. One day when Laddie, as usual, was in no very pleasant humour, and was running about barking and making a great noise, the housemaid happened to leave the front door open, and of course Laddie must run out and make a great noise, to the annoyance of all the passers-by, when a greengrocer's boy who was coming along on

the pavement in front of the house, with a large basket on his arm, swung the basket round and hit the dog on the back of the head, and sent her howling into the house. Norma happening to be near at the time, without a moment's hesitation, sprang at the boy, knocked him down in the mud, and then ran into the house wagging her tail after the crestfallen Laddie, as if sensible of having done her duty. Dear children, does not this teach us a great lesson on returning good for evil? Do as this noble dog did—forgive. You will always feel much more comfortable, and your mind more at ease if you do so. Your mammas, no doubt, have taught you many of these good lessons. I think I need hardly repeat the well-known text, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

A. F.

OPEN THE DOOR.

OPEN the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in;
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children;
See! they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs!

Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given;
Open the door for the children,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Open the door for the children;
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Send them to Canaan's land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.



THE RESCUE.—See pages 58 and 59.

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER V.

"IS HE DROWNED?"

"MRS. FAITHFUL, Mrs. Faithful, James is drowned!"

These words were spoken by a little girl who had been playing with James on the bank of the river near Mrs. Faithful's house. The place where they were together was the top of the bank, which sloped down to the river rather steeply, and somehow James, in trying to reach a flower on the bank, had lost his balance, and rolled down into the water, which was rather deep at that place, from the fact that in the course of time the river had worn away the earth from the bank, and formed one of those deep pools or holes which are often found in running streams, otherwise shallow, when their course is obstructed by a soft and yielding soil. Many persons, even adults, had been drowned in that very spot; and any one who knew the place, and how fatal it had proved to even good swimmers who had ventured into it when bathing, must have expected that James would never be brought out of it alive. He was but a little boy, who knew nothing about swimming, and who, if he had, was probably so stunned by the fall that it was doubtful whether he was not insensible when he reached the water.

The first cry from his mother was a wild shriek of despair; and, as often happens under such excitement, she was utterly unable to do anything. Auntie was more calm, as might be expected; and, strange to say, so was another person, who might have been expected to be the most excited of any, and that was Grace Middleton. She had learnt of the accident from the little girl, who had given her the information as she ran to Mrs. Faithful's house to let them know what had happened. These two women sent the girl to Mr. Faithful to let him know, and at once ran to the spot to see after the poor boy. But there was another friend near when the accident took place, more capable to help than either Auntie or Miss Middleton, and that was the faithful dog with which my readers are already acquainted. He had heard the child's cry when falling,

and also the splash into the water. With an instinct almost as true as reason, he had known that something was wrong with the little boy, and he bounded to the spot with the fleetness of a deer. He saw nothing—for the child had sunk to the bottom—except the boy's hat, which floated on the water, but he plunged in, and, as the water was clear, could see his little charge below. Just then the body was lifted from the bottom by that force of gravity which does not allow a drowning person to sink finally so long as any air remains in the lungs. Rising within reach of the dog's mouth he seized him by his jacket, lifted the boy's head out of the water, and when Auntie and Miss Middleton arrived at the spot, the dog had brought him to the shore. All this occupied not more than two or three minutes; and though there were no signs of life in the child when the two women took him into their arms, yet when brought home and the usual appliances were employed, the family had the unspeakable joy of noticing first a sob, and then a faint sigh and a slight pulsation of the heart, all affording hope that consciousness would soon be restored, and the precious life spared to his parents.

It is not easy to say whether the child's mother and relations were more concerned or demonstrative of affectionate attentions than the dog. He howled in dismal tones as he watched the proceedings of the family. Whenever he could get to the child he licked him on the face, and particularly on the region of the heart. There he would plant his warm tongue, as if wishful to set in motion that important organ, without whose beating none of us can live. In half an hour the boy opened his eyes, threw out his hand to his mother, and said to her, "Where have I been? Have I fallen into the river? I was trying to reach a flower on the top of the bank, and I can remember nothing after. Where is father, and where is Cæsar?" Both were near to him, nearer than he supposed, for the mention of their names brought them both to his bedside, and the demonstrations of affection and joy were about equal from those two much-beloved objects of the boy's regard.

By this time the house was nearly filled with the sympathising neighbours, who had come to be, if possible, of use to the family. Ann Selby was there amongst the rest, and she suggested that it would not be out of place to kneel down and return God thanks for the almost miraculous preservation of the child's life. No one could object to this; for if we turn away from our Heavenly Father as we too often do in the hours of our prosperity and safety, our hearts instinctively turn to him in our sorrows. Human help can avail us to a certain point, our own resources can suffice us to a possible limit but when personal effort and human sympathy have reached their utmost bounds, the heart of man needs something more to soothe and cheer it than these resources can supply. We need a God of power to defend us, and a God of mercy to pity us; and such a friend we have in our Heavenly Father, who is ever nigh to those who put their trust in him.

The company, in response to the proposal made to them, all kneeled down, and Ann became the intercessor on the occasion. Her prayer was such as only a soul living in intimate communion with God could make. It was no cold or formal utterance; she spoke directly to God. She did not, as too many prayers do, compliment the Deity as if he needed flattery, or argue with him as if he were unable to be convinced, or speak of him as a third person whose acquaintance it might be desirable to make. She knew the law of prayer, "Ask and ye shall receive," and she knew that that asking implied consideration of the characters and wants of all around her. This is always the case in all true prayer. You feel astonished how intimately the praying person seems to know you; you feel that the expressions used exactly suit your case, and you wonder how a stranger could know or can know so intimately what you need and what suits you. The secret is all explained on the ground of sympathy, that is, a suffering *with* you; a knowledge and experience of the general current of human feeling, acting, and suffering, in the various events of life. All true prayer-makers must be human and sympathetic, or they can never touch our hearts, or bring any blessing to us. An angel's prayer would do us little good, for an angel's prayer cannot go down to the depth of our wants and sorrows. An angel can shed no tears, can express none of the deep emotions we feel. An angel knows no sin, or feels any temptation such as we know; and therefore our *great* Intercessor is "touched" with the feeling of our infirmities, having been in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin; and all other intercessors on our behalf must be thus touched, or they can do us little good.

The prayer on this occasion was eminently of this description. Ann Selby prayed for the little boy, that his spared life might be devoted to the Divine glory; for the parents, that this dispensation might be for their good; and for all the company, that they might improve the event to their spiritual advantage: and when they rose from their knees they all felt that it was good for them to be there.

On retiring from the house Grace Middleton asked the young woman who had prayed with the family how she had learnt to pray so well.

She replied, "I never learnt at all, it all came to me when I felt my own spiritual need. There is never any lack of words when the heart feels."

"Well," said Grace, "I pray sometimes, but I cannot pray like you. I could not pray as you do; in fact, I can only repeat the prayers I have been taught; but you seem to pray out of your own head."

"Prayer," said Ann, "is the expression of our sense of need; and there is no difficulty in a child telling its father what it wants. The father never cares much about the language used, the simpler the better, so that the sense is made plain, and the feeling of the heart sincerely expressed."

"Then you think," said Grace, "that God really cares for us all, and answers our petitions? I have heard of providence, and of the watchful care of God over us, but is it really true that he does so? There is certainly a great difference in the conditions of the persons I know. Some are better than others, some richer, some stronger and more intelligent than others; and as for me, I seem to be the least favoured of any, for I am not considered sane, I am kept in a kind of captivity, yet I have my thoughts as well as other people; and if they would let me I could go about the world like others, and become of some use."

"Yes," said Ann, "there is a providence, and God does care for us, and watch over us, and answer our prayers. And as for yourself, you enjoy more mercies than you seem aware of or are willing to acknowledge. You want for nothing; you have money, or some one has that supplies your wants; you have little to do; and the chief source of your troubles and complainings is that you go about dreaming all the time, while I believe there is very little the matter with you, if you would only rouse yourself, and take hold of some useful work for the benefit of your fellow-creatures."

"Ah, there it is," said Grace; "but I am doing something; I have a revelation as well as you. I have a work to do, and I am waiting till the time comes, and then I shall do it. I am not so crazy as you think, or as I sometimes seem. Don't you think I hear heavenly voices as well as you; and should I be here as I am if I had not this work to do which I tell you of?"

"Well," said Ann, "what is it you have to do? Are you going to write a book or a poem, or build a hospital, or set up for a nurse of the sick, or what is it you mean to do? I think you had better come to meeting and get converted, and then we will find you something to do. I cannot understand you. I do not think you are out of your mind so much as people think you are; but one thing I am sure of, you want a purpose of life, and you want peace of mind, and you will never have either till you understand your responsibilities better than you do, and till you come to Jesus, the great Physician of our souls."

"Thank you, Ann, for your good advice. Do not let my strange ways surprise you, and do not suppose I question your sincerity in doing as you do, but we must all walk in our own way; and I hope when the time arrives that you will see I have something to do; and I hope we shall all walk in the good way till at last we meet in the better country."

CHAPTER VI.

AT SCHOOL.

I DO not think there is any time in ordinary human life of more concentrated torture to a delicate, shy, and sensitive boy than the first days and weeks of his entrance at school—the days and weeks

when he is first cut loose from the care and attention of an affectionate mother or aunt, and is thrown into the companionship of strange boys. A great writer once said, "We all feel a secret satisfaction in the misfortunes of our friends;" and certainly if this be true at all it is especially so of many schoolboys. A school is a little commonwealth, and a new-comer has to run the gauntlet before all the school. If he be above the standard of the majority in good behaviour, or in talent and attainments, the young democrats will make him pay for it some way. If he be timid, he will soon find that there are tyrants in the place who will "hector" over him. If he be really good, his goodness will by some be ridiculed. Slang words, jibes, jeers, and sometimes blows, will reward the very excellences he possesses, and make him an object of the jokes and laughter of the school. If any one wants to understand what I mean let him read "Tom Brown's School Days," and he will there find an exemplification of the "torture" which a well-behaved and gentle-spirited boy had to endure on his introduction to a public school. His mother had taught him to pray, and the noble boy had the courage to kneel down by his bedside at night and offer up his usual evening prayer. Such a jeer as rang through the whole dormitory when the other boys saw this was hardly ever heard before. One boy flung his boot at the head of the praying boy, another flung something else, and every expression of ridicule and contempt that could be used to annoy and frighten the boy was employed, to show how strange and disagreeable this boy's act of prayer in such a place was to his schoolfellows. This system of persecution continued till one of the elder boys, more generous than the rest, interfered, and threatened to thrash any boy who attempted to annoy the new-comer any further.

Things are better now. Boys are less tyrannical in schools than they were sixty years ago; but boys are boys, and have much health, activity, and fun in them, which will show themselves often at the expense of new-comers into their little commonwealth—the school.

About twelve months had passed away since James Faithful had his narrow escape from drowning, and the time was fixed for his going to school. He could read and spell, but these were the chief literary qualifications he had acquired.

"Mother," said he, "am I going to school on Monday?"

"Yes, dear," said his mother, "you must go to school and learn, and become wise; and I hope you will behave so well that the master and all the scholars will like you."

"Won't the boys beat me and make fun of me," said James, "especially the big boys; and what am I to do if they use me in this way?"

"The best way," said his mother, "is to give no offence to any one, to mind your lessons, and attend to what your teacher says to you; and if some of the boys should be rude, bear it patiently, and

you will find they will treat you better in a few days. I hope you will have no trouble at all, and that your school-days will be very happy days to you, and that you will make progress and become a wise and good man."

"But, mother," said James, "shall not I have to fight them? They tell me that a boy who cannot or will not fight has no chance at school. The big boys thrash the little ones, and the little ones the littler, and the least of all has no chance but to do as everybody tells him."

"No," said his mother, "you will not have to fight; and if I thought you would I would not allow you to go to school at all. It is only naughty rude boys that fight. Good boys never do; they are quiet and gentle, and everybody likes them. Do as I tell you: mind your own business and obey your teacher, and I have no doubt all will be right."

"Mother," said James, whispering in her ear, "I will tell you what I will do, I will fetch Cæsar if they are rude to me, and he will thrash them all."

So we find James at school with twenty* or thirty other boys. He was nicely dressed on the morning on which he went. His father had bought him a new satchel for his books, Auntie had covered them neatly with paper; and he started from home with a glee common to boys when there is any new excitement before them.

He arrived in time, and a little too soon, and found the boys engaged in all their usual pastimes when he entered the school play-ground. Instantly the play was stopped, and the boys crowded round the new-comer, as if to measure his height and take stock of him generally.

"Tom," said one of them, "very nice boy this, seems as if he had come out of a band-box; what shall we call him? Oh, I've found it out, we'll call him the pattern boy. How are you, 'pattern?'" Whereupon there was some laughing and jeering among the ruder boys. But one of them came up to him, and said, "Never mind, James, that's your name, I know you and all about you; and, boys, mind what I say, if any of you ill-uses this boy I shall take his part, and you will have to thrash me before you hurt him."

This was said by one who had strength to carry out his purpose, and a resolute will to use that strength if there was need.

James, however, said, "Thank you, George, for your kindness, but I am not come here to fight with any one, or to quarrel with any one, but to learn my lessons; and there is only one thing I want to aim at, and that is to be kind to every one, and to get to the head of my class."

"Well done, pattern," shouted some of the boys; "we shall have to mind, or you will run ahead of us all, but take care you are not beaten in the race."

The bell rang, and all the boys ran into the school, James following last of all.

The teacher called him up to his desk and said to him, "Well, Master Faithful, I am glad to see you here;" and looking at all the other boys, said, "I expect you to treat this boy well; he is a stranger to some of you, but you will have to study together perhaps for several years, and I hope you will all like him, and that he will like you."

"What have you learnt, boy?" said the teacher.

"Please, sir," said James, "I can read and spell, and my aunt has taught me a little grammar and arithmetic. Here, sir, are my books."

The teacher examined them, and examined him as to his attainments, and then took him to his place in the school.

Thus is this young soul fairly launched upon the important business of his education. I predict he will do well, for he has been well trained by his parents and his aunt. He has been taught to speak the truth at all times, to abhor lying and deceit, to fear God, and morning and evening to pray to him for his blessing. Such boys generally do well. They generally excel, if not in talent, yet in real worth and usefulness; and James Faithful will come out right, or there is no reliance to be placed on an open, candid, honest, generous look such as he had, or on the excellent training such as he had received.

MONEY.

II.—ITS ORIGIN.

OF course there was a time when money did not exist, but that time is so long ago that we have no exact record of the first money which came into use. Yet we are not left quite in the dark about it; we get a little light on the subject from the Bible, and a little from other ancient books. The earliest mention of money is in the twenty-



SILVER PENNY OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

third chapter of Genesis, where we are told Abraham offered for the cave of Machpelah as much money as it was worth. But the question arises, how did the people do before money came into use? There can be no doubt they bartered or exchanged with each other, just as some small, half-civilized nations do now.

There are some places to which our sailors go where the people are always ready to give fish, fruit, or the skins of animals in ex-

change for a knife or a few glass beads. Doubtless in some of these countries they have some kinds of money in use amongst themselves; but in others very little commerce is carried on, and so there is little used for money. The people live really on what they can catch: they fish, hunt, and gather such fruit as grows without cultivation; they clothe themselves with the skins of animals or with pieces of coarse cloth, and in some instances dwell in rude huts. They hold no markets, have no shops, and so require no coins. In some cases they purchase a few things of their neighbours or visitors, such as fire-arms and cloth, by giving furs or skins in exchange, but beyond this mere barter their commerce does not extend. And we may suppose that before money came into use people everywhere acted in nearly the same way as these half-savage tribes do now. We can suppose this without imagining them to have been quite as deficient in point of intelligence. Possibly at some very remote time each family just supplied its own wants by the simple industry of its own members; nothing was used which the family did not itself either grow or make. Then as the families of men increased, some would devote their attention entirely to the cultivation of the soil, others to the keeping of the flocks, and others to weaving cloth or building houses. When this was done they would require to barter with each other. One who had accustomed himself to the building of houses might agree to erect a dwelling for another person on condition that the other should supply him with a certain quantity of corn. But in order to build the house he would require iron or brass as well as wood, so perhaps he would bargain to erect another house for a worker in iron, or blacksmith, in exchange for a number of bolts or nails.

From the book of Genesis we learn that early in the world's history men devoted themselves to the study of particular trades, worked at them, and taught them to others. We are told that Jabal was "the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle." Jubal was the "father of all such as handle the harp and organ." Tubal-Cain also was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." All these might arrange to live by means of bartering with each other; but it is evident they would find such a method very inconvenient. Just think how difficult it would be now. Suppose that your father is a timber merchant, he wants food for his family, so he goes to the butcher and offers to give so much timber for a stone of meat; now, it may happen that the butcher has as much timber as he needs, and so he replies that he cannot supply your father with meat unless he can bring something else in exchange. It might be just the same with the baker and the grocer, so you see it would sometimes be difficult to make exchanges before money came into use.

In order to avoid all this inconvenience people would try always to have on hand a few things which every person would be likely to take in return for his goods. Cattle are said to have been used

in some countries as a medium of exchange, but who would like to use them now? They would be very inconvenient, even for large purchases, but would not serve at all for small ones. What mother of a family is there who would choose to buy at one time as much sugar or salt as could be procured in exchange for an ox? Something more convenient is required, something which can be divided into small quantities, and will not waste by being kept for a long time. There can be no doubt these were some of the reasons which led men almost everywhere to adopt metals as the medium of exchange. Gold or silver can be kept for a great length of time without losing weight or decreasing in value: it can be divided into parts and afterwards fused together again, and being both hard and flexible it neither wears quickly by being used, nor breaks into pieces if it happens to fall on the ground. Different metals have been used by different nations: the Spartans made use of iron; the Romans used copper only for about five hundred years, and then, like other rich nations, they used silver and gold. It appears, however, that when the metals were first made use of they were not stamped and shaped as we have them now, but were used in bars or lumps, without any stamp whatever. This method could not long be continued, for it gave much trouble to the person receiving the metal; it required him to have weights and scales always at hand for the purpose of weighing every piece of metal brought to him. Shopmen could not supply their customers with goods so readily as they do if they had to weigh every penny and farthing brought to them. But the practice was attended with a greater evil than this. Metals can be adulterated by having coarser and less valuable metals mixed with them, and as dishonest people are always ready to adopt dishonest practices, it would be necessary to try the precious metals before consenting to take them, in order to see whether they were pure or not. It is often difficult for us to distinguish between pure silver and what is known as German silver, which is simply a mixture of copper, nickel, and zinc. And what tradesman would like to keep his customers waiting till he melted down in a crucible the metal they had brought him, or applied some chemical to it in order to judge of its purity? Yet this would be needful before the invention of coined money, else the person would be liable to be imposed upon. Hence, to save this trouble, it became usual for men in authority to affix a well-known stamp, or make a particular impression, in gold and silver which they had tried and knew to be pure. This stamp or impression did not at first signify the weight of the piece of metal, but its fineness, and it was weighed at the time of payment. If you will refer to the twenty-third chapter of Genesis, you will find that Abraham weighed the silver which he paid to Ephron; yet it is said to have been "current money with the merchant," that is, it was of the recognised quality. There can be no doubt it bore a stamp signifying its quality; but, seeing it was weighed and not counted, it was

most likely in bars, not coins; the stamp, therefore, would be only on one side. The trouble of weighing, however, was found to be a great inconvenience, so it became a custom to stamp both sides of a piece of metal, and in this manner to certify both its fineness and its weight. Hence the origin of coined money.

What nation first made use of this practice we cannot tell; probably the honour belongs to either the Egyptians or the Phœnicians. The earliest *known* coins were issued by the Greeks, probably in the eighth century before the Christian era; by the fourth century the whole civilised world used coined money. The Chinese place the commencement of their coinage at a very remote date, but Chinese chronology is not to be relied on. The claim to the antiquity of their coinage is unsupported by good evidence, for all authentic specimens appear to have been coined several hundred years after the oldest Greek specimens. The Greek coins, whether of kings or cities, until the time of Alexander, bear sacred subjects only; afterwards, on the regal coins, the king's head usually occupies the obverse or principal side, and a sacred subject is placed on the reverse.



SILVER PENNY OF STEPHEN.

The names given to coins seem at first to have expressed the weight of metal contained in them. The chief coin of the Romans was termed an *as*, or a *pondo*, meaning a pound, and it contained when first coined a Roman pound of good copper. This coin would be a very heavy one, for their pound was about equal to our twelve ounces avoirdupois. This pound was divided into twelve parts, to which the name *uncie* was given, so they had a smaller coin weighing an ounce, to which they gave the name *uncia*. Our word penny is an old word, and is supposed by some to have come from the Latin word *pendo*, to weigh. It appears first in the laws of Ina, king of the West Saxons, who began to reign in 688. It was variously written as *peneg*, *penig*, *penning*, *peninc*, *penincg*, and *pending*; and it is held that the Saxons used it to signify a piece of money of which 240 were made out of a pound of silver: hence the origin of our *pennyweight*, equal to twenty-four grains, or the 240th part of a pound. From the last sentence you will learn that the penny was formerly a silver coin, and you can form some idea of its strange appearance from the sample given here.

In early times the mode of coining was very rude. The metal was put into a melting-pot, and then cast into long bars, which were

afterwards cut into square pieces of equal weight; these were taken between the tongs, and forged into a round shape by a hammer. Then they had two dies for giving the required impression to the metal; one was fixed in a block of wood, and the other held in the hand, as a puncheon, and was struck with a hammer forcibly and repeatedly till the dies were impressed. As might be expected, the coins were uneven, and the impression was far from being clear. Yet there was no improvement of importance till the screw was applied to coinage in the French mint, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Possibly, some of the ancient nations who were advanced in the civilization of their time had some better and more rapid process of coining, for this slow method would be a most costly one. The Romans, for example, would find it very expensive, because for about five hundred years their money consisted entirely of copper, and when any large sum was required they would need to strike a great number of coins. Their extensive use of copper gave rise to a phrase which is rather suggestive: one who owed a great deal of money, was said to have a great deal of other people's copper. In our next number we shall give a little information about ancient English coins.

TOM BROWN ON PROVERBS.—II.

"It is never too late to mend."

IN my first paper I tried to urge upon my readers the importance of beginning well; I shall now endeavour to impress their minds with the fact that "it is never too late" to make that beginning, or—to quote another proverb—that "it is better late than never."

But some may say it is a waste of time and space to treat of this proverb in a magazine intended for young people, arguing that it only applies to old folks, who really may think that it is too late for them to mend their life-long habits and errors, and that it is absurd to imagine any of the readers of the JUVENILE indulging such gloomy thoughts. To this I reply, in the first place, that though the Magazine is intended for the young it is doubtless much read by grown-up people. But I admit that is not a sufficient reason for the insertion of this article, if its teaching is not also applicable to the young. That it is often applicable to them I firmly believe. The age in which we live is essentially a fast age, and such are the peculiar temptations and snares of the present day, and especially so in our large towns, that many boys in their teens are to-day as far gone in sin, as strongly bound by the fetters of bad habits, and as much actuated by evil passions, as were grown men a few generations ago. And then, again, I have known children, both at home and at school, so sternly reprimanded for little errors resulting from forgetfulness or the exuberance of their animal spirits, and their futures so hopelessly spoken of, that they have sometimes almost despaired of ever being able to reform. Sometimes a school-

superintendent, wearied and vexed with numerous endeavours to gain attention, will injudiciously tell the children that he does not believe it is any good asking them again, for they seem determined to have their own way. Perhaps the children try with the best possible motives to give proper attention, and for a time they succeed. But their little eyes will wander, their thoughts will roam, and their tongues will wag; and so, after all their intention to behave well, they find themselves incurring the heavy displeasure of the superintendent, as he draws a terrible picture of the fearful consequences which must follow such conduct. And it is no wonder that frequent repetitions of such unavailing attempts at good behaviour should soon impress the scholar with the idea that it is useless attempting to be better; and once that notion is fully believed in there is little room for hope.

Before considering the whole proverb, let us notice for a few moments some of the words of which it is composed. The first remarkable word is—*never*. Now there are not many words in more common use with you children than this. It is continually in your mouths. “*I never saw such a beautiful thing,*” “*I never enjoyed myself so much,*” “*I will never speak to that boy again,*” and such-like expressions, are quite frequent with you. But although so constantly using it, how many of you ever think of the great force of meaning conveyed by those five letters? They contain a whole eternity of meaning, which goes bounding on through countless ages. *Never*—we cannot comprehend it, for it is infinite in extent. It is a terrible word, and you should be careful when you use it that it expresses exactly what you mean to say.

And then the next two words—*too late*, are worth looking at for awhile. What anguish, remorse, and despair can be crowded into those two little words! They always convey an unpleasant idea of disappointment and regret, even in their most common use. See the schoolboy rush breathless into the school-yard to find the door closed against him, and ask him what *too late* means. His downcast eyes and foreboding face tell you it means to him punishment, disgrace, and loss of good marks. And who has not seen the panting and perspiring traveller run into the railway station just as the train leaves the platform? What vexation and self-reproach cloud his face! *Too late* with him means a long tiresome walk, the missing of an important business engagement, or the loss of precious time while waiting for the next train. But painful as is the expression in these cases, how terrible is it when it is the language of despair! “*Too late!*” shrieks the drunkard; “*I might once have reformed, but cannot now,*” and away he speeds to drain the maddening cup of death. “*Too late!*” cries the gamester, as he throws away the last pretensions to honour and respectability, and crowns his career by an act of dishonesty. “*Too late!*” groans the manslayer, who, in the heat of a passion he never curbed, has slain his dearest friend. “*Too late!*” gasps the worldling whom

vice and pleasure have brought to an early death-bed, and who frantically spurns all hopes of pardon. May none of us ever know the unutterable bitterness of such despair!

Well, now to the consideration of the proverb as a whole. *What* is "never too late to mend?" Perhaps some of the boys who read the proverb at the head of the article have tossed the Magazine across to their sisters, under the idea that it only has reference to the repairs necessary for torn jackets, trousers, and frocks. Do not be in too great a hurry, my boys. It would be a grand thing if nothing in the world besides such things wanted mending. But, alas! it is not so; and I shall try to show some things in and about yourselves that require it.

First, then, "it is never too late to mend" physically, or as regards bodily health. Another proverb says, "While there is life there is hope," and this in most cases is true. So long as sufficient vital vigour remains to urge the sluggish current of the blood through the system, there is at least a possibility of Nature conquering the disease, and of the patient recovering. A word or two on the means of mending the health. The chief promoters of health are pure air, wholesome food, moderate exercise, and temperate habits; and, of course, its great enemies are the opposites—foul air, unwholesome food, violent exertion, and intemperance. Now if any one has been indulging in what is injurious to his health, and at once determines to abandon the practice, he will save himself from the consequences which would result from further indulgence; and in that sense "it is never too late to mend," although he will certainly have to bear the punishment for his former errors, since there is a fixed law that all sin even here receives a measure of reward.

"It is never too late to mend" intellectually. Of course, we all know that children will learn the rudiments of education much quicker than an adult who has grown up in perfect ignorance; but for all that "it is never too late" for any one to mend in an educational point of view. There are the higher powers of the mind too, the faculties of observation, perception, and reflection; and it is surprising how much these are overlooked by some earnest advocates of education. They seem to think the mind of a child is a large empty room, and that the aim of education is to cram this room full of rules, ideas, and facts; forgetting that the first design should be to train the mind itself, so that this mass of knowledge may be properly arranged and classified, in order to its prompt reproduction when required for use.

"It is never too late to mend" socially. Happiness belongs exclusively to no particular class, but is the effect of right and proper feeling, rather than the consequence of any combination of circumstances. I believe, too, that the comforts and blessings of the various classes of society are much more equally dispensed than is generally thought; and that each position in life has some advantages (as it has also some disadvantages) peculiar to itself. Yet

it has always been considered a laudable ambition to try by honourable means to raise ourselves in the social scale. And here surely no one need be discouraged. No matter how long you may have been at the foot of the social ladder, "it is never too late" to begin the ascent. And whatever your peculiar circumstances may be, yours will be a singular case, indeed, if the roll of the honoured names of England's "self-made men" does not contain one that may serve as an example and encouragement to you in this respect. The only honourable way to social advancement is by means of persevering industry, economy, and integrity. There are what may be called the back stairs of cunning and fraud, which are used by speculators and swindlers. These, not satisfied with steadily pushing their uphill way, want to reach the heights of social position by a few strides. But their fall is oftentimes as sudden as their elevation; and even if they maintain their place, they are continually conscious of the uncertain nature of the prosperity they fondly flatter themselves they enjoy.

"It is never too late to mend" morally. Like all other improvements this is easier effected in early youth, as each day fixes more firmly the chains of vice. But let none despair. Hundreds have succeeded in overcoming evil principles which had been growing in them for ten, twenty, fifty, and even sixty years. It is a hard struggle certainly, but not a hopeless one. Surely all will be willing to make an effort to achieve this most needful reformation. Let us strive to repress all selfish and mean desires and motives, and cherish those which are in any way noble, liberal, and elevating.

"It is never too late to mend" our tempers. And who is there who does not need improvement in this respect? What fearful tempers some of us have! There are hot hasty tempers, which flash up like gunpowder and are almost as dangerous; obstinate, sullen tempers, which sulk over every little annoyance, and brood long and darkly over fancied wrongs; violent, cruel tempers, which delight in revenge, and, if unchecked, will ultimately lead to almost inhuman brutality. These evil passions especially should be conquered early, but "it is better late than never," and I would urge all who are slaves of them to make a most determined effort to break their yoke.

"It is never too late to mend" our tastes. I fear if some of the readers of this Magazine were to say candidly what their principal taste was, they would have to confess that it pointed mostly to jam tarts and sugar-plums. I am not going to find fault with them for it. I know I was fond of such things once, and cannot say I do not like them even now. But I should like you, my young friends, to acquire a correct taste as to books, dress, pictures, and the fine arts generally. Read books which not only express correct ideas, but books in which they are also clothed in the most elegant language. Learn to distinguish really good pictures from such highly-coloured daubs as are now so common in print-sellers' windows. Perhaps it

is scarcely necessary for me to ask you to dress well ; for I suppose you all (and especially the girls) will do that to the best of your judgment and ability. But to correct any false notion which may be abroad on this question, I may say that any one to be dressed in all the colours of the rainbow is an evidence of a decidedly vulgar taste.

"It is never too late to mend" our opinions. Perhaps nothing has to be changed so often through life as do our opinions. I am not aware that the opinions of children in their earliest infancy have ever been recorded, and I cannot remember what my own were at that interesting period. But judging from the clamour infants make if their slightest wishes are not instantly attended to, I should imagine their prevailing idea is that they are the most important individuals in existence, and that all others were created to wait on them. If this be their opinion, it very soon changes, for, notwithstanding all that baby-worship does to confirm the former idea, they soon come to the conclusion that their father and mother are the greatest and wisest people in the world ; and it would be well if they could retain this belief at least somewhat longer than children do nowadays. But as they grow up this idea is very considerably modified ; and so with every other notion, as the circle of their knowledge gradually widens and their judgment becomes clearer, men and things slowly arrange themselves in something like their relative positions as to worth and importance. But it is a surprising fact that some people, notwithstanding the great change effected in their opinions respecting others, grow up to manhood with the very same opinion of themselves that they had in their cradle. And so they go through life, condescendingly pointing out to those around them little failings which might be corrected, and thinking their own sweet selves above all improvement. This is a ridiculous mistake. We should first get correct views of our own faults and imperfections, however erroneous our ideas of other people may be. "*Man, know thyself.*"

"It is never too late to mend" our manners. Some one has said, "Manners make the man ;" and although this is perhaps making too much of mere manners, it has some truth in it. The profoundest learning, the liveliest wit, and the clearest judgment meet with but a cold reception when associated with rude or repelling manners ; and it is equally true that hundreds of men of only moderate capacities are at the present time occupying positions of honour and responsibility solely because of their agreeable manner and courteous deportment. What a difference there is in the manners of children ! Some are rude and coarse, and speak as bluntly and roughly as a bear might be expected to talk, if one were to be gifted with the power of speech. Others are sheepish and mistrustful, and seem almost afraid to open their mouths. Others, again, are impudent and saucy, and offend by their boldness. All these are wrong ; and the faults of each are due in some measure to the constitutional

peculiarities of the child. But then these manners must not be left as they are, they must be mended. The rudeness must give way to gentleness and politeness; the shyness must be replaced by frankness and modest assurance; and the flippancy be so controlled that it shall only be recognised as proper self-confidence.

"It is never too late to mend" our habits. Habits are formed by individual actions often repeated. If we are to improve them, therefore, we must improve our every action, however small or seemingly unimportant. If we have acquired bad habits of idleness, wastefulness, disobedience, untidiness, or untruthfulness, we must make a firm stand against them, and commence at once to practise the opposite virtues—industry, economy, obedience, neatness, and honesty; and by slow but sure degrees these will become habits, and will be quite as easy to practise as were our former evil ones. Every day that habits, good or bad, are followed makes them stronger. Nothing grows more surely. No time, therefore, should be lost in commencing the reformation. Pluck up your courage for the encounter, and bravely determine, at whatever cost, to throw off the yoke of these most tyrannical rulers.

"It is never too late to mend" our character or reputation. Too much value can hardly be set upon an unblemished character. Shakespeare puts it in the mouth of one of his personages to say—

"Good name in man and woman, * * * *
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash; * * * *
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

And the "wisest of men" has said, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." A good character will invariably result from good habits. It takes a long time to regain a reputation once lost, but it will certainly come at last if the habits and life are reformed. I do not mean that it will be as bright as if it had never been sullied; I fear that is never to be realized. But that is no reason why any one should sink under the weight of his disgrace. Let him commence to live and to work for character, and although at first he will be greatly discouraged because his actions are mistrusted and his motives misunderstood, he will live through these trials and gradually gain confidence and esteem.

There is another proverb, and a very similar one, which I want to say a few words upon before I conclude this paper. It is—"Never too old to learn." Of course it might naturally be supposed that none of the children who read the JUVENILE are too old to learn, but I am not so sure about it. I have known many young folks act and speak as if they thought they were "too old to learn." When I see children wilfully disregarding the advice or instructions of kind parents and teachers, I at once conclude that they feel themselves to be "too old to learn." Why is it that so many of

our youths who have been brought up in our Sunday-schools cease coming when they have attained to the manly dignity of wearing stand-up collars and tall hats? It is because they have suddenly conceived the idea that it looks "young" to go to a Sunday-school and be taught. But if they are "too old to learn" the lessons taught in a Sunday-school, they show themselves very apt in learning the lessons taught in the streets. They soon begin to smoke and lounge about the street-corners, attempting witty remarks on passers-by, and step by step degenerating into weak, purposeless, useless men. I hope none who read this article will ever imitate their silly example. Never think yourselves "too old to learn," for if you do it is conclusive proof of your lack of wisdom. Solomon said, "Before honour is humility;" and the wisest of men have ever been those who gladly availed themselves of any means of getting knowledge, however humble it may have been."

JANE AND HER MOTHER.

I AM going to tell my young friends something about the hardships and trials which a kind mother and a dutiful daughter had to pass through in order to get an honest living. You know there are nooks and corners in the world you live in where poverty abounds in its worst form; where the people live in utter ignorance of comfort; but whose lives are spent amidst hard work, disease, and hunger. Mrs. Huntley and her daughter Jane lived amongst this class. Their life was one dreary toil. Stitch, stitch went their needles from morning till night, or rather, I should say, till the following morning, for as a rule they worked fourteen or sixteen hours a day. The neighbours often wondered how Jane and her mother lived; whether they were religious or not; whether they had any relations, as none ever came to visit them; or whether they were like themselves, poor, miserable, overworked creatures. It was not from any spirit of ill-will that Mrs. Huntley kept apart from her neighbours; it was because she knew that her work must be done—every hour that she lost was so much less for her to eat; every moment that she spent in idle gossip both her and her daughter would have to suffer for afterwards.

Jane was a very dutiful child to her mother. Often during the winter time had she to trudge out with work to the warehouses and shops, perhaps without having had any breakfast, shivering with cold and hunger. You know Jane and her mother had not money saved to buy things with, as some of your parents have, but frequently they had to rise early in the morning in order to finish their work, so that they might get the money to buy food. These were great hardships for one so young as Jane to pass through, and especially so for her dear kind mother, who was getting old; but yet they were borne very patiently by them—they

knew that after a life of toil, suffering, and Christian meekness here, their Creator would take them to rest with him above.

Next door to where Jane lived was a young girl named Sally Bent. Sally was the funniest little creature living. She could run, jump, fight, or do anything that the lads could do; but as for reading or spelling, she was as ignorant as a barn door. Now it so happened that Sally took a particular liking for Jane—she would do anything for the “quiet young lady,” as she called Jane; and nothing could compensate Sally more after a hard day’s work of running errands than to tell her a nice tale. In the winter nights Sally might be seen sitting on a stool at Jane’s feet, her little eyes and mouth as wide open as they could be, listening with rapt attention, as Jane recited some little story to her. Sally’s curiosity was also excited on these occasions.

Very often she would interrupt Jane in the midst of her speaking to ask her some ridiculous question, which at times would make Jane laugh, and Sally seeing this would break out into a perfect roar of mirth.

One evening Sally was sitting in her accustomed seat, listening to Jane. Mrs. Huntley had been very poorly all day, and had retired to rest in order to be up early on the following morning. Jane was low-spirited on this particular night, on account of her mother, and found it difficult to talk to Sally in her usual way.

“What is the matter with you to-night, Miss Jane?” asked Sally, suddenly interrupting her whilst she was speaking.

“Well, Sally, I was thinking what would become of me if mother was to die,” replied Jane, quietly.

“If mother was to die!” repeated Sally slowly; “why, Miss Jane, what does that mean?”

Do not laugh at Sally’s ignorance, my young friends, for you must remember that she had drunken parents, who exercised no control over her whatever. What with rambling about the streets, sleeping at nights in entries or on the flags, or playing with other children as poor and neglected as herself, Sally’s stock of knowledge was very small; indeed, it may be questioned whether she had ever been inside a school at all.

“It means,” replied Jane, in answer to Sally’s question, “that if mother was to die we should have to put her body in the cold ground, and cover it with earth; but her spirit would ascend up into heaven, to our Heavenly Father who first gave it her.”

“But how long would her body have to stay in the ground?” asked Sally, her mind not at all clear on the subject; but before Jane could reply, Sally’s eager face was turned up to hers, as if a bright thought had come into her head. “Would she have to stop there till her sickness was better?”

Jane hardly knew how to reply to this last question of Sally’s, but she set her mind to work in order to give her little friend a plain answer. No doubt Sally thought she had given Jane a

puzzler at last, for she stared at her in such a comical way that, although the subject was a solemn one, Jane could not help smiling. Sally, however, kept on looking at her as if waiting for a reply. "Well, Sally," said Jane, after a while, "her sickness would have passed away then, and her body would rest in peace until the great judgment day, when God—he who made all of us—would take her out of the ground, and put life into her."

"Well, then, if she was to die I should never see her again," said Sally, very dolefully.

"Oh, yes, you would, love," answered Jane, kissing the child tenderly; "you would see her in heaven, amongst angels bright and fair. You would hear them singing nice beautiful hymns—that is, if you are a good girl," said Jane, stopping suddenly and looking at her.

"Oh, I'll be good, and do anything for grandmother if she'll only stop here," cried out Sally, lustily.

"But, Sally," said Jane, gently rebuking her, "wouldn't you like to live with your grandmother in a beautiful golden palace, where all the people would be good and kind to you; where you would be dressed in white, and never want for anything to eat or drink?"

"Yes, I would so, replied Sally, eagerly."

Mrs. Huntley, however, got better from her illness, to Sally's great joy, and was soon able to move about the house in her usual way. But it seemed as if their Christian fortitude was to be tried to its very utmost. The warehouse for which they worked one night took fire, and was burned to the ground. This happened in the winter time, too, when trade was bad, and, as is generally the case, when provisions were very dear. Poor Jane knew nothing of this dreadful disaster until one morning, when, going as usual with the work which they had finished, she saw, instead of the building where she had so often received their hard-earned wages, a mass of black ruins. For a moment Jane was overcome with grief, for she thought only of her dear mother at home anxiously expecting her with the money; but in that hour of cruel disappointment she asked her Creator to give her strength to bear the blow—that he, in his gracious providence, would watch over her mother and her also, and open for them a new channel whereby they could earn an honest living. And did God answer her prayer? Yes, my young friends, he did; and in such a manner as astonished both of them.

Jane was absent from home that morning longer than usual, which made Mrs. Huntley fear that something was wrong. Her daughter had often been delayed before, she thought, but never so late as this. Just, however, as the old lady was getting fidgety, Jane entered with the sad news. Mrs. Huntley saw at once that something was wrong, so, like a true disciple of God, she prepared herself for the worst. Jane told her in a few words all about the

fire, and of their own loss; but it would have taken a greater weight than this to crush Mrs. Huntley's spirits. She saw that poverty even worse than before stared them in the face—that their lot would be a hard struggle indeed—but she also knew that he who had hitherto watched over them, and who had been their chief Adviser, would not forsake them now, but arm them for the coming struggle, and lead them on the sure path to victory.

Good luck was, however, in store for them. A few weeks after the event described a rich uncle called to see them, who was greatly surprised when he saw the wretched poverty and heard of the sufferings through which his relatives had passed. It appears that their uncle had been looking for them in different parts of the city, he had also inquired of their rich relations, but *they*, of course, knew nothing about them. But, you see, this good man was not discouraged at this, but went about searching diligently, until at length he found them.

A few months have passed over, and let us look at Jane and her mother now. Through the generosity of their uncle, their position in life has been changed. They now keep a milliner's shop in a respectable part of London, where life seems so joyous and pure compared with the miserable existence they had lived hitherto that they can hardly realise their new position. But in the midst of this blessed change they do not forget him who has been the great source of it, but they pray that in their new sphere of life they may live closer to that God who upheld them in their time of trouble, and who now had placed them beyond the reach of poverty and want.

Sally is no longer the ignorant child that she formerly was. Under the care and tuition of Jane, she has been brought to tread in the paths of our Saviour; to feel the responsibility of this life, and of the life to come, when all true Christians shall assemble in God's presence, and live with him for ever.

S. F.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

(From the French of Madame E. de Pressensé.)

"THE story which I am about to relate to you," said Madame Reynold, "is true, my dear children, true in all its details. I was a witness of it, and saw with my own eyes how much a loving heart may do to spread around it consolation and happiness. A lady of my acquaintance had a little daughter named Aline. This child was from her birth surrounded with all that makes life pleasant and easy. Not only did her parents love her with a tenderness which was rendered all the more lively and anxious by the recent loss of their firstborn; but also, as she was very pretty and graceful, she was welcomed and petted by all strangers. It appeared likely that so many kind attentions and caresses would spoil her, and her mother, fearing this, made it a subject of prayer.

Each morning she asked God to preserve her little daughter from selfishness, egotism, and that pride which withers the heart. Each evening, also, in kneeling beside her little bed, she tried to teach her to love God with all her heart, and her neighbour as herself. She had the joy to see that her prayers and efforts were not in vain.

"As soon as Aline could walk and talk, she showed a great sympathy for all who suffered. A little dog whose paw had been crushed by a carriage was early the object of her most lively solicitude. It walked pitifully on three legs. No one paid any attention to it, except to drive it away, or to pity its ugliness. Thus the poor animal, little used to good treatment, became fondly attached to its young mistress; it jumped around her, licked her hands and face, rolled over when she caressed it, and trembled for hours together when it could not find her either in the house or in the garden.

"One day Aline's mother took her to see a young girl afflicted with a disease which in a few months had devoured her beauty and freshness, and left her like an aged woman, wrinkled, yellow, and decrepid. Aline's mother wondered what impression would be made on her child's mind by the first view of such misery; but she thought it best to leave her to the impulses of her own heart. On seeing this form, which terrible sufferings had rendered almost repulsive, the little girl stood a moment undecided. Then she approached the couch on which the poor sufferer was laid, and raising herself on tiptoes to press her little rosy lips on the faded visage, she said in a soft voice to the sick girl, 'I love you.'

"When she was older her mother sometimes took her with her on visits of charity. One day they entered a house just visited by Death. A tiny infant was laid on its mother's knee, and was sleeping its last long sleep. The poor woman could not weep, but gazed upon her child with a dry and feverish eye. It was her first-born. There were no others around her to force her to smile through her tears, and to rouse herself from the dead to take care of the living.

"Aline's mother remained a moment embarrassed before this great sorrow; she wished to speak, but how should she console this heart which refused all consolation? Whilst she was trying without success, Alice gently drew near, and looked long at the little sleeper. It was so peaceful and beautiful that for a moment she thought it was just going to awake and smile; but its perfect stillness and the fixed look of the mother made her understand that it was the sleep of death. She stooped to kiss the child, and when she raised herself a tear had fallen on its marble forehead.

"At this sight the heart of the poor mother melted. She burst into sobs, and wept a long time, pressing against her face the little icy features of her child. Afterwards she could listen to what Aline's mother had to say about him who has uttered the words,

'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' and as Aline's mother had herself lost a dear child, and knew how hard it is to yield them up to God, her words produced a good effect.

"The next morning Aline took white roses to surround the little infant in its shroud. She desired to arrange them herself, and thus, without knowing it, she fulfilled a ministry of love to a heart which indifference or a commonplace pity had closed, but which the sympathy of a child opened to the consolations of the Gospel.

"It would take a long time to recount all the deeds which rejoiced the heart of her mother. I will mention only one.

"The cook of the family had a daughter, whom she had left to board with some peasants of her country. She asked and obtained permission of her mistress to have her daughter with her, under pretext of helping her in the work. This girl, who was a little older than Aline, had a repulsive appearance, owing to an expression of idleness, discontent, and pride, which never left her. After some fruitless efforts to obtain from her a civil answer, the inhabitants of the house finished by leaving her to herself. One only was not discouraged. Each day Aline glided unperceived into the vegetable garden which was behind the kitchen, and there she met this poor ignorant girl to teach her to read, though she had not even the desire to learn. In cold and rainy weather they went into Aline's own room, and one day Aline's mother overheard the little scene which I am about to describe.

"Aline had been striving hard to get her big scholar to decipher a line, and certainly there was more obstinacy than stupidity in the manner in which, after three months of assiduous teaching, she refused to put together two syllables.

"'Have you no desire to learn to read?' said Aline to her, in a sweet voice.

"'No, mam'selle.'

"'And why?'

"'Because it does not amuse me.'

"'It will amuse you when you are able to read beautiful stories.'

"Lydie did not answer, but continued to bite her thumb with a wearied air.

"'If you do not wish to learn,' said Aline, 'I cannot force you. I thought you understood that it was for your good.'

"The same silence.

"'Will you not try to learn, to give me pleasure?'

"'Is it possible, mam'selle, that that would give pleasure to you?'

"'It would indeed; the greatest pleasure I could have.'

"The pupil read the truth of this remark in the bright look of her little mistress. She took her book, and spelt slowly and hesitatingly, but quite correctly, from the beginning to the end of the line.

“ ‘Well done!’ said Aline. ‘I am quite satisfied, but we must go on.’

“ ‘Yes,’ responded Lydie, and she continued. In a few days she made great progress. Once Aline asked her why she had so long come to her lessons so unwillingly.

“ ‘Because,’ she answered, ‘I did not know that it would give you pleasure if I gave myself trouble.’

“ Aline succeeded in inducing her to talk a little. She understood then why the poor child had been so sullen, and why her heart had been so firmly closed. Never had a word of affection or encouragement been addressed to her; never had she been anything but a burden and trouble to others. She had been separated from her mother during all her childhood, and her mother, ashamed that the child did her so little credit, had treated her with severity. She soon perceived, however, a great change in the character and expression of her daughter; the same change that would take place in a plant faded and chilled by the cold, when the sun’s warm rays once reached it.

“ ‘What have you done to my poor Lydie, Mademoiselle Aline?’ the cook asked one day. ‘One would say she is no longer the same child.’

“ ‘I have done nothing but love her,’ simply answered the little girl.

“ LOVE HER! Ah! there is the grand secret. It appears very simple, but others had found it difficult. There are very few hearts, especially children’s hearts, that will long resist the sweet and penetrating influence of this ray Divine. Love gives birth to love, and he who loves cannot be either altogether unhappy or utterly degraded.”

Editor's Table.

Dec. 31st, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be so kind as to give me your opinion on three verses of Holy Scripture? In Numb. xxiii. 19, it reads as follows: —“God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent.” And in 1 Sam. xv. 10, 11, we read: “Then came the word of the Lord unto Samuel, saying, ‘It repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king.’” Now I have heard some of our readers say that these verses contradict each other, and some say they do not. So with your opinion in your next JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, you will greatly oblige yours truly,

WM. PANCOTT.

ANSWER.—In the sense that we repent God does not repent, for he changeth not. But man’s conduct does alter God’s feelings towards him. If a bad man repents and amends his ways, God, who was angry with him before, now loves him; and if a good man, as Saul once was, becomes a foolish and wicked man, then God disapproves of him and is displeased with him. In this sense

God does repent, that is, he changes his mind and whole course of conduct towards men according to their conduct towards him. But as to anything that God has said, or promised, or engaged to do, he is not man, that he should lie, or the son of man, that he should repent. What God is in himself is unchangeable; what he is to us depends on our conduct.

W. Pancott complains of the short way in which we put our answers, and he says, "If you had a little more patience (with our correspondents) it would be a great deal better." To which we reply that we have no objection to having a little more patience, but it is not our patience that is in question, but that of our readers; and if we had not shortened his letter as referred to on page 325 of last year's JUVENILE, our readers would have complained, and if we had the patience of Job we could not meet every one's views and wishes. An editor knows what his readers want better than any one individual correspondent does, and it is one of the most painful duties of his office that he has often to displease correspondents, in order not to displease the readers of the Magazines. If we were to publish all that is sent us, and publish it as it is sent, we should soon be turned out of our office. Let W. P. remember this, and try to imagine that we may be right and he wrong.

Seaton Delaval.

DEAR SIR,—I read in your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for February the question, who was David's mother? The answer by you is that there is no certainty who David's mother was. The question being put at our Sabbath-school, New Hartley, the answer given by one of our scholars was Nahash, which is recorded in the 17th chapter of the Second Book of Samuel, verse 25. If Nahash was not David's mother, please explain through your March INSTRUCTOR who Nahash was.—You will oblige yours respectfully,

J. POTTS.

ANSWER.—The answer given at the school referred to is altogether a mistake. Nahash was a man, and therefore could not be David's mother. What we said is strictly correct. There is no reliable information who David's mother was.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be so kind as to give an explanation as to what kind of cardboard it is that your very nice neat almanack, printed in colours, is on? An explanation in your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will please a very constant reader.

A TEACHER.

ANSWER.—We call it thin cardboard.

Jan. 21st, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—As I read in the 8th chapter of St. Matthew, verses 21 and 22, these words, "And another of his disciples said unto him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. But Jesus said unto him, Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead," you will greatly oblige the writer by giving an explanation of the words "let the dead bury their dead."

W. RAMSDEN.

ANSWER.—Our Saviour means that those who were spiritually

dead should bury their dead. Or, in other words, he intended to show that the claims of his service and our salvation were stronger than the claims of any earthly interest.

Coseley, Feb. 12th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—In the 10th chapter of St. John's Gospel, verse 16,—“And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.” An answer through your JUVENILE will greatly oblige
J. G.

ANSWER.—Our Saviour states here that he had “other sheep” which he must bring, besides those he was addressing. He has, and ever has had, those who walk by the light of God's Spirit that was in them, before he came and since he came. These he will bring together in heaven when he numbers up his jewels.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

BIRLEY CARR, SHEFFIELD SOUTH CIRCUIT.—DEAR SIR,—It affords me great pleasure to inform you that we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 29, 1871. Mr. James Hague presided over the meeting. After singing and prayer, and the reading of the report, two of our local preachers from Sheffield, Mr. P. J. Smith and Mr. J. S. Robinson, gave very suitable addresses relating to missionary labours. Several of our teachers also addressed the meeting. A few recitations were given by the younger scholars. The meeting throughout was highly interesting. The financial state of our Juvenile Missionary Society is very encouraging, as will be seen by the report. Collected by the girls—Ann Wragg, 14s. 11½d.; Mary Ann Platts, 12s. 11½d.; Elizabeth Steel, 9s. 1d.; Susan Mays, 8s. 7d.; Annie Clay, 6s. 10d.; Ann Drewry Murfin, 5s. 10d.; Maria Drewry Murfin, 3s. 3d. Boys—Richard Ollerearnshaw, 18s. 5d.; Arthur Ollerearnshaw, 12s. 9½d.; Frederick Deakin, 5s.; Joseph Baker, 1s. 8d.; Small sum, 1½d.; Public collection at the meeting, £1 7s. 2½d. Making total of £6 6s. 8½d.; this being an advance of the previous year.
AMOS HEATH, Secretary.

TERRINGTON, LYNN CIRCUIT.—We held our first Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 24, 1871. The meeting was opened by singing a hymn commencing—

“O'er the gloomy hills of darkness”

After prayer, Mr. J. Ash was called upon to preside, who gave a very interesting address, speaking of Paul as a missionary, and the probability of some of the young people who were to take part in the meeting becoming missionaries. He then called upon Mr. H. Butter to read the report. The remainder of the meeting was taken up by the children, who gave some interesting pieces and dialogues. During the meeting the choir sang the following pieces: “The field is the world,” “Go bear the joyful tidings,” “Resting by-and-by.” The collection was then made, which amounted to the sum

of 13s. The choir then sung "Gratitude;" and the chairman by prayer brought the pleasant, and we hope profitable, meeting to a close. May God own and bless our feeble efforts with greater success in the future!"

H. V. BUTTER.

Memoir.

BETSY ANN HEWITSON.

BETSY ANN HEWITSON was born at Leeds, on April the 9th, 1856. She was the second daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Hewitson. She lost her mother in the year 1865. Betsy Ann entered our school at Dewsbury Road as soon as it was built, and continued therein till her death, which took place on the 23rd of July, 1871. Three years ago she was grievously afflicted with typhus fever, that left a weakness from which she never recovered. She went to Mosby a week before her death, in the hope that the change might revive her wasting energies; but the air was too strong for her—the change proved fatal. At the age of fourteen she "fell asleep."

About a year ago she joined our Church, and was diligent in her attendance at class when strength permitted. Her experience was told with childlike simplicity, but

with evident godly sincerity. She was intensely fond of the school; the last time she was there she was unable to go alone, and two of her fellow-scholars supported her feeble steps. Her father, who is not joined to the Church, was often entreated by Betsy Ann to become a Christian. When she knew she must "die and not live" she longed to see her father, that she might make her final request respecting his spiritual welfare. Such hopes were not realized. It was not granted to him to see her breathe her last, nor to listen to her tender counsels. Being dead, may she yet speak to him words of saving power! There is nothing of an extraordinary nature to record respecting our late sister; she had not time and opportunity to develop her character. May we meet her in the sinless world!

J. P. GOODWIN.

Dewsbury Road, Leeds.

Our Children's Portion.

A FATHER'S MISTAKE.

A YOUNG man, nineteen years of age, by the circumstances of the late war made a constant companion of his father far from home, said to a mutual friend, "The more I become acquainted with my father, the better I like him. When a boy, at home, I thought he was a nice man, but I didn't know him much."

This father had striven to be useful and to do good as he had opportunity. But eighteen years had passed, and his son had been as yet only favourably impressed with his father's character. He was yet to know him. The stream of kindness and charity for human want and woe, and of sympathy for others in trial, had watered and made fruitful with

happy experiences other vineyards, but the young and tender plants in his own home had been but little watered. The depths of that fountain were yet to be sounded; and the full and earnest love of the father's heart was yet to be learned experimentally.

This came from the father's thoughtlessness. It was the result of his forgetfulness of prior claims upon his attention. But it was a thoughtlessness and forgetfulness inexcusable, unless to neglect a known duty for a supposed one would justify them.

That father's befitting confession is: "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept." "These things ought I to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.
We do not hesitate to attribute a large portion of the invalidism of the women of to-day, not to their sex, but to their dress. It is

largely this which renders them inactive, helpless, languid, unambitious, and dependent. The compressed, suffering, distorted body, more burdened with clothes than was Bunyan's Pilgrim with his pack of sin, racked with pains, starved by dyspepsia, this is a "weight" on the womanly soul. There is no chance for spiritual health where the body is tortured and hopelessly suffering, for the correspondence between body and soul is marvellously intimate. As one is, so will the other be. Lack of physical health renders women

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"

exactng, peevish, selfish, good-for-nothing. A grand and noble womanhood must have a sound physical basis. It is the great pre-requisite. And women can never attain a noble, mental and moral altitude while they are the miserably feeble, sick, half-alive beings they now are. And we repeat it, solemnly; for much of this invalidism the abominable style of woman's dress is responsible.

Poetry.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

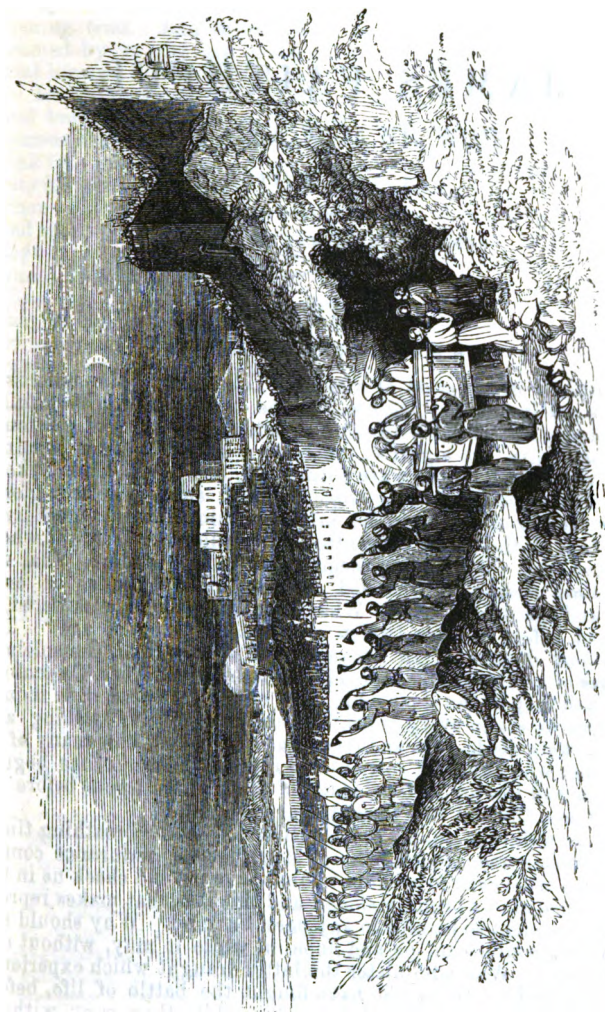
Suppose a little twinkling star,
Away in yonder sky,
Should say, "What light can reach so far,
From such a star as I?
Not many rays of mine so far
As yonder earth can fall:
The others so much brighter are,
I will not shine at all."

Suppose a bright-green leaf that grows
Upon the rose-bush near,
Should say, "Because I'm not a rose,
I will not linger here?"
Or that a dew-drop, fresh and bright,
Upon that fragrant flower,
Should say, "I'll vanish out of sight,
Because I'm not a shower."

Suppose a little child should say,

"Because I'm not a man,
I will not try, in work or play,
To do what good I can?"
Dear child, each star some light can give,
Though faintly gleaming there;
Each rose-leaf helps the plant to live,
Each dew-drop keeps it fair.

And Mother Nature, who is near,
And doth all creatures view,
To every little child has given
Some needful work to do;
Kind deeds towards those with whom
you live,
Kind words and actions right,
Shall, 'midst the world's deep darkness,
give
A sparkling little light.



JERICHO.—See page 96.

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER VII.

“WHAT WILL YOU BE?”

CHILDHOOD is a period of visions. Life to it is the unknown, though, as it fondly imagines, not the unknowable. Mercifully, Providence has placed between the actual struggles of existence and the reality, not a gulf so much as a bright dreamy morning, when plans for the future are entrancing, and not a cloud darkens the horizon gleaming so beautifully with splendour and glory. There are few of us who in this bright morning-time have not lived the life of all the heroes, adventurers, travellers, or saints of whom we have read. Everything seems possible to a child. What are boundless oceans, untravellered deserts, mighty giants, or even time and space, to a child? What have we not done, or suffered, or enjoyed before we are twelve or fourteen years of age? The ambitious dreams of an Alexander or a Hannibal, the splendid success of a Whittington, the adventurous roving of a Columbus, what are they in the clear undimmed outlook of those wide inquiring eyes we see in every youthful countenance? If wishing and hoping were deeds done and results accomplished, how many of us are there who have not solved life's mystery before it has begun, and reached the top of the ladder of fame and success before we have taken the first step towards our elevation!

It is well it is so, for our faculties need some breathing time, like a race-horse, ere the hour of struggle and endurance comes. It seems cruel even to attempt to deceive us, and check us in the indulgence of our bright visions; and this it is that makes reproof or chastisement so painful to any parent's mind. Why should not the young soul dream on and hope on while it may, without our hindrance? Why administer the bitter draught which experience has prepared for those who have fought the battle of life, before it is really needed? The lambs skip while they may, without thought of the base uses to which they are destined. The young colts gallop in their ecstasy over the fields they will soon have to

plough and work under sweat and toil, without knowledge of that coming trial. And so children, except as they are curbed and trained by us who are older, are free of the universe, and full of that life and hope which make childhood so joyous.

In that most beautiful, in that most touching of all the beautiful and touching chapters of the book of Job, the twenty-ninth, the famous old patriarch describes his past happiness in words which sink into many hearts, as the thoughts they expressed had sunk into his own. "Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle; when the Almighty was yet with me, *when my children were about me.*" Read on if you please through the whole beautiful chapter, and you will find no touch of feeling deeper or more tender, no touch of feeling which brought back the sweet memories of the past more affectingly, than in the words, "*when my children were about me.*" Not my sons, or my daughters, but "*my children were about me.*" Yes; and what parent's heart does not respond to these words? What father or mother feels such commendable pride, and hope, and thankfulness as when they and their little flock, all in their best, are walking together, say, to the house of God on the Sabbath morning, so fresh, so joyous, and yet so reverent, all in keeping with the day, and virtually, as the walk means, to say as the parent does say when he reaches the sanctuary, "Here am I and the children thou hast given me?" It needs no stretch of imagination to realize that angels are of the group, and that none in the whole congregation are more attractive in their sight than the loving family group just mentioned. Alas, that sadness should ever come to that charmed circle! that death should ever invade it! that it should ever be dispersed in quest of occupation and subsistence, through no one knows how wide a domain of this earth's surface! It should be stereotyped (and, thanks to art, it may be photographed) as it is, and remain fixed on the mind and memory for ever. Have it done at once, that you may see in after years, and that they may see, how it was with you "*when your children were about you.*"

But spite of all art and all sentiment the time of dispersion will come, and before it comes let us note how childhood inquires its way.

I wonder what girls think about in this early morning time? They cannot be warriors, unless they should become such exceptional characters as Deborah, Boadicea, or Joan of Arc. They cannot be statesmen, or, as a general rule, preachers, lawyers, or doctors. A girl may be a Queen, however, for we have a Queen who was raised to the British throne while yet scarcely more than a girl. They have, no doubt, their girlish dreams, as boys have theirs, in early life, but probably those dreams are scarcely so romantic

as is the case with boys. They no doubt ask, "What will you be?" as did the boys at the school at which James Faithful attended.

"What will you be?" said one of the boys to James one day during their play-hours. "What will I be?" said James; "I mean to be a merchant, a magistrate, and the Mayor of —"

"Well, that is very ambitious of you, James," said his companion; "you surely might be content with less than that. Why not be a manufacturer, like your father, and have a mill like those we see about Grimside?"

"A mill!" said James, "where is the good of that? I don't like to hear the whiz of machinery all the day long, and to be spinning and weaving all my life. I tell you I mean to leave Grimside and be a great man."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said his questioner; "and I mean to leave it too and be a sailor."

"A sailor! what, to be washed overboard and drowned, or if not that to handle dirty ropes all your life, live on 'hard tack' and salt meat, and never see a soul for months together, except those who are confined with you in your floating prison? A sailor! I would sooner be a tinker."

"Well, then," said the other, "what do you think of being—a lawyer?"

"Very grand," said James, "if you can only manage it and get clients. But I should not be smart enough for that. I could not say what I do not believe, and I understand lawyers have often to do that, at least it is so said by many people."

"But here is Tom, and he means to be a mechanic," said James; "how would that suit you?"

"It would suit me first-rate if I could only manage to have a great business, but a great business requires large means, and I may never have sufficient for the purpose."

"Well, then," said James, "suppose you are a preacher, would not that be the best for any of us?"

"Oh no," said several of the boys; "we should have to be so good if we were preachers, and we might not come up to the mark; though it seems a pleasant life. Our clergyman comes every Sunday to church, puts on his surplice, and then changes it for a black gown, goes into the pulpit and reads us a sermon, twice a day, and we see no more of him till the next Sunday."

"If ever I preach," said one of the boys, "I will never read my sermons. I heard the Methodist preacher last Sunday night, and he did not read. He began to talk—and he kept talking—faster and louder, raising his arms sometimes as if he meant to pull the ceiling down on our heads. As he talked the people answered him, 'True, it is so—glory—hallelujah!' and the whole place was alive, and all the people seemed happy, many of them crying and shouting, and at the end such a sing as I never heard

before. I never saw anything like it in the church, where everything is so solemn and so cold. Why, they say that Grace Greenwood, the madwoman, has been converted, and is now as right as any of us. And your aunt, James, has joined the Society; and I hear that the clergyman thinks all Grimside is losing its senses, and is altogether beyond his control. Now that is what I like; a little noise and stir to keep us lively. And as to reading sermons, why, I think it is a second edition of our school themes, when the master makes us be so nice and exact in everything, not a word out of place, or if there is, a bad mark is placed against us; but I know I never saw anybody cry while I was reading, or heard them shout, or saw them moved in any way, except the master who sometimes gets angry, as I believe many people do in church when the parson is reading, or they get sleepy, which is much the same, as to any effect his sermons have. No, no, I like a man to talk to me and not read to me when I am in church."

"Well, then," said the boys, "we'll have a talking club, and we will act Burke and Chatham and Pitt, George Whitfield and John Wesley, and see if we cannot get up some orators among us. Who knows but some one of us may be a Member of Parliament yet?"

NOTE.—At this point the printer comes to the Editor and says, "Stop! there is more matter than we can use. The 'Editor's Table' occupies six pages, and there is no more room for your story, if that Table is to be got in." Well, our young friends cannot have it every way. Some say they must have the Table, and we say, "If you have so much Table, you cannot have any more Tale this month." And therefore we must wait till next month.

THE STORY OF JOHN BUNYAN.

CHAPTER II.—HOW HE SPENT HIS YOUTH.

WHEN I left off my story we had got to the village of Elstow, near Bedford, and had just found the cottage said to be Bunyan's birth-place. I do not suppose the bells were rung the day he was born, or that the people of the place took much notice of the event, for Jehn's parents were very poor and very little thought about. But our good God in heaven took notice when that little baby came to that poor cottage, and he knew how much good work the baby would have to do for him when he became a man. Is it not kind of our God to think of the poor, and to choose their children so often to do his work?

You have seen those dark-faced, ill-dressed people, the gipsies, who wander about mostly in country districts, selling baskets, and pots, and brooms, and sometimes professing to tell fortunes. Some

think John's parents were gipsies, but this is not certain. However, we know that his father was a tinker, and that he used to go from place to place for miles round Elstow, seeking work by which to earn bread for his family. Though John's parents were so poor, they yet contrived to get a little schooling for him. For a short time, also, he had the advantage of attending a good grammar-school at Bedford, to which he had to walk every day. When John was grown a big boy no doubt he went with his father on his rounds, and often would the people see him trudging along by his



COTTAGE AT ELSTOW.—See page 89.

father's side, with a load of tins slung over his shoulder, and calling at their doors to ask, "Any pots or pans to mend to-day?" But nobody knew when they saw that rough-looking youth that he was to become so famous afterwards. Is a poor boy reading these lines now? Perhaps you are an errand-boy, with knives to clean, and shoes to black, and wood to chop, and parcels to carry out; or a mill-boy, with machinery to watch; or a farm-boy, with horses and cattle to tend, and all sorts of jobs to do. Well, what of that? It is noble to do the meanest work when you do it well. Be sure God sees you, and will help and prosper you, if only you will let him be your friend. Many great men have been as poor as you. Think of John Bunyan, with his pots and pans on his back!

You may think because John Bunyan was so good when a

grown-up man he must also have been a very good boy and young man. I wish I could say this was true. The early flowers of spring—the snowdrop, the crocus, the violet, and the primrose, those which the earth yields when it seems to begin a new life after the death of winter—are the flowers which, of all others, are the most welcome to us; and the early services of the young, springing from a love we already render to him, are of all others the most welcome to God. However, John's early services were not given to God, and very bitterly did he regret this in his later days. As a schoolboy he was careless and idle; so that he says, in reference to the good he got at school, "To my shame, I confess I did soon lose that little I learned, and that almost utterly." He was like some lads I have known, who could leap a back, or hit the wickets, or bowl the marbles into the hole better than any of their fellows, but who were sure to get the dunce-cap, or the teacher's punishment, whatever it might be, because their lessons were not done as they should have been.

He did not in any way improve after he had left school and became a tinker like his father. "As for my own natural life," says he, "for the time that I was without God in the world, it was indeed according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will: being filled with all unrighteousness; that from a child I had but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God."

The people in the neighbourhood in which he lived looked upon him as the worst youth in the village—the one who was sure to be the first and the noisiest among those playing "pitch and toss" on the green, or sitting with their pots in front of the alehouse, or engaged in some flagrant mischief—the first in all that was bad, and last in all that was good. And yet God did not leave him. Do you not remember that beautiful passage which tells us how patient God is with us, how he watches long and waits till we have better thoughts and desires? Perhaps you can repeat the words; if not, commit them to memory just now. "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter, iii. 9).

No, God did not leave John Bunyan when he was thus constantly grieving him, but he often reproved the youth, and sought to awaken his better nature. One day in the summer John was going his rounds with the pots and pans on his back, and I suppose crying as usual, "Any tins to mend?" when he came to a cottage where were several pious women sitting outside, all busy with their work; perhaps they were making lace. As he came near he overheard their talk; and so attracted was he that he could not help standing to hear more. They were speaking of the happiness

of loving God, and John said, when referring afterwards to these poor women, "Methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world, as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbours." Thus, through the words of these poor but faithful servants of his, did God speak to John.

Then, again, in dreams he was often warned of the danger in which he stood. One of his biographers says: "Once he dreamed he saw the face of the heavens, as it were, all on fire, the firmament crackling and shivering with the noise of mighty thunders; and an archangel flew in the midst of heaven, sounding a trumpet, and a glorious throne was seated in the east, whereon sat one in brightness like the morning star; upon which he, thinking it was the end of the world, fell upon his knees, and, with uplifted hands towards heaven, cried, 'O Lord God, have mercy upon me! What shall I do? the day of judgment is come, and I am not prepared!' When immediately he heard a voice behind him, exceeding loud, saying, 'Repent!'"

Several times John Bunyan's life was in great danger, but God in mercy saved him. Once he fell into a creek of the sea; and on another occasion he fell out of a boat into the river Ouse at Bedford, but was rescued both times.

One day being in the field with one of his companions, an adder came in his way. John, having a stick in his hand, struck the adder over the back, and having stunned it, forced open its mouth with his stick, and then plucked out its sting with his fingers; "by which act," says he, "had not God been merciful, I might by my desperateness have brought myself to my end."

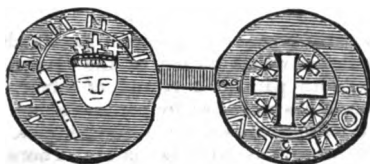
When seventeen years of age he was a soldier, and took part in the Civil War which at that time raged in this country between the parliament and the king. It is not certainly known on which side he fought; but in June, 1645, he was present at the siege of Leicester. Being drawn out as one of a besieging party, a comrade begged to go in his place. The comrade went, and soon after, as he stood sentinel, was killed. Thus John was delivered again. No, God would not leave this reckless young man; for God knew that if once he got "a clean heart" and "a right spirit," he would be as great a saint as he had been a sinner. Think of that other young man, Saul. Should we have thought, as he stood by urging the men when they stoned Stephen, that he would become what he did—Saul the Persecutor changed to Paul the Apostle? No, we should not have thought it; but this only shows how little we know of the wonders God can work. Believe me, my reader, God tries his best to win your love and mine. He tried long with John Bunyan, and he succeeded at last.

J. C. S.

MONEY.

III.—ANCIENT ENGLISH COINS.

IN our first article we pointed out that the Romans introduced coins to this country. After Cæsar's time, that is, during the reign of Conobeline, the Britons appear to have struck gold, silver, and copper; the coins of Conobeline are of great value because of their scarcity. They have various symbols, the clearest and most frequent being a horse, a wheel, a representation of a flower or the sun, and not seldom a combination of figures supposed to represent a British warrior in his chariot. The settlement of the Saxons in this country is very distinctly marked on the coinage, for the



SILVER PENNY, HENRY II.

quality of the metal used by them and the figures impressed on their coins are more like the Greek than the Roman coinage, and many believe that the Greeks and Saxons both derived their ideas of money from one source. At first the Saxons appear to have used nothing but silver, but in the time of Æthelstan they coined brass money. Their earliest silver coin was called a *sceatta*, and its value was one twenty-fifth part short of the penny, which succeeded it.

A *sceatta* of Ethelbert I., King of Kent, is the most ancient coin that can with certainty be attributed to any of the Saxon kings. It bears on the obverse the monarch's name, and on the reverse a rude figure, probably designed to represent a bird. It is likely that this coin was struck before the end of the sixth century, for about the year 597 Ethelbert became a convert to Christianity, and there can be no doubt it would have had the figure of a cross on it if coined afterwards. He was the most distinguished of the seven kings among whom this country was then divided. In 579 he married a daughter of the King of Paris, named Bertha; she was a Christian, and it was arranged that she should enjoy her own religion. Now I fear that some people in her position would have been ashamed of professing and practising a religion which others around knew nothing about, and so would have dishonoured the Saviour by forsaking him; but this young person acted wisely: she prayed to God for help that she might do right, and then just

quietly let her religion shine in her life. Her husband saw how kind and good she was, and he began to think well of Christianity. About seventeen years after her marriage, Gregory the Great sent forty monks, with Augustine at their head, to convert the Anglo-Saxons. During those years Queen Bertha had been preparing her husband's mind, so that when the monks landed in Kent they were met by Ethelbert, who promised to protect them, but declined to embrace Christianity till he knew more about it. In the next year he decided to become a Christian, so he was baptized, and in a short time the whole of his subjects followed his example. After his time the figure of a cross appears on many of the coins. There can be no doubt the Queen would feel grateful to God for having made her so useful, and her conduct may be an example to us. Wherever we are let us never be ashamed of Jesus.

After the *sceatta* comes the penny: its weight continued the same throughout the whole period of the Saxon government; it was always the 240th part of a pound of silver. Large sums of money were sometimes reckoned by pennies alone. In one instance a piece of land was purchased for 1,450 pennies, and in another a sum of 3,000 pennies was paid for land. There were also half-pennies, quarter-pennies, and thirds of pennies, but not many of the last named. It seems strange to us that there should have been quarter pennies made of silver, and the reason is found in the fact that a penny then represented much more than it does now. In the time of Æthelstan, who began to reign in 924, an ox was sold for thirty pennies and a sheep for five, so that even the small coins were of great value. This being so the poor people were unable to purchase small quantities of food, and in order to provide them with coins of less value the king made some brass money. These brass coins were called *stycas*, from a Saxon word meaning "small parts," and two of them were equal in value to a silver farthing. In the year 1808 more than 500 *stycas* were turned up by a plough in Cumberland. Amongst them were 350 with the name of King Ethelred on, and fifty-eight bore the name of Archbishop Vigmund.

The name *shilling* is of very doubtful origin: it is said to be from a Saxon word *scill*, or *scilling*; but it is not known whether it was applied to a particular coin or to money in general. It appears to have been used also as a weight.

During Æthelstan's reign the first Anglo-Saxon laws for the regulation of the coinage were made. The Archbishop of Canterbury and a number of nobles and wise men were assembled by command of the king to a grand synod. It was there appointed that there should be one kind of money throughout the whole realm, and that no person should coin money except in a town. Probably it was at this time that the practice of stamping on the coin the name of the town in which it was made became general.

There appear to have been many clever rogues in those days, for attempts were often made to counterfeit the king's money by making coins of base metal and passing them for good ones. To stop this practice a law was passed to the effect that a person so offending should lose the hand by which the deed was done. Nearly all the coins of this time bear Latin inscriptions, such as *Rex* (King), *Rex Saxonum* (King of the Saxons), and *Rex Anglorum*. The same is true of the coins issued by the Anglo-Danish kings. Edward the Confessor had an oppressive practice of frequently changing the coins in order to bring in larger profits to the Crown. Not less than 500 varieties of his coins are known to exist. Though his successor, Harold, reigned little more than nine months, he struck a large number of coins of three different types. On one side are his name and title as King of England, and on the other the maker's name, with the place of mintage. All have *pax* (peace) across the centre.

William the Norman made very little change in the coinage; his money is much like Harold's, but its use became much more general during his reign than before. The Saxon kings had received taxes in kind, that is, they had taken wheat and cattle; but William required payment in money. He also introduced the French mode of reckoning by shillings of twelve pennies in place of the Saxon method of reckoning by pennies only, and it is likely that he rejected the brass money formerly in use, coining nothing but silver. Previous to the beginning of the eighteenth century not more than two of his coins were known to exist, but in the year 1703 a dreadful fire occurred in York, by which many houses were destroyed in Upper Ouse-Gate, and afterwards as some workmen were digging a deep foundation for a new building they found a small oak box containing about 250 pennies of the two Williams. Also, in the year 1833, four boys, under ten years of age, were playing at marbles one afternoon on a piece of land in Hampshire, when one of them saw in the track of a cartwheel a piece of lead sticking up above the surface. He found a hole near it, put his hand down, and drew out a number of old coins. Of course he did not know their value, but as he and his companions were throwing them at each other in the village close by they were seen by several persons standing near, who at once went to the spot, and found a lead box containing more than 6,000 coins. They were pennies of William the Conqueror, and were claimed by the owner of the land, who sold them, giving part of the property to the finders and part to charitable institutions. You will be able to judge of the value of money in William's time when you are told that an ox was sold for seven shillings and sixpence and a sheep for one shilling and three pence. William did not coin much money.

When Henry I. ascended the throne he found a large quantity of false coin in circulation, so a number of severe laws were passed,

but the evil continued to increase in spite of them, and then the aid of the Church was called in that heavy curses might be pronounced against all who should knowingly assist in circulating false money. Afterwards he severely punished, and then banished, a large number of the moneyers, and so restored the coinage. But under Stephen it became debased again, in a great measure as the result of weakness in the government, and partly through neglect, owing to the frequent quarrels in which Stephen was engaged. At the close of his reign money was reduced to so wretched a state by adulteration and other methods, that trade was greatly hindered. A labouring man's wages at this time were about twopence per day. In our last article we gave an illustration of one of Stephen's pennies; at present they are so rare that in 1802 one of them sold for two guineas, and in 1824 one sold for £13 2s. 6d.

SCRIPTURE SCENES.

II.—THE CAPTURED CITY.

Joshua vi.

You will remember that when the children of Israel came to the Red Sea, and found themselves in such peril there, they murmured at Moses, and said they had rather have been left alone in Egypt. They were discontented and fearful many a time after that; so, to punish them, God would not let them see the good land he had promised. But now forty years have passed. Those who came out of Egypt have died, and their children have risen up in their place. Moses, too, has finished his work, and God himself has laid him to rest in some secret place which nobody knows. Faithful Joshua has succeeded Moses as the leader of the Lord's host. And now the time has come for them to enter into the long looked-for Canaan. They have been directed to enter the land from the eastern side. So we follow again this immense multitude, with Joshua at their head. Soon they come to Jordan. It is the time of the year when the river is broadest and deepest. There are no bridges, and no boats. How are they to cross? We do not hear any complaining this time. The people have learnt to trust in God. They are quite sure if God intends them to go over Jordan he will show them how to do it; so they wait to hear what Joshua says, knowing that he will be able to tell them what God says. Presently the order comes: they are to pass the Jordan as their fathers had the Red Sea. The water is held up on one side by God's own hand; it flows away on the other side; so there is a plain road right across. Very soon they are all safely over, and thus at last are in the promised land. But the land is not yet their own. It is inhabited by several tribes of wicked people, whom God has determined to destroy. This is how God often

does. When a people have become very wicked, so that he can bear with them no longer, he takes their land from them and gives it to some other nation that is likely to use it better.

But as yet Jeshua and his host have only just crossed the border of Canaan, and they have yet to conquer the land. The nearest city is Jericho, which lies about five miles west from the river they have just passed over. It is a very considerable city, surrounded by high walls and strong gates. There are temples and theatres and palaces within. The people of Jericho have a king, and if we could get a look inside this city now we should witness a very busy and exciting scene. The king has already heard of the children of Israel, and knows they are a very terrible people. He has heard, and his people too have heard, how God delivered them at the Red Sea, and destroyed the Egyptians; how with the help of their God they conquered the Amalekites and the Amorites; how Balaam wanted to curse them, but was forced to bless them; how they had just crossed the Jordan in such a wonderful way. So now he and his officers are running about the city half mad with fear, giving orders on every hand. Orders to build up the walls where they are broken, to fetch in all the food and water they can, and then to shut the gates and fasten them with double locks and bars. Orders to cease their feasting and rioting, and get ready arrows for their bows, stones for their slings, with swords and spears and shields. Orders also to the priests to cry to the false gods they had served so long, and offer sacrifices to secure their favour. Oh, what a din and tumult there is within the city of Jericho, while the children of Israel are drawing nigh!

Let us see what Joshua is doing. He has brought his people within sight of the city, and, according to God's direction, he is preparing to take it. But how is this to be done? The King of Jericho and his soldiers are upon the walls expecting to see the Israelites come with long ladders to mount the walls, and with heavy machines, called battering-rams, to force in the gates; and of course the king is prepared to receive Joshua and his men with a shower of arrows and stones as soon as they come within reach. But the king and those who are with him are utterly puzzled. Joshua is only arranging a long procession. First, a large company of men well armed, but without any scaling-ladders or other things necessary to besiege a city. Next, a row of seven priests, arrayed in their proper robes, and having each a trumpet in his hand. Then four other priests carrying the ark of the Lord. And following after the ark a great company of the people, perhaps without any arms at all. When all is ready, the seven priests blow their seven trumpets, and the procession begins to move slowly on. They do not come right up to the city walls, however, but walk round them, taking care to keep beyond bowshot. When they have thus quietly walked round Jericho they break up their ranks, and

return to their tents until the morrow. This they do once a day for six days. During all this time the king and people of Jericho have been wondering and laughing and mocking, and perhaps saying, "Why, what are they going to do? Do they think to blow down our strong walls with seven trumpets? They think, perhaps, they will frighten us by their strange doings, but they will not, if this is all!" At length the seventh day comes. What will they do to-day? They rise while it is yet dawn. They fall into their places with very little noise. The order is given, and they are off again on the round, every step of which by this time they know well. The dew hangs heavy on grass and trees, the early mists of morn have scarcely been chased away by the rising sun when the Israelites have already compassed the city once or twice. All the people of Jericho are now on the walls to watch the mysterious movements of the Lord's people. What can this walking round possibly do? Surely they all are mad! But round and round go Joshua and his host—tramp, tramp, tramp—the seven priests blowing the seven trumpets all the while. What a strange way of taking a city!

And now the day is wearing on. The people of Jericho are still looking from the walls with as much wonder as ever, having no idea that their ruin is so near. The Israelites have counted four, then five, then six; their hearts beat high with expectation, their eyes gleam bright with excitement, but no one speaks or makes any noise with his voice, according to the command.

They are just going the last round; they have nearly completed it. Now, ye patient warriors! Shout! for the Lord hath given you the city! And the trumpets give forth one long loud blast, and the air is split with the voices of that mighty host. And see! Those massive walls heave and totter, and fall, burying beneath their weight the thousands who just before stood boasting upon their towers!

My dear reader, if you are numbered among the Lord's people, you cannot guess in what strange, unthought-of ways God will help you. And if you are numbered among the Lord's enemies, neither can you imagine the certain but unlooked-for means by which punishment will come upon you.

J. C. S.

TOM BROWN ON PROVERBS.—III.

WE now come to the consideration of a batch of proverbs the aim of which is to inculcate prudence in the management of the affairs of our every-day life. As a first instalment, let us take the three following, as they seem to embody nearly the same idea:—"Do not count your chickens before they are hatched;" "First catch your hare, then cook him;" "Sell not the bear's skin till you have caught him." These all discourage such a blind faith in or trust

on the future as would cause us to be careless of the claims of the present.

Now let us notice them in the order in which they stand. First, then, "Do not count your chickens before they are hatched." This is a proverb expressed in the simplest language, and to those of my readers who are at all familiar with poultry keeping, it will convey a very clear and forcible lesson. It teaches us not to place too much trust or dependence on the doubtful future. What is more uncertain than the hatching of eggs? Perhaps some of my readers have little poultry-pens of their own, and they will easily understand that too much reliance on the produce from hatching will only bring vexation and disappointment. I doubt not they could tell me of many times when they have appropriated beforehand the profit expected from a hatch of white bantams, or silver pheasants, to the purchase of a new pocket-knife, or some coveted toy. And they could also tell of the mortification which followed. To those who have no acquaintance with such things, I would suggest that they persuade their parents to buy for them a sitting hen, and twelve or thirteen eggs for an experiment. Having placed the eggs in a nest made of hay, the hen has to be induced to brood over them. And here the delightful difficulties and dangers begin. Perhaps the hen considers the nest too high or too low, too large or too small, in too light a place or in too dark a corner. She therefore commences to make another nest according to her own conceptions of such things. Having scraped together about a handful of straw-bents, shavings, and such rubbish, she begins to remove the eggs from the nest on which so much care was bestowed; and, as she is perfectly ignorant of all abstract laws of gravitation, she very gradually rolls the eggs to the edge of the nest, and then clumsily drops them to the ground, which they generally reach with a smash. We will, however, suppose that the hen's destructive operations are observed before more than three or four eggs have been broken, and that the remaining nine are shifted to the new nest without further accident. Perhaps a few days will then pass without any mishap, until some morning it will be found that the hen in turning the eggs has pushed one of them too far from her, and it has grown cold, and consequently worthless. Every few days afterwards will probably discover an egg smashed by the awkward hen treading upon it; and when at last the chickens have pecked their way out of the shells, it will be seen that some of the eggs were added to start with. So that out of the whole sitting of eggs, not more than three or four naked little whistling birds are left to share the mother's care.

I dare say many of my readers know the fable of "The Country-maid and her Milkpail," but for the benefit of those who do not, I will give it. The country-maid was walking along with a pail of milk upon her head, and pondering on the good things she hoped

for in the future. She concluded that with the money she should get for the milk she would be able to increase her stock of eggs to three hundred. These she calculated would, at the very lowest estimate, bring two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens she would keep until Christmas, when poultry always fetches a good price, and with the extra profit on them she thought she should be able to buy herself a new gown by May-day. Her next thoughts were upon the colour she would choose for her dress; and having determined that green suited her complexion best, her busy brain ran on, and she pictured to herself what an impression she should make at the village fair in her new attire, and how the swains would throng round her to claim her as partner in the merry-makings. "But I will refuse every one of them for a time," she thought, "and will toss my head as I pass them by." Charmed with this thought, she could not help acting with her head what passed in her mind, and down came the pail of milk, and, alas! with it all her fancied happiness.

There is an old Persian story to very much the same effect. It runs as follows:—"Alnaschar was a very lazy youth, and while his father lived, instead of working for his living, he used to go begging in the evening, and live next day upon what he got. On his father's death he inherited as his share of the small family property one hundred drachms of silver. As he had never before had so much money in his life, he was much perplexed to know what he should do with it. He at last resolved to lay it out in glasses, bottles, and other glasswork, which he bought of a great merchant. He put all in an open basket, and chose a very little shop, where he sat with his basket before him, and his back against the wall, expecting somebody would come and buy his ware. In this posture he sat, his eyes fixed upon his basket, and began to rave and talk of the amount of profit he would be able to make of his basket of glass; saying that he should make 200 drachms of it, and so kept increasing the profits until he had made 10,000. With this he would turn jeweller, and buy a great estate. He kept accumulating his profits in imagination, until he had made 100,000 drachms; when he had got so much he would demand the grand vizier's daughter in marriage, "for," says he, "the vizier would be proud of such an alliance." Then he would furnish a house with all the costly materials imaginable, and make splendid presents to the vizier and his daughter. In short, everything splendid that this poor weak simpleton's brain could think of was to be his portion. After he had married the grand vizier's daughter, he would treat her with coldness and neglect, and she, to conciliate her lord and master, would use all her endeavours by coaxing to regain his affection, and would even go down on her knees. "But," says he, "I will spurn her from me with disdain." He was so full of these visions that he acted with his foot as if she had been really before him, and by misfortune he gave such a kick to his basket and

glasses that they were thrown down into the street and broken in a thousand pieces.

Surely this fable and story require no application. They both show that by dreaming of the future we may forget the present, and thus prevent the fulfilment of really proper hopes and expectations.

Now for the other two proverbs. "First catch your hare, then cook him." "Sell not the bear's skin till you have caught him." These at first glance seem rather absurd, but they are not so really, for they carry a good meaning. How ridiculous it would be for a cook to prepare stuffing, sauce, and dishes for a hare, while that animal was still frisking wild and free in the woods! How you would laugh to hear of a man offering for sale the skin of a bear, who was at the time wandering at his own sweet will in the forest! And yet hundreds of persons are doing things quite as absurd every day.

See that young tradesman who has just married and settled, giving parties and living in as grand a style as if he were independent. He knows very well he is living beyond his income, but then he hopes and expects his business so to increase as to enable him to recover himself. But is he sure it will? No. He only hopes and expects. Then we may truly say of him that he is cooking and eating his hare before he has caught him.

Or observe that plodding industrious working-man, who has suddenly received intelligence which leads him to believe that he is the rightful heir to some large estate, but which, however, will require a large sum of money to obtain. He leaves his humble situation, assumes the dignity of his new position as heir, and squanders his hard savings of former years upon a number of rascals, who, like wolves, are devouring his substance under pretence of showing him life. He is cooking his hare long before he catches it.

Then look at that fast young man; he is the sole heir of his wealthy uncle, and has grown up from boyhood with the full expectation of inheriting his hoarded thousands. Of course, he went to school like other boys, but he never troubled to learn much. What need was there for it? His uncle would leave gold enough to gild over the greatest blockhead that ever lived, and make him an idol at which the world should bow. His whole career may be described in a few words, as that of a fast young man about town. He revels in all the gay sins and pleasures of the metropolis, surrounded by a horde of gamblers, card-sharps, swindlers, money-lenders, and adventurers. Of course, his allowance is not equal to his style of living, but then the money-lender is always at hand to advance money at enormous interest on the strength of his uncle's will. Probably by the time his uncle obliges him by dying out of the way, the estate will be encumbered by his scapegrace nephew's follies. He has sold the bear's skin before he has caught the bear.

Numbers of people do this on a smaller scale all through life. They are everlastingly behind with their payments. Their next quarter's salary will all have to go against this quarter's expenses; or their next week's wages will be spent in paying for this week's necessities. They invariably cook their hare before catching him.

Perhaps some of my young readers may think these proverbs unsuited to them, because there is not much chance for them to be guilty of the sins and follies they warn us against. But surely that is no reason why they should not learn the lessons taught. Of what use is the multiplication table or the rule of three to children? Very little, if any. But they will be of great service to them when they grow up, and take their share of this busy world's work. And just so these adages, if firmly fixed on the mind in childhood, will go far to prevent many troubles and vexations in after life.

Editor's Table.

Green Top, Pudsey, Feb. 12th, 1872.

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to explain, through the medium of your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the 4th chapter of Genesis, and the former part of the 17th verse?

We wish particularly to know who was Cain's wife, and where she came from, as we do not read of Eve having any more children than Cain, Abel, and Seth. By answering this as soon as convenient, you will oblige
J. D. S.

ANSWER.—It is clear enough, as we have often supposed, that some of our correspondents either do not read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, or do not read it with attention. An answer to this very question was given on page 106 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for 1871.

Nov. 26th, 1871.

MR. EDITOR,—In perusing the conversion of the Apostle Paul, I find therein a seeming difference. We have his conversion quoted in the 9th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and in the 7th verse of that chapter I read thus:—"And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice but seeing no man." And again, in the 22nd chapter and 9th verse we have Paul's own statement, reading thus:—"And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice which spake to me." Therefore we read in the first statement "they that were with him heard a voice, but saw no man;" and in the latter statement "they saw the light, and were afraid; but heard not the voice which spake to him." Your opinion in the JUVENILE as to what voice it was they heard will greatly oblige me. Yours truly, WILLIAM JONES THREAPWOOD.

ANSWER.—We have answered this question before.

Brierley Hill, 6th March, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—As the demand on the space of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is so great as to cause several of the special contributions to be held over for months together—to the disappointment of many of its readers—why not increase the size of it to, say, thirty-two pages? The cost of the paper and the setting up of the four pages of extra letterpress would not increase the expense of getting up the Magazine a great deal. The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is a very good Magazine, and I believe it would command a much larger circulation than what it now does if the size was increased, and longer answers given to the passages of Scripture sent you for explanation. You will doubtless agree with me that the "Editor's Table" is the most important part in the Magazine, and should, I think, have more than two or three pages allotted to it; but this cannot be done unless several of the special contributions are left out, if the size of the Magazine is not increased. I believe that if you still continue to give such very short answers to correspondents, it will be detrimental to the INSTRUCTOR's success. Pray let me hear your views on the subject in the next month's INSTRUCTOR. Hoping you will pardon me for troubling you, I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

A LOVER OF THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ANSWER.—The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR contains already thirty-two pages including the cover. If we were to fill the four pages of the cover with ordinary matter, it would simply amount to putting a cover on separate from the one sheet of double crown paper which is now used. This cover might be a coloured one, and in that case the Magazine would look more attractive; but the fatal objection to this is, *it would not pay*. The Magazine would be published at an absolute loss.

2nd. No special contributions need remain over if the articles were shorter. It is long articles that embarrass us, and oblige us to leave them over sometimes.

3rd. There is great diversity of opinion as to the usefulness of the "Editor's Table." One writer recently said, "If it were omitted altogether it would not be missed, from all I can learn about it."

4th. We want to please everybody; can anybody tell us how it can be done?

Manchester, Jan. 31st, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—You will greatly oblige by inserting in the small Magazine your opinion as to singing secular music to sacred words in a Sunday-school. Hoping to see it in an early Number, I remain, yours respectfully,

W. B.

ANSWER.—Strictly speaking there is no secular music. All music has a sacred use, just as all tones of the human voice have, in prayer or preaching. All depends on the use to which these tones are put, and above all the *words* at first associated with tunes or music. We cannot absolutely say that a song tune may

not be adapted to a hymn, or a hymn to it; but there is little need of this, for tunes specially made for Sunday-school hymns are so plentiful and so nice, that we need not wander far to find everything we want without going to song tunes.

Pensnett, *March 5th*, 1872.

REV. SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give me an explanation on the following verses?—In Hebrews vii. 3, speaking of Melchisedec, it says—"Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually." Also upon Judges xi. 31. It reads as follows:—"Then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering." In verse 39 it says he did with her according to his vow. If she (Jephthah's daughter) was offered for a burnt offering, would he not break the sixth commandment? An answer to the above, in your next Magazine, will greatly oblige AN INQUIRER.

ANSWER.—Melchisedec is referred to to show that there had been a priest before *Levi*, and therefore that it was no valid objection against the priesthood of Christ that he had not descended from the tribe of Levi. This Melchisedec was without father and mother, and therefore without tribe, and yet Abraham acknowledged him as a priest.

Jephthah's conduct to his daughter ought not to be imitated. It was a rash vow made with a good intention—and that is all we can say of it.

Wellhouse, Golcar, *Jan. 14th*, 1872.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you be kind enough to give me your explanation of Joshua x. 12, 13, and Luke iv. 5, as an astronomical friend of mine is very sceptical on the subject, and says he cannot believe that the events described in the above-mentioned verses ever occurred? Please state whether you think it would be possible for Christ to see all the kingdoms of the earth, as my friend says the roundness of the earth would prevent him seeing the kingdoms beneath him. An early answer would greatly oblige your obedient servant,

W. E. CORDEN.

ANSWER.—Friend Corden, we cannot help your "astronomical friend" not believing. As to the passage in the Book of Joshua, it is there, and we believe it is true; and as to the passage in Luke, tell your "astronomical friend" that his common sense would teach him that this is an accommodated expression, meaning that Satan reminded Jesus of all these things to tempt him to pride and the love of worldly glory.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give an explanation of the conduct of Joseph towards his brethren? for we read in several passages of Gen. xlii. 9, 14, 16, of him calling his brethren spies. Did he do it to set up a pretext, or did he mean to say his brethren were spies? What is it in the original? If it is spies, was he justified in

calling them sp'es? An explanation in our JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige
B. B.

ANSWER.—Joseph aimed to prove his brethren and work upon their fears, that he might afterwards show them how thoroughly he believed them and loved them. He treated them much as a cross-examining counsel treats a witness to get the truth out of him, and he saw by this severe treatment that they conducted themselves as honest and true men. Our correspondent wants us to give the original. We don't mind doing this, but what good will it do him unless he understands Hebrew? However, here it is: מְרַגְלִים—*meragellim attem*. "Ye are footmen, trampers about, vagabonds." That is what the original means; and there is a useful lesson to be learnt from this, and that is, never to do anything that will not bear the severest scrutiny, and then we are sure to come out right.

Ainsworth, March 5th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give me your opinion as to whether it is possible or not to hold conversation with departed spirits through the medium of a table? An early answer through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige yours sincerely,
R. SHAW.

ANSWER.—We do not believe it is.

March 12th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please to give me your opinion on the last part of Genesis iv. 15—that is, regarding the mark set on Cain? also on Exodus xii. 8—that is, what were the bitter herbs the children of Israel ate with the passover? A reply in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will greatly oblige, yours truly,
A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

ANSWER.—The mark put upon Cain is not explained. The words might be understood as the Septuagint understands them, "and God gave a sign to Cain," that he should not be slain. We do not think God marked Cain himself, but gave to him some sign, which Cain well understood, that he should not be slain. What that sign or mark was we do not know. We cannot say what kind of bitter herbs were eaten with the passover. There were doubtless many kinds of bitter herbs which they used, different from the bitter herbs of this country. There was, we know, the wormwood (*Artemisia abinthium*), and perhaps they used that, and some others not named.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give an explanation of St. John v. 4? "For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." 1. What part of the year was it troubled? 2. Did they that were there see the angel go down into the pool? 3. How long did the troubling of the water last? And can you give us any idea of the size of it? for we read in the 3rd verse, there "lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water." An explanation to the above will oblige yours truly,
A. S. S.

ANSWER.—We do not know what part of the year this troubling of the waters happened in. We cannot say whether those who were there saw the angel. We do not know how long the troubling of the water lasted, nor do we know the size of the pool or bath. We only know just as much as is written, and that appears to be plain enough. We may remark, however, that in Williams' "Holy City" the writer states that there was an *intermittent* spring—that is a spring which flowed at intervals—and that he himself saw it. It is probable that this spring was the bath or pool mentioned. We may also remark that Dr. Alford in his Greek Testament leaves out the 4th verse of this chapter altogether, as do many other eminent critics, considering that it was a gloss or marginal note originally, and became incorporated in the text by some transcriber. Dr. Adam Clarke thinks the verse should be retained, as do many other commentators. We do not undertake to decide this question; but, supposing the passage to be retained, its meaning is very plain, and what it states is not beyond the power of God to do, and therefore should not be beyond the power of our faith to accept. We advise our correspondent, whatever he thinks of this passage, to get to the fountain that is "opened to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem" for sin and uncleanness, and then he may every whit be made whole.

North Shields, *March 14th, 1872.*

MR. EDITOR—SIR,—Having been an almost constant reader of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the last sixteen years, and at all times taking a deep interest in its contents, especially that part under the heading "Editor's Table," on seeing in that portion your reply to Mr. Potts, on the question of who David's mother was, as also your answer in the former Number, I confess I felt somewhat astonished, as having some nine or ten years ago answered the question in connection with a Bible class, which at that time was conducted by one of our most able ministers. Such being the case, I thought it very strange that you should so confidently state that no reliable information is to be found on the question; while, on the other hand, the answer given at the above class was accepted as correct, which answer was given after carefully comparing the following passages—viz., on reading 1 Chron. ii. 13-16, we find the daughters of Jesse to be Zeruah and Abigail; and then, turning to 2 Sam. xvii. 25, we find there Abigail, daughter to Nahash, and sister to Zeruah, clearly proving the two sisters to be the same persons as spoken of in the former passage. But nothing is found to give the idea or make an impression that Jesse and Nahash are one and the same person; in fact, the meaning of the two names (Jesse and Nahash) are so widely different that we cannot see how they can be; for, according to Brown, Nahash means snake or serpent, while Jesse means to be, or who is. Fearing I may have already carried this to too great a length, we will let it suffice for the present, asking a reply in your most excellent

and much-esteemed JUVENILE, which, if granted, will much oblige
yours very respectfully,

WM. TURNER.

Newtownards, Feb. 29th, 1872.

MR. EDITOR—DEAR SIR,—In your copy of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR AND COMPANION for the month of February, you wish to be informed who was the mother of David. We read in 1 Chron. ii. 15, 16, and 17, that David was the seventh son of Jesse, with two sisters, Zeruiah and Abigail, and that Abigail bare Amasa, whose father was Jether, an Ishmeelite; and as Abigail was the sister of David, and you will find in 2 Sam. xvii. 25, the said Abigail was the daughter of Nahash, therefore Nahash must have been the mother of David and wife of Jesse. I remain, yours respectfully,

HAMILTON GILLESPIE.

ANSWER.—The interpretation of the passages given by our correspondent, and by another correspondent whose letter we print, does not in the least help us out of the difficulty. In 2 Samuel xvii. 25, it is said that "Amasa was a man's son whose name was Ithra an Israelite (clearly a mistake for Ishmeelite; see 1 Chron. ii. 17), that went in to Abigail, the daughter of Nahash, sister to Zeruiah Joab's mother." This passage itself is obscure; for the plain grammatical rendering of it would imply that Nahash was sister to Zeruiah and also to Abigail—and that therefore Jesse had a son by his own daughter, which is absurd. But apart from this, Nahash was a man, and how could he be the mother of David? The universal tradition of the Jewish Rabbis is that Jesse and Nahash were identical. The margin of our Bible, on this passage, says "Nahash or Jesse." The Septuagint renders "*brother of Zeruiah*." We are aware that some authors think that Nahash was not a man, but a woman, and Jesse's wife; but in this case there is the strong improbability that a wife of Jesse, nowhere else referred to, should be suddenly, and without any previous intimation of her name or existence, intruded into the narrative, as she is, if this hypothesis be correct. The whole account is difficult to explain. Commentators differ widely in their opinions about it. Dr. Kitto says, in his Dictionary, that "Nahash must have been either another name for Jesse, or, as some suppose, a former *husband* of David's mother." He therefore considered Nahash to be a man, not a woman. Smith's Bible Dictionary gives the various hypotheses advanced upon the subject, but admits the "strong improbability" we have before referred to. As we never pretend to go beyond our depth in explaining such difficulties as these, we said we did not know who David's mother was; and we do not think any one else does.

Our correspondent, Mr. Turner, expresses his astonishment at our explanation, since "nine or ten years ago, he answered this question in a Bible class conducted by one of our most able

ministers." That may be, but if either he or the "able minister" knows who David's mother was, he knows more than we do; and certainly the passages he refers to do not prove who she was.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

HIGH FELLING, GATESHEAD CIRCUIT.—We held our Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday evening, Feb. 18th, 1872. Our esteemed friend, Mr. J. Porteus, presided over the meeting. The report being read by the secretary, showed an increase over last year. Suitable addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Alder, Mr. G. Harbottle, Mr. A. Dickinson. The meeting was one of an interesting character. The collection amounted to 12s. 7d.; collection box on the Sunday morning at the school amounts to 10s. Collected by cards—Sarah Ann Chisholm, 3s. 8d.; Margaret Leslie, 3s. 3d.; Rebecca Long, 2s.; John Dickinson, 9s.; John Atkinson, 5s. 9d.; James Walters, 5s.; William Walters, 5s.; Thomas Thompson, 2s. 6d.; smaller sums, 9s.; total, £3 7s. 9d. This is in advance of last year.—I remain, yours truly,

A. DICKINSON.

ST. PAUL'S JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, GUERNSEY.—The annual sermons on behalf of this society were preached in St. Paul's Chapel, on Sunday, Feb. 18th, 1872, both morning and evening, by Rev. T. Addyman. The Annual Missionary Meeting was held on the Wednesday evening following, Rev. T. Addyman in the chair. The chairman, after a few appropriate remarks, called on the secretary to read his report. The report showed that the society was in a good working condition, having collected since its commencement in the year 1855, £348. After the reading of the report, addresses were delivered by Mr. A. Le Lacheur, Independent; Mr. T. Hunkin; Mr. J. Littay, Primitive Methodist; Rev. M. Blake, Independent. The meeting was a great success. The collections on Sunday and at the meeting amounted to £8, being £1 15s. more than last year.

T. GAVEE, Sec.

SILVERDALE, HANLEY CIRCUIT.—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 25th, 1872. The Rev. E. J. Baxter, of Hanley, presided. The report was read by the secretary, and an earnest and soul-stirring address was delivered by Mr. William Statham. A number of the scholars greatly added to the interest of the meeting by their usual supply of interesting and appropriate recitations and dialogues, interspersed with singing, conducted by Mr. John Rowley. The attendance was good, and a very enjoyable season was spent; all returning to their homes with the pleasing satisfaction of having in some way contributed to the great cause of Missions. The scholars have been busy with their cards during the past few weeks, and the following is the result:—Rachel Green, 16s.; Nelly M. Smith, 8s. 2d.; Martha Rowley, 7s.; Eunice Hamner, 5s.; Hannah Lawton, 4s. 6d.; Mary A. Taylor, 4s. 6d.; Agnes S. Statham, 3s. 6d.; Agnes Davis, 3s. 5d.; Sarah A. Edwards, 3s. 2d.; Eliza Edwards, 3s.; Mary H. Statham, 3s.; Alice Whitmore, 3s.; Edna

Taylor, 2s. 1d.; Evangeline Statham, 2s.; Arthur L. Carr, 10s. 6d.; Alfred Taylor, 4s.; David Lawrance, 8s. 6d.; George Lawton, 8s.; George Whittaker, 2s. 6d.; smaller sums by boys and girls, 11s. 11d.; public collection, £2 18s. 1d.; making a total of £8 1s. 10d. May our efforts still be increased in this noble enterprise. E. H., Sec.

DEWSBURY ROAD, LEEDS.—MY DEAR SIR,—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the chapel on Sunday afternoon, March 2nd, 1872. The meeting was conducted by scholars. E. G. Heron presided. The speakers were—J. M. Kirkby, Alf. Barrow, Geo. Woodhead, Wm. Jackson, Han. Worsnop, Jno. W. Kirk, Arth. Cromack, Jno. Lofthouse, James Yendole, and Jno. W. Gibson. The reciters were J. M. Greenwood, Miss Holmes, and Miss King. Our young friends did their work well. We cherish the hope that some of the boys, who delivered the speeches so well, will ultimately become preachers of the everlasting Gospel to the perishing sons of men. The parents and friends were not only satisfied but delighted. They testified their pleasure by some Yorkshire applause, and a good Yorkshire collection amounting to £2 3s. 9d. This amount does not include the sums obtained by means of books, cards, and boxes. We always hold a juvenile meeting in connection with the general missionary anniversary, so that we have two annual meetings in the year. The one held a few months ago, when we were favoured with the presence of the Rev. G. Hallatt, realised nearly £5.—I am, my dear Sir, yours most truly,
J. PORE GOODWIN.

Memoir.

WILLIAM BRADEN, TIPTON.

WILLIAM, the eldest child of David and Selina Braden, was born the 9th of April, 1854. By reason of a fall in childhood he was maimed for life. He was early brought to our Sunday-school at Tipton, in which he continued an exemplary scholar up to the time of his death. He was of frail and weakly constitution, with tender feelings, and susceptible to good impressions. Hence, when in school, he has been frequently observed by other scholars drinking in with intense eagerness what his teacher was saying, and his eyes would often be suffused with tears.

It was the 24th of June, 1871, he was laid aside by illness, from which time he seems to have had

a presentiment that he should not recover.

During his affliction, he sought to prepare himself and those about him for another world. He spoke to his parents very tenderly and faithfully, to beg them to meet him in heaven. He besought his brothers and sisters also to strive to follow him thither.

When fast sinking into the arms of death he would frequently repeat verses of hymns all expressive of his state, and he was meekly resigned to the will of God. August 14th, 1871, ended his sufferings, and his happy soul was ushered into everlasting felicity. Aged seventeen years.

DANIEL HADLEY.

Tipton.

Our Children's Portion.

THE DUSTY ROOM.

A YOUNG girl was sweeping a room one day, when she went to a window-shade and hastily drew it down. "It makes the room so dusty," she said, "to have the sunshine coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden in the sunbeams were unseen in the dimmer light. The untaught girl imagined it was the sunshine which made the dust.

Now, many people imagine themselves very good people. One poor old man who had lived all his life without a thought of love to God, said he was all ready to die. He said he didn't owe any man a cent. If the Spirit of God should shine brightly into such a heart how would it look? It would show them sins enough to crush them!

This light of the Spirit is like the sunshine in the dusty room. It reveals what was before hidden. When we begin to feel unhappy about our sins, let us never try to put away the feeling. Don't let us put down the curtain, and fancy there is no dust. It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts. He is showing us ourselves; and, better still, he will show us the true way of happiness.

EVA'S FLOWER-WREATHED CROSS.

"WASN'T I a real cross to you, mamma, when I was young?" asked Eva, looking up soberly to her mother, beside whom she was sitting, busied with her doll's sewing.

Mrs. Lee could not forbear smiling at the implied extreme age of her little seven-year old

daughter, but she answered pleasantly, "Not a cross, my dear, though little children are usually considered 'troublesome comforts.' What made you think that?"

"Oh, 'twas 'Cross and Crown' yesterday in Sunday-school on the black-board, and I wondered if everything that bothered people was a cross, and I thought maybe I was one for you."

"Don't you remember saying the other day that you'd think cousin Sarah would hate to live, when she can only lie on the bed and never get up and go about again?"

"Yes, and I don't see how she can, and be so nice and pleasant all the time. I'd cry myself into a fever."

"That is her cross," said Mrs. Lee, "and it is a very heavy one. Perhaps, when you are older, she will tell you why she thinks it was given her. But she feels that Jesus asks her to bear it for his sake, and though she must suffer its weight sorely, she twines all pleasant things about it, that it may not seem forbidding to others."

"Then I understand now, I think," returned Eva. "It's real hard things you do because God wants you to, and you don't like them."

"That will do for the present," replied her mother, smiling again at the child's earnestness.

"I'm so sorry I hardly know how to manage," Eva heard her mother say a few days after, when the seamstress's husband came to tell her that his wife was sick, and could not keep her engagement with Mrs. Lee.

"What is it, mamma?" asked Eva, as the man turned from the door.

"Mrs. Murray was to come and help while Hannah's gone, and I want her particularly to-day, for I promised to send a basket of things to old Aunt Hays, and she could have taken it. I can't go myself, because I have such a cold: it won't be prudent."

"Call James back," suggested Eva.

"Oh no; he's on his way to his day's work. I couldn't take his time."

Eva went into the sitting-room, and stood looking out of the window very thoughtfully.

This "Old Aunt Hays," as she was called, was one of her bugbears. She was a poor widow, living by herself in a small two-roomed house, quite dependent upon her neighbours for comfort and attention. She was crippled with the rheumatism, ungainly in face and figure, and crabbed and querulous in speech and manner. Eva was a sensitive child, and had manifested such repugnance at the thought of visiting the old woman, that her mother had long since ceased to urge it. Unknown to her, Eva's disgust and fears had been excited by wild stories, told by the school children, of "Aunt Hays" being a witch, and keeping a black cat that always ran up the chimney when any one went in. Though she knew this could not be true, it still had its influence, and to use her own words, she "just hated the sight of the basket" in which tokens of kindly cheer were so often sent to the poor woman.

After a while she went into the kitchen to her mother. "Mamma," said she, while she nervously rubbed her hands together, and

the colour flushed over her face, "do you think Jesus would like to have me carry that basket to old Aunt Hays?"

"I think my little girl would take up quite a cross for her, if she did," answered her mother, stooping to kiss her.

"Then I'll put on my things, if you'll fix it," said Eva, her voice trembling a little and the tears starting, as she slowly went up-stairs to her room.

"I'm going in to sweep the parlour, and will leave the basket on the kitchen table," her mother called up the stairway in a few moments.

"Yes, mamma," answered Eva, but she still lingered, looking about the room as if in doubt. "It'll be hateful to let her know it's a cross, if she is ugly," said she at last. "If 'twas only spring far enough to have violets! Oh, I know what I can do," and, going to a bureau, she took from one of the drawers a long wreath of artificial flowers. No mere clumsy tissue-paper affairs, but skilful, artistic imitations of their lovely prototypes. They had been sent her by an uncle for a birthday party two years before. "Mother says it isn't worth while to give things you don't care about," she said again, as she gently passed her hands carefully over the buds and blossoms. 'Twas only a moment's hesitancy; then, running down-stairs, she caught up the basket, and, twining her wreath about its handle and rim, she started bravely, though with quickened heart-beat, on her self-imposed task.

"Come in! what are you making such a noise all day for?" called a high-pitched, cross voice, as Eva timidly knocked the second time at the door of the little

cabin. "Why! who are you?" continued the old woman, as the child, trembling like a startled fawn, stood before her.

"I'm Eva Lee, and Hannah's gone home, and mother's got a bad cold, and the sempstress is sick, and I came, and here's your basket," said poor Eva, all in a flurry and without any pauses.

"Bless your little heart!" and the sharp voice dropped a semitone. "What beautiful posies, child! who put them in there?"—voice a full octave lower.

"I did, ma'am, and I hope you'll like them, and I guess I can't stay any longer," and Eva was off before the astonished woman could get breath to say another word.

"Why, how quickly you have been," said Mrs. Lee, as Eva came bounding into the sitting-room with sparkling eyes and flying hair, the elastic of her hat round her throat, and the hat itself on one shoulder.

"Oh yes, mamma, I shan't be afraid to go again; and don't you believe, she never guessed anything about it."

"About what?" questioned her bewildered mother.

"Why, about that old basket being a cross, for I hated to take it so. I thought 'twould be mean to let her know, and I just flower-wreathed it."

Eva's father was a doctor, and, not long after, on returning from a visit to Aunt Hays, he told his wife that he had explained to her Eva's idea in parting with her uncle's gift.

"Why, Robert," exclaimed Mrs. Lee, "wasn't she offended?"

"No, indeed," answered the doctor, "I knew it would do her good. I saw tears in her eyes for the first time in all these years. She was quite still for a while then, and with her face quivering with feeling, she said, 'That's out of the mouth of babes, doctor, isn't it? No wonder the little dear hated to come. Flower-wreathed her cross for fear I'd see it! And I've held mine up in all its forbiddings, my life long. Flower-wreathed!' I left her repeating that," added the doctor, "and I believe she'll lay it to heart till she's learned the beauty of cheerful submission."

He was right—she did. Was not that a pleasant thing to learn from a little child?

Poetry.

BABY BROTHER.

Lying asleep on the sofa,
Innocent, fresh, and fair;
And the sunbeams through the window
Lighting his golden hair.

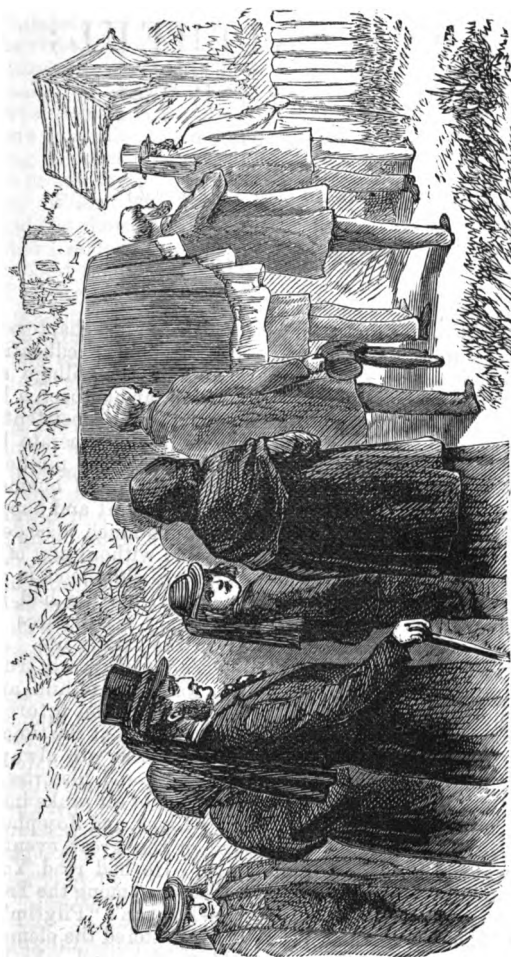
The deep blue eyes so often
With mischief sparkling bright,
Are wearied now and hidden
By drooping lids of white.

While rest the long brown lashes
On th' plump and dimpled cheek;
And the rosy lips are parted,
As if about to speak.

Stirring a bit in his slumber,
A smile flits o'er his face;
The sweet dream-thoughts of a baby
No mortal can ever trace.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven"—
And Jesus loves them so,
With a love more pure and changeless
Than we can ever know.

I think as I watch his slumber,
Restful, quiet, and deep,
Of th' beautiful words of David:
"He gives his beloved sleep."



THE FUNERAL. See page 116.

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH.

YEARS had rolled on from the time at which the last chapter of this story ended. James Faithful had received such an education as was deemed necessary for his years and as the village school afforded, and he is now fourteen. His life so far had been a happy one. At home he had seen nothing but what was consistent with strict morality, and the frugal, industrious, and temperate habits of his father, the constant and affectionate care of his mother and aunt, and the humble prosperity of the household and business of the family had presented a picture of family comfort and happiness which made the early life of this young boy one much to be desired. He had seen no trouble, felt no affliction; and without any of those extravagant tastes and desires which pampered childhood is apt to indulge, every want had so far been met, and his life had glided on uneventfully, and with only those ordinary occurrences which boyhood meets at school or in play or in the family life. James had matured into a boy of good intelligence for his years, truthful, loving, willing to oblige; his companions were fond of him, and his father and mother had the best hopes of him for the future. He had read such books as were to be had for children at the time; the Bible being perused—especially such parts of it as are always interesting to children—its parables, biographies, and histories, with a constancy which it would be well if children of all ranks imitated now. Rollin's Ancient History, Plutarch's Lives, and Josephus had given the lad a respectable knowledge of the great events and characters which those books dilate upon. He had read Young's "Night Thoughts" and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs," and he had read—as what child has not?—Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe." He had mastered the elements of English grammar and arithmetic, could write a good school-boy's hand, and in short was as fairly educated as most boys of his age were at that period. Miss Middleton continued to take a deep and affectionate interest in him, and every one who knew him seemed

pleased with him. Cæsar, the companion of his childhood, still lived, but was now growing old, for six or seven years make a great difference in the life of a dog. He still roamed amidst the scenes of his childhood, and often visited the spot from which he had fallen into the river as previously narrated, but was prudent enough not to venture into the danger again. In short, it seemed as if Providence had done everything that could be done for James, and that there was nothing before him but a prosperous and happy life.

There is a difference of opinion, I believe, whether it is better in eating our dinner to take the choicest and sweetest morsels first, and the crusts and less agreeable portions afterwards, or to do the reverse. What I was taught when a child was to take the crust first, and the choicest parts afterwards; but in this matter I have to confess I seldom followed the advice given, but like many more took the best first and the worst afterwards. There is something to be said in favour of this practice, for why should we postpone a lawful pleasure when it is indifferent when we take it? The crust has to be eaten; well, then, let it be eaten last. But there is much to be said on the other side. It is good to exercise self-denial, to wait for the best, and not to anticipate its enjoyment till the worst is disposed of.

As to the experiences of childhood, if one might choose, perhaps it were best to have the crust first, that is, to meet our troubles early, that we may not have to turn back, so to speak, from a very smooth and pleasant part of the journey of life to travel over a less agreeable path than we have already travelled; or, what amounts to the same thing, that whatever our troubles can do for us to harden and strengthen us may be done early, so that we may have the benefit of the process in all our after life. It was not so with James Faithful. He had a happy childhood, and a happy boyhood up to the time I am writing about, but the trouble came to him when he did not expect it, and seemed to threaten to nip his happiness in the bud and to doom him to a life of hardship and disappointment. That it did not do so in the end was owing partly to his excellent training in early life, and to the watchful care of that good Providence without which not even a sparrow can fall to the ground unnoticed.

It was a fearful time in Grimside when a virulent fever broke out in the fall of the year 18—. The exact date need not be stated, but the fact is none the less true that its real details are withheld. There were few houses in which there was not a victim, and there were deaths by twos and threes, and even fours, in several houses. In two cases four persons died in the same house, and in many others one. In one case the sanitary arrangements were so extensively and thoroughly carried out that the paper was stripped from the walls in every room. Whatsoever disinfectants were known at the time were procured and applied. The whole house was cleansed and whitewashed from cellar to garret; but still, weeks after all

this had been done two of the family died, in addition to the two who had preceded them! Similar measures were attended with similar results in another case, and, in fact, it seemed for a week or two that the destroying angel was passing over the place. Nurses could not be found to attend the sick. It was with difficulty that persons could be induced to carry the dead to their last resting-place, and had there not been a few self-sacrificing men, even this charitable duty would have been unperformed in the place. Doctors seemingly could do nothing, and the disease marched on till it had smitten nearly every house and carried off numbers of the people. It was among the adult males chiefly and those in middle life that the ravages of the fever were mostly seen. The young—that is, those under fifteen or eighteen years of age—were not attacked, nor were aged persons of fifty or sixty, but the middle-aged and the robust were the greatest sufferers. How this disease should have broken out no one knew. It could not be for want of fresh air, for there were no crowded places as in towns. It was not stagnant water that caused it or bad drainage; but there the disease was, doing its fatal work from day to day.

James Faithful's father was one of the victims. He had kindly visited one of the afflicted families, and watched with them one or two nights, as well as assisted at the funeral of one of its members who died. Healthy and courageous himself, he felt no fear, and prompted by kind and neighbourly feeling, he could not refuse to assist where so few were willing to assist the families who were suffering; but the poison took effect on him. He complained at first of great depression, with cold shiverings, and the usual incipient symptoms of fever. His case grew worse from day to day, till in ten days he also was numbered among the dead. Our engraving represents his funeral, with the mother and now fatherless boy walking next the coffin, with relatives and friends in the rear. This was James's first sorrow, and the event affected his future prospects. A father! who can tell his worth to a family? Much is said, and worthily said, of the tender affection of a mother to her children, an affection which none else can feel, and which, if removed by death, none else can supply; but a father is the stay of the house. He wins its bread; he conducts the business by which the family lives. Even the mother has the more time to love her children and care for them, because the father takes the burden and responsibility of providing for the wants of the household off the mother's mind and hands. A good father is a precious gift, and my young readers should learn this fact and feel its importance, that they may know the claims which a father has on their respect and affection all the days of his life. There are bad fathers who do not care for their children—who impoverish them and neglect them; but even among some of these there are often gleams of a better nature than they usually exhibit, showing us what they might have been had not the demon of intemperance

benumbed and corrupted them. Children, "honour" your father and your mother, for you little know, and can never requite the debt you owe them.

This was James Faithful's first loss. His mother and his aunt remained, as well as other kind and sympathizing friends; but his father was gone, and with him some bright prospects which seemed likely to open to him for the future.

When the grief of the family had somewhat abated, and they were able to look their situation fairly in the face, the question was asked, what was the best course for the future. It had been intended that James should assist his father in his business when old enough to do so, and ultimately succeed to it. But now that prospect was blighted, unless Mrs. Faithful could herself continue the business, and thus keep it open for her son. In some employments this would have been possible, but in a manufacturing business, where so much depends upon skill and practical knowledge, this plan, which was at first suggested to their minds, was seen to be impracticable, and there was no course open to them but to dispose of the manufactory, the stock and everything connected with it, and either continue on their little farm till James was older, or remove at once to another place, where some employment suitable to him might be found. Mrs. Faithful was a shrewd woman, and she had some ambition to rise to a better position than they had occupied at Grimside. She resolved therefore to realize what she could from her property, and remove as soon as this could be done. It took her nearly two years to settle up her affairs, during which time James continued at school, and the question where they should go and what they should do was anxiously and frequently debated all this time. It is not easy to uproot ourselves when we are once planted in a place, and it is less easy to take root somewhere else. Emigration to America was talked of, but that was considered a wild scheme, unsuitable altogether to a mother and a boy, with no one to take care of them. The only alternative was to try one of the large towns, where employment such as Mrs. Faithful desired for James might be had, and where he might make his way as a business man if his life should be spared. Thus "man proposes, but God disposes." The settlement of this scheme was a work of many months, and when it was settled, it was not as its promoters expected. And thus it is with us all. The raw material is in us, so much brain power, so much muscular strength, so much education, but what shall be done with it is a question which none of us fathom till time and Providence settle it.

CHAPTER IX.

USEFULNESS.

THE malignant fever which had visited Grimside, and to which the previous chapter refers, had afforded an opportunity for the

exercise of whatever sympathy, benevolence, and piety any one in the neighbourhood might have in them. It is at such times that the qualities of men and women are seen. There were some who shut up their houses, and fled from the place till the visitation was past. We ought not to charge all these with cowardice, with a want of proper feeling, or of trust in God. Some there were, doubtless, who were moved by no very high sense of duty either to God or man. Their own safety was the principal consideration that actuated them; and in this several of them were mistaken, for they took the infection with them, and died where they expected to be secure from the ravages of the disease. There is a predisposition to infection, and to certain specific infections in some constitutions, and where life is valuable to others it is not always culpable in us to try to preserve it. The difficulty is for us to know how it can be preserved. It is not always in flight that this can be done. I believe our best protector in all such cases is a high sense of duty. There is in this very feeling a healing and resisting power. Doctors are seldom alarmed at any such visitations. They go about their business calmly, taking those ordinary precautions which common sense suggests, and which we can all take; and though some of them are smitten down, yet as a rule they escape. The attentions, however, which persons afflicted with infectious disease require from those who nurse them, or attend to their spiritual needs, bring greater danger to those constantly or frequently about them, than a medical man is exposed to, who only sees them once or twice a day, and that only for a short time. Such nursing must nevertheless be had, or the patient inevitably dies, and the infection spreads. For the honour of human nature let it be said that in this instance, if all was not done that needed to be done, much was done by some brave spirits who carried their lives in their hand, to succour and help their neighbours. A meeting was called of the young people especially, and plans of concerted action were laid down by which the labour might be distributed and thus lightened to each individual. Ann Selby had infused her own devoted spirit into a number of her young companions, and some young men were ready to imitate her example. They formed themselves into companies, the young men watching in turn by night with patients of their own sex, and the young women with patients of theirs. They met on the Sunday afternoon to report progress, and to arrange duties for the following week. Those of the band who felt the supreme importance of improving the occasion to the spiritual good of the people, prayed together, and exhorted one another to be diligent and faithful for the attainment of this end. The moving spirit of the whole was this young woman. At one of their meetings she spoke as follows:—

“We stand, my friends, between the living and the dead. There is work for us all to do. We must not be afraid, but go calmly and boldly to our work. You that enjoy religion, and have power with

God, should by no means neglect to speak to those with whom you watch about their souls; but whether you enjoy it or not, common humanity calls upon us in a time like this to help our neighbours. I, for one, am not afraid, and will do to the utmost of my strength what is laid upon me."

"Nor I either," said a person who sat in the corner of the room where these friends were met together, but had been almost unobserved by all who were present; "I am not afraid, and I will do my part with the rest of you in this time of suffering and danger." It was Grace Middleton who uttered these words, and every eye was turned towards her as she spoke. The crazy woman, who most people thought was hopelessly insane, had been brought to the great Physician, and her troubled mind was, at least, much more rational than it had ever been before. She had been brought to feel an interest in life—her own life and the life of others. She went dreaming no longer, or uttering her half-intelligent, half-crazy sentiments in snatches of song, or demonstrating her insanity, or, at least, her oddity, in the strange ways already noted in this story. She might have been restored to her friends as in "her right mind," and would have been, but for this unexpected visitation of sickness in the place. She had latterly stayed at the asylum, because it had become a home to her, and because she liked the place, rather than from any necessity there was longer to keep her there. And now the excitement of a new duty, and the fresh interest awakened in her for little Jemmy by the death of his father, had upset her plan for leaving, and she was resolved to see the end of it, be it as it might.

A new turn was given to the conversation by a tall masculine woman in the meeting, whose speech I must give in her native dialect. I might have given some other conversations I have reported in the same dialect in which, in truth, they were delivered, but writing as I do chiefly for the young, I did not like to give them what might be deemed by some people specimens of vulgar English which some of them might not understand, and which I cannot conscientiously recommend to them for imitation. Speech, however, is only a medium for the utterance of thought, and one form of it is as good as another if only thought is thereby expressed. Why, even in that classical language, the Greek, we have Doric or Attic forms, besides the usual ones; and in English we have, perhaps, a dozen dialects, yet they are all the speech of English people.

"Folk," said this woman, "aw donna want for't hinder yo' fro prayin'. That's a good thing, no dewbt, but we mun do somethin' beside prayin'. If we dunna get some whitewash, and plenty a sope, and get some o' the poor folk's hewses clensed, we'll never get this fever ewt o'th place. Un beside, we mun get food for 'em, for some on 'em are clemmin' to death. We mun have a subscription. T'rich mun be axed to give, un we mun have't bedding ewt, an't bed linnin un o'ther close wshed, or w'en o' dee together."

This was a good thought, though expressed in uncouth language, and the meeting at once resolved to have the thing done. Miss Middleton, as having the most time on hand, and being in other respects best adapted to the work, was appointed the general collector. No one could deny her, for she had a tongue in her head, and an earnestness of manner and feeling which would make even a miser disgorge. As the work proceeded the clergyman and leading persons in the place took hold of it. Ladies of good position assisted in committees and otherwise, and very great and timely help was afforded by willing and kindly people of all ranks, so that in the end the plague was stayed. The houses were cleansed, the bed-linen in some cases burnt, and the rest duly washed and purified. The people were by habit not unmindful of cleanliness, but when sickness like this prostrates a whole neighbourhood, there is not strength or time to do what is needful, and the people, especially of the poorer class, must be assisted, or they will perish in their wretchedness.

Nature almost everywhere repairs her own ravages. An inundation sweeps over a district, and perhaps destroys a year's crops; but fertility comes with the advancing flood in the rich deposit which it leaves behind, and thus future gain repairs, and more, the previous loss. An epidemic visits a neighbourhood, planting its foot first and most fearfully in the region where squalor, bad drainage, bad ventilation, and uncleanliness are found; but a year or two sees a marked change for the better, in the improved dwellings provided, and in the better sanitary arrangements effected. The mowing down of life is fearful for the time, but the average for a generation is less than if such a visitation had not happened. In this sense there is good even in temporary evil, and scarcely any affliction is ultimately so bad as it seems.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF JOHN BUNYAN.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE CHANGE CAME.

JOHN BUNYAN was yet a reckless youth, only twenty years of age, when he married. Of his wife little is known; but that little is good. She was as poor as her husband. For Bunyan says: "This woman and I came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both." And yet she was far richer than he. She was "rich in faith." She was in loving union with the Saviour. Her father also had given her, as a marriage portion, two good books. The one entitled "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," the other, "The Practice of Piety." In her own affectionate way she persuaded her husband to read these books, and often would the neighbours see this rough

young man spelling out the words, every letter of which he had almost forgotten since he was at school, with his dear patient wife standing by his chair, looking over his shoulder, and giving him the help he required. Bunyan's wife was the first to lead him to better things. But the improvement was only very gradual, and God had to use many means before his proud heart and heedless disposition were changed.

One Sabbath morning he heard a sermon on Sabbath-breaking,



THE DELFRY-PORCH, ELSTOW.

which impressed him much. But when, after dinner, his old companions came to ask him to join them in their sports as usual, he could not resist, and says he, "the same day as I was in the midst of a game at cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou *leave* thy sins and go to heaven, or *have* thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put into an exceeding maze, wherefore leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other my

ungodly practices." Another time a bitter reproof came to Bunyan from a most unexpected quarter. He was standing at a neighbour's shop window swearing fearful oaths in his usual way, when a woman, herself "a very loose and ungodly wretch," protested that "she trembled to hear him swear and curse at that most fearful rate; that he was the ungodliest fellow she had ever heard; and that he was able to spoil all the youth in a whole town." These words coming from such a source put him to shame. He swore no more, and became so much more orderly that they who had known him before were astonished at the change. One of Bunyan's diversions was bell-ringing. But one Sunday about this time, at a church in Bedfordshire, two men had been struck with lightning and killed. This had happened while the men were ringing the bells to call the people together for a match at foot-ball; ringing for such a purpose being no unusual thing in those days. This frightened Bunyan, and led him to give up bell-ringing, though for some time after he would stand in the porch and watch others ring. After this he gave up dancing; and then he put on what he thought was a more religious sort of dress. And yet he was not a Christian. He thought, like many others, that it is enough to change our manners, a thing we can do for ourselves; forgetting that the heart must also be changed, which only God can do for us.

But the conversation of those poor women which he had overheard at Bedford remained in his memory, so that he says, "Their talk and discourse went with me; also my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such a one." He sought counsel of these good Christians. The Bible, hitherto unnoticed, was now carefully read. He thought prayerfully, and he prayed thoughtfully. The Holy Spirit, who is the one great teacher, taught him. Step by step, not by a plain and swift, but by a painful and slow way he was led up to the truth. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It was with Bunyan as with Hopeful. "Then I said, 'But, Lord, what is believing?' And then I saw from that saying, 'He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst,' that believing and coming are all one, and that he that came—that is, ran out in his heart and affections after salvation by Christ—he indeed believed in Christ."

J. C. S.

TOM BROWN ON PROVERBS.—IV.

IN my last month's article I dealt with three out of the many proverbs whose aim is to inculcate prudence in the ordinary affairs

of life. I shall now proceed to notice a few others of the same kind.

First, then, a very familiar and oft-quoted one, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." So it is; even although those in the bush may be twice as large or twice as beautiful as the one in the hand. For why? Because the possession of the one "in the hand" is a certainty, while everything respecting those "in the bush" is provokingly uncertain. They may fly away before you can get your gun; you may miss them when you shoot; or, if hit, they may have strength sufficient to get beyond your reach. On the other hand, all you have to do with the one in your hand, is to hold him fast. The lesson to be learned then is, that a certainty is to be preferred to an uncertainty, however tempting the latter may appear. What a suitable warning to the discontented or ambitious. However unpleasant or irksome your present situation may be, do not lightly give it up for the mere hope of getting a better one. Who can tell how many hundreds of artizans, who held positions of humble competence, have during the last few years given up their situations, left their native country, and risked their all, to seek their fortunes in distant lands, lured by overdrawn pictures of wealth and prosperity? "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Alas! too many of them have painfully learned the truth of it. They have had to return to this country in far worse circumstances than they were in when they left it; and they would be thankful to possess again "the bird" they had "in the hand" a year or two ago. I do not wish to be understood as discouraging emigration by what I have just said. There are doubtless too many inhabitants in our "tight little island," and many act wisely and well in seeking new places of abode. What I would urge is, that no one is justified in giving up a certainty here without some reasonable grounds for belief that better circumstances will follow such a change. There is always a great risk of disappointment in such matters, and that brings us to the consideration of another reason why "a bird in the hand" is to be preferred to "two in the bush"—there is no room for doubt about it. You may easily ascertain if it is plump or skinny, big or little, fine-feathered or coarse, whether it should rank as a sparrow, a hen, or a turkey. But with birds in the bush it is quite otherwise. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and besides that, the bush hinders you from judging accurately of the size, colour, or breed of the bird. Thus the one you took to be a fine plump turkey fit for a family dinner, may really turn out, when you at last get hold of it, to be a miserable half-grown hen, with scarcely picking enough on its bones for one good appetite. Thus it is in most of the affairs of life. We know by personal experience the pleasures and pains, the profits and losses, the comforts and inconveniences—in short, the best and the worst of our present position and circumstances; but of any others we can

only form very uncertain notions, founded on the experience of others, or inferences drawn from our own observations. From this it is evident that it is often wiser to "bear those ills we have than to fly to others that we know not of." Therefore, before setting free any bird we may have in our hand, let us be morally certain of securing another; let us be tolerably sure that it will be a better one; and also satisfied that we shall be able to keep it after we have got it.

There is a use made of this proverb which has always struck me as being very absurd. I refer to its employment as a public-house sign. As such it is often to be met with in country places, and I have sometimes accounted for it by supposing the village artist to be passionately fond of bird painting. I have seen it illustrated in every possible variety of art, from the coarse glaring daub exhibited at some roadside inn to the highly-varnished specimen found over the door of a pretentious tavern; but in all I have observed one feature in common, and that is, the very literal way in which the painter has understood the proverb. In every case the bird in the hand has been represented as about a dozen times larger than the two in the bush, thus making the proposition self-evident. But this is not the absurdity I wish to call attention to. We may reasonably suppose that if a proverb is adopted as the motto of any business, its meaning in connection therewith shall be intelligible; now whether the fault be in my head or no I cannot say, but I was never yet able to divine any sensible meaning in this. Perhaps it means that one man tipling inside the house is to the landlord worth two other men outside. If this be the intention it is then easy to understand why the one in the house is so much flattered by being represented on the sign-board by a sleek, well-conditioned bird. But I only give this as a mere conjecture, for, as I said before, the meaning is too deep for me.

The next proverb we shall notice is, "Grasp all, lose all." It contains a much-needed warning to any of the readers of the JUVENILE who may be guilty of that hateful vice, greediness. To illustrate this proverb, and for the special benefit of my very little readers, I will tell the old fable of "The Dog and the Shadow." Now this particular dog in question had one day the great good fortune to get a very large piece of meat. How he got it we are not informed, but judging from the greedy disposition of the animal, and the events which followed, I should be inclined to doubt if he got it honestly. And here let me just remark, that children and grown folks, as well as dogs, are often condemned for many faults because of one which can be plainly seen. But to return to the dog. On his way home he had to cross a running stream of water, and as he was walking across the plank, holding the piece of meat safely in his mouth, he saw the reflection of it in the bright clear water below, and by some process of dog's logic guessed that it was another lump of meat. The ravenous rascal

accordingly made a snap at it, and in doing so let go the piece of meat. Of course it disappeared at once, and was carried out of his reach. The reflection that had tempted his greediness was gone, too, and if he had any reflections remaining at all, they must have been of a self-reproachful and very unsatisfying character. Greedy fellow! The piece of meat that he had was doubtless more than enough to satisfy his hunger for that day at least, but he could not resist the temptation of trying to get another piece—he grasped all and lost all. He would no doubt have been able to hold the meat safely if some other dog had tried to share it with him, or (supposing it to be stolen) if its owner had tried to recover it; but you see what others could not rob him of he himself lost by greed. "Serve him very right," say some of my young friends. But are they quite sure they would act very differently from this foolish dog if they had similar temptations. I fear even many of us who are older would do much the same. Greediness is bred in us, and forms part of our fallen nature. It is only by the ennobling influence of self-denial and self-sacrifice that we can in any way keep it down. Let a little child be offered a number of oranges one after another, and you will see a proof of the natural greediness of our nature. He will take the first, perhaps, in his right hand, the second in his left; and the third he will manage to hold somehow on his breast. If more are still offered he will not refuse them, but in his efforts to hold them will most likely let the whole lot fall to the floor. What a correct picture this child is of many people of the present day, who are in such a hurry to get more, that they cannot afford themselves time to pause and enjoy their present possessions.

Greediness is one of the meanest and most despicable of vices. Not a word can be said in favour of it. Every one despises it in others, however blind they may be to its workings in themselves. Perhaps more of my readers will decide to have nothing to do with it, if I can impress it upon their minds that in the long run there is nothing to be gained by it, but frequently much to be lost. Anything that affects the pocket generally gets a very fair share of consideration. Honesty is a very fine thing, and notwithstanding all that may be said of the degeneracy of the present day, and its inferiority to the "good old times," it is, perhaps, as much practised now as it ever was. But it is an open question whether it is practised so much because it is a virtue, or for the more selfish reason that it is the best policy. Of course, it would be better if people always did what was right merely from a pure love of the right and the true; but if we cannot appeal to such noble motives, we must be still thankful that people act right if from no higher consideration than that it pays better; and a happy day will it be when all are thoroughly convinced that truth, purity, and love are virtues which pay well. Now greediness nearly always defeats itself. This is often seen in the case of greedy children. They

frequently lose many things they would have, but that their friends are so shocked and disgusted with their selfishness. There are some tradesmen who are not satisfied with such moderate profits as can be got honestly and without injury to their customers. They accordingly strive to make greater gains. They sell inferior and damaged articles at first-class prices, or else overcharge what is really good. For a time their profits may be increased by these means, but the end of it will be that the customers will be driven from their shops, and instead of greater profits they will incur a great loss. Then, again, there are the thousands of speculators who are for ever starting schemes of endless variety for making fortunes in a short time. They are not content with getting money in the ordinary way of business. Oh, dear no! that is much too slow for such folks. Their fortunes must be made like a gambler's, by one bold venture, and on this they frequently risk their all of worldly wealth. In many cases those who thus "grasp all, lose all." How true are the words of Solomon, "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."

"POOR OLD BOBBY!"

If I were an artist, I would paint a picture, and call it "Poor old Bobby!" and I would send it to the Editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, that all the children of our schools might see a copy of it in their magazine.

But as I am not an artist, I cannot do this, but I can still paint the picture in another way. I can tell the little readers in words, so that they may see it in their minds as I saw it this morning. If you had been in my room about nine o'clock this morning, you would have heard voices saying in tones of sympathy, "Poor old Bobby!" and if you had looked out of my window, you would have seen a little crowd of persons standing around a horse and cart, some of them with pieces of bread-crust in their hands for the horse to eat. And perhaps you would have inquired what all this meant, for people do not usually make all this demonstration when a man comes into a street selling sand.

You would have said, "That horse must be a favourite;" but if you had seen some of them with tears in their eyes, and all their faces looking sorrowful, you would have felt that there must be a history about the horse, and you would have asked me if I knew it.

Now I am going to suppose that you did really see all this, and that you asked me for the history I am going to give you. There is a history in Bobby's life, and if he could relate his experiences, he would have to tell of many ups and downs during the twenty years that he has lived in the world.

Every horse and dumb animal has a history, and although it

does not appear in any book, and although nobody knows it sufficiently well to say much about it, there is One by whom it is remembered. He knows whether boys and girls, and men and women are kind or cruel, good or bad to the animals he has given them, and he writes it down in his book of remembrance.

The horse does not complain when he is badly treated, nor does he rejoice when he is well treated; that is, he does not show his feelings as we do, but we should make a great mistake to think that he is not affected by our treatment. Now Bobby's life has not been a hard one, although it has been a working one.

Ever since he was old enough to work, he has been "upon his feet," "always on the go." And if I say that during the last eleven years of his life it has been his duty to go round this neighbourhood with a milk-cart, you will be quite sure that he never was an idle horse.

I think indeed, that any time during his past life, the words of the poet, adapted of course to horse experience, might have been used of him—

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

Amongst his joys were the kindly crusts, which were handed to him by his human friends, for which he often opened his mouth with expectancy, before the door was reached where the regular crust would be offered.

Amongst his sorrows, need I say, were the aches and pains of a hard day's work, and the occasional smart of the lash. In this latter, however, let it be said, that he was far more fortunate than most of his brethren. Well, such had been the daily round of things for the length of time I have mentioned, but about two months ago, his mistress having long found that Bobby had lost much of his elasticity, that he could not run as fast as once he could, and that the work he once could easily do was now a hardship to him, determined upon selling him. This became known amongst the neighbours and customers, and many were the regrets expressed—and hopes too that she would change her mind. Sadly, however, she felt that she could not well afford to do otherwise, and so Bobby was sold. Poor Bobby! He went to his new home, and couldn't understand the great change which had come to him—hitherto he had been treated tenderly, and had had many friends to pat him, and cheer him with kind word and gift; at the time perhaps he did not think much about it, and although he did in a way appreciate these things, he did not then appreciate them half so much as he now was compelled to do. Just as we come to know the worth of things often by losing them, so Bobby was compelled to compare the present with the past.

It is a sad thing to lose sympathy just when we most need it—when old age comes with its weakness and weariness then to lose our friends, and the little helps and kindnesses which have become almost necessities. So was it with Bobby; for two months or so he had been enduring this reverse of experience; his new master could not be said to be a hard master, his new labour was not perhaps any more difficult, but the poor old horse could not eat in his new home, he pined with secret grief, and wasted away with the loss of former kindnesses.

And to-day he came up our street again, near to his former home, and one after another of the neighbours said, "There's Bobby," until it became necessary to stop him, and to let them greet him as they would. And then they saw what a change had come to him, and they expressed their grief in the words which head this page. And they wished that he could come back again to his former home, and even proposed a subscription to buy him back, one even expressing willingness to give a sovereign towards the needed sum.

What will be done I cannot say, but I felt very sorry for Bobby, and very glad to see so much kindness shown to him. It must in a way have gladdened his heart to see so much kindness in his old friends. And I felt so impressed with the little story, that I thought I would tell it to you. And I determined to ask you through these pages to always be kind to dumb animals. They cannot complain very much, they cannot in words tell the story of their sorrows—but remember they can appreciate kindness, and feel what is unkind. And I am quite sure that Jesus is grieved if you hurt them, and are unjust to them, and he is pleased if you use them kindly and well. It is a very bad sign when children do not care whether they behave well or ill to animals. A cruel disposition in youth is a very bad sign indeed.

I have a friend who knew a boy that once was so enraged because a cat had killed one of his pigeons, that he took the cat and put out its eyes, and putting a rope round its neck, fastened the end of the rope to the top of a draw-well, and left the cat hanging half-way down the well. Was not that a terrible action? Surely none of the readers of these pages ever did anything approaching this; but beware of being cruel at all. This boy was afterwards transported for theft, and reaped what he had sown. And so it is always. "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." And it is very wicked to injure and to cruelly afflict in any way dumb creatures. Let us rather be kind and merciful, for the good man is merciful to his beast. And God will not forget those scruples of conscience which will not allow a man to hurt any of the creatures of God.

Altrincham.

WILLIAM WILLANS.

MONEY.

IV.—ANCIENT ENGLISH COINS.

WHEN we read about the customs of ancient times, we learn to be thankful that many foolish practices no longer exist. Just before the close of the tenth century a very unwise and unfair law was passed for the purpose of discovering who were the people by whom base coins were made. It was appointed, that if a person should be accused of making bad money he should undergo the Triple Ordeal. This was a foolish mode of trial : the culprit was required to prepare himself for three days by fasting and prayer, and on the third he took the sacrament. He was then required to plunge his hand up to the wrist in a caldron of boiling water, and as soon as it was taken out a piece of clean linen was wrapped round it by the priest. On the third day following it was unwrapped, and if not healed the person was pronounced guilty. This was the first method, and the second was nearly like it : a piece of heated iron was taken out of the fire and laid on the hand of the accused, who carried it a distance of nine feet, when it was dropped, and the hand bound up as in the previous case. The last method was termed the Corsned : a piece of bread was given to the suspected person, which he was to eat with a prayer that it might choke him if he was guilty. In all these cases it was thought the Almighty would interfere to punish the guilty or protect the innocent. This practice was foolish, because it supposed that God would be willing to adopt their mode of trial, and so save them the trouble of investigation ; and it was unfair, because it gave much suffering to all, and the result was uncertain. When we are in doubt about anything, the best way is, not to submit it to chance, but to use the best means we can to get at the truth, and pray for God to bless our efforts. But we must proceed with our description of English coins.

The reign of Henry III. marks a change in the coinage of this country, for the style then became more settled than it had been previously. From the time of the first William there had been great variety in the figures on both sides of the coins. The king's heads had appeared either in full or in profile ; that is, they had presented either a front or a side-view, and the crosses on the reverse had been of various forms. But the head of this king is always full-faced, and the cross on the reverse consists of double lines. One important change was effected during his reign, namely, the extension of the cross to the outer circle of the coins, in order the more easily to detect any attempt at reducing their size by clipping or filing. We are told the king summoned a parliament in London, at which it was decided that "a coyne of a certeine weight of silver called a grote should be stamped, and that it should have on the one syde the picture of the kinge's face and on

the other a crosse extended in length to the extreme parts thereof, to the entent there should be no depeyt used by diminishing or clipping the same." An idea of the appearance of this new coin may be obtained from the groat of Edward III., given below, for the two much resemble each other.

Previous to Henry's death the money of the nation had become much corrupted by base metal, so that when Edward I. ascended the throne he began to punish many suspected persons by depriving them of their goods. The Jews were the greatest sufferers. No doubt many of them were unjustly punished, but they had wealth, and that the king wanted; so numbers of them were seized, and their goods claimed before any trial had taken place. And this was not the worst, for Edward was so enraged by the clipping and debasing of the coins, and so determined to put a stop to these evil doings, that he seized in one day upwards of two hundred Jews, and hang'd



GROAT OF EDWARD III.

them after very little trial. About the same time nearly all the goldsmiths in the kingdom were imprisoned. In the year 1290 the Jews were banished from England, and one principal reason for this was the falsifying of the coins harshly imputed to them. Some of their possessions were taken, and others they were allowed to carry with them. All this, however, was in vain, for clipped and base coins continued to circulate. Soon after it was found that merchants brought into the country the English coins clipped, so two persons, John de Lincoln, merchant of Hull, and John de Gloucester, were empowered to survey all money that should pass in payment between merchants throughout the realm.

Edward III. issued some gold coins, valued at six and eight-pence each. They were called nobles from the superior nature of the metal. They bore the image of a ship, and had on them a Scripture verse in Latin:—"And Jesus passing through the midst of them went his way."* Great value was attached to these words, for they were foolishly regarded as a charm which had power to protect from the perils of war and robbers. During this reign the words DEI GRATIA (by the grace of God) appear for

* Luke iv. 30.

the first time on English money. We wonder why they did not appear before, for they are found on all the great seals from the time of William I.

No important changes now require notice till the time of Henry VII., who introduced several improvements. The king's head on some of his coins may be considered a good portrait. But the greatest change of his time was the introduction of heraldic bearings, for he placed on his money the arms of England and France, quarterly, in a plain shield. If you do not know what heraldic bearings are, just ask some one to show you a half-crown of the present reign, and you will see on the reverse a shield divided into four parts: in two of the corners are the figures of three lions, these are the arms of England; in another corner is one lion to represent Scotland, and in the other a harp to represent Ireland. Another change under this monarch was the introduction of the sovereign. It was much larger across the side than the one in use now, but not so thick; it was reckoned equal to twenty shillings.

In the time of Henry VIII. the pound Troy was introduced to the English mint. The fair of Troyes in Champagne was at one time frequented by all the nations of Europe, and as a result its weights and measures became generally known and widely used. Its general use led to its adoption in this country.

At the time of which we are now writing Martin Luther was working hard to carry on the Reformation in Germany. He had found many things wrong in the Church, and was trying to put them right. The Pope had too much power, which he greatly abused; so Luther sought to show the great evils into which the Catholic Church had fallen. King Henry was strongly attached to the Church, and was proud of his learning; so he wrote a book against Luther, and presented a copy of it to the Pope. The Pope was pleased to receive it, and gave to Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith," and since that time the kings and queens of England have continued to hold this title. Henry does not appear to have put it on his coins, nor did his successors till the time of George I. About the close of Henry's reign many bishops held office in the mint, for in a sermon preached at St. Paul's in the year 1548, Bishop Latimer complained about this, and asked to know who was doing the duty of the bishops in the Church while they were conducting the business of the mint. The reason why they were so employed was the scarcity of men fully qualified for the work. Perhaps the words of Latimer stirred them up to do something that would look like preaching for a short time; afterwards there was issued from the mint a "pretty little shilling," with a passage of Scripture impressed on it. Bishop Latimer made a reference to this shilling when preaching before Edward VI. He said, "We have now a pretty little shilling; indeed, a very pretty one. The fineness of the silver I cannot see, but thereon is printed a fine sentence, 'The fear of the Lord is the fountain of life

and wisdom.' I would God this sentence were printed on the heart of the king." In the time of Edward VI., the price of a horse was £2 2s.; an ox, £1 16s. 7d.; a sheep, 4s. 4d.; a goose 1s., and a hen 8d. Butter was 5d. per pound and cheese 2d.

TALES ABOUT DOGS.

THERE can be no doubt that dogs understand very much of what is said in their presence, though most likely they are helped in this matter by noticing the looks and movements of the speaker. How well, for instance, a shepherd's dog obeys the orders of his master, and even errand dogs are sometimes very sharp. A game-keeper in a large park had so well trained his dog to run errands that he could send him back to his house for almost anything he wanted. A gentleman, who doubted the fact, stayed in the keeper's house one day to watch the dog, who was to be sent a distance of four miles to fetch his master's "Shot-belt, No. 1." When the dog got to the house, he barked, so as to gain the attention of his mistress, and when she let him in, he looked up at the belts hung on the wall, as much as to say, "My master has sent me for one of these." There were several belts hung in a row on the wall, and the keeper's wife took down No. 4, but the dog would not take it. All the others, except the right one, were handed down, but he would not touch one of them. The moment, however, that "No. 1" was handed down, the dog eagerly seized it and ran off with it to his master, as fast as his legs would carry him.* In the following case it is hard to say whether the dog understood his master's words, or was guided by his manner, and by noticing what had passed in the room; perhaps both explanations may be correct. A count of Venice having some favour to ask of General Morasini, called on him, accompanied by a dog of the St. Bernard breed. Now the general was just going to give a most costly feast, at which the Doge, or chief ruler of Venice, was to be present, so the count began by praising the elegance and richness of the display on the table. The general replied that he had spent half his fortune upon it, and that the best workmen of Venice had been employed for about half a year in preparing it. When, however, the count asked for the favour, he was refused in the harshest way. The count left, much hurt at the rudeness of the general, and patting his dog on the head as he went out, said, in the fulness of his heart, "You see, my friend, how I am treated!" The dog looked up wistfully in his face, but walked on quietly for some time, till, finding his master busy talking to some persons he had met with on the way, he ran back to the general's house, and

* "Band of Hope Review," Nov., 1859.

taking the corner of the table-cloth in his teeth, he ran forcibly back, dragging it with him, and strewing the whole costly feast in a heap of broken glass and scattered fragments on the floor.* You see how fully the dog could enter into his master's feelings, though the idea of taking revenge in this way was all his own.

It is really wonderful what things dogs can be taught to do, when carefully trained. About eighty years ago a Frenchman brought over to a London theatre from eighty to one hundred dogs, chiefly poodles, in order to make money by their performances. The first part of the entertainment was the representation of a siege, in which one body of dogs attacked a fortress, while another defended it. The acting of the dogs was splendid, and no less so, in the next scene, when they were called on to take part in a ball. Parties were formally introduced to each other, with an air of the greatest decorum, though sometimes a young dog would show a slight disposition to break through restraint, to the great amusement of the public. Then the band struck up, and the dogs danced Foote's minuet, and were rewarded by thunders of applause. So well drilled were the poodles that, even when the siege was going on, not a bark was heard. It is only fair to add that part of the performance, such as firing the tiny cannons from the embrasures, and the playing of Foote's minuet, was done by human beings, still the dogs did their work well. Quite as interesting, though in quite a different line, were the doings of M. Leonard's dogs in 1843. Four pieces of paper were placed on the floor, and numbered by the company 2, 4, 6, 8. The numbers were named but once, yet the dogs could pick up any one of them at command, although they were not placed in regular order. One of the dogs played a game at dominoes, and, what is more, won it.†

Some dogs have naturally a great love for music, listen to it with seeming delight, and even go every Sunday to church, clearly for the purpose of enjoying the solemn and powerful tones of the organ. Of this class was Harmonico of Rome and Parade of Paris, so called because he always attended regularly the military parades at the Tuileries, in order to hear the band play. At night he went to the opera, or some theatre, for a similar purpose. However, the poodle belonging to Mr. S——, of Darmstadt, showed far more than a passionate love of music. By careful training, her master, who was a musician, made her howl every time a false note was uttered, and at length her ability in this matter became so well known that she was invited to every concert and opera at Darmstadt. Evidently she had, naturally, a fine musical ear, and improved her opportunities so well that, in the end, she could do far more than form a fair judgment on the execution of any piece of music. Thus, if a vicious modulation or a false relation of parts occurred in it, she showed signs of uneasy hesitation, and, if the error was continued, she howled outright. In short, she was

* Nelson's "British Library."

† "Anecdotes of the Dog."

so severe, and yet so impartial a critic, that she became the terror of all the middling composers and poor singers of Darmstadt.*

What is, perhaps, more wonderful still, a dog has, to some extent, been trained to speak words. The learned Leibnitz reported to the French Academy that he had seen a dog in Germany which had been taught to pronounce certain words. The teacher of the animal was a Saxon peasant boy, who, having observed in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to various sounds of the human voice, was led to try and make him speak. By means of great labour and perseverance, the boy in three years taught his dog to pronounce thirty German words. The latter used to astonish visitors by calling for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c., but he required his master to pronounce the words beforehand, and never seemed to take to the practice naturally.* A medical student, to whom I mentioned this story, remarked: "Well, it's very strange: a dog's body is not formed like ours for uttering words." I suppose not, yet I forced him to admit that his argument was a poor one. Just think of the many wonderful things which, when put to it, men will do by means of organs very unfit for the purpose. For instance, a Ceylon diver can, by long practice, pick up things with his feet, just as he can with his hands; while a blind man can read with his fingers, besides telling the size, shape, and position of objects about him. Hence, though a dog's windpipe, &c., may be very unfit for pronouncing words, we can understand his overcoming the difficulty by long practice.

As some of my "tales" may seem too good to be true, I have felt it right to name the books, &c., I have got them from, and as one of them costs only a penny,* I hope many of you will buy it. I think these tales will amuse you; but can you not also learn a lesson from them? You see what a noble animal a first-rate dog is, and how many things he can be brought to understand and to do. Now, you have many advantages, which dogs have not; and if so much may be expected from them, how much more may be expected from you? The best dog ever born sinks far below a child in the scale of being; still, if you are only as good in your way as he in his, you will be of some use in the world. Even good children need not be ashamed to learn a lesson from dogs, still less such of my readers as are more or less ill-behaved. S.

Editor's Table.

April 9th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—I always feel interested in your answers to queries, and I beg to ask you your opinion as to our state after death. Do you think that we shall possess the power to walk about and the power to talk, and see, in the spirit-world?

*"Anecdotes of the Dog." Published by W. Chambers.

In Rev. vii. 17 it says: "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them," &c. This, with many other passages, will lead us to conclude that we shall possess these powers, unless we are to take them in a figurative sense. Your opinion in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will greatly oblige, yours truly,
W. S.

ANSWER.—Our state after death is not revealed any further than that we shall be supremely happy or miserable. Our condition will doubtless be one of spiritual activity and happy service, but the expressions referred to by our correspondent are figurative, and indicate spiritual relations in language we all understand. The main fact about which we have any occasion to be concerned is that we shall be "for ever with the Lord," and that should satisfy us.

Hyson Green, *April 2nd*, 1872.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I find in reading my Bible two or three passages which seem to oppose each other. I find in Gen. xvi. 26 that it says all the souls that went into Egypt were three-score and six; and in verse 27 of the same chapter it says all the souls that went into Egypt were seventy; and we find in Exod. i. 5 the same; and in Deut. x. 22 the same; but I find that Stephen says they were seventy-five. Will you be so kind as to tell me, as early as possible, through your valuable publication, how this can be, for I am at a loss to know?—I remain yours, &c.,
WILLIAM PORTER.

ANSWER.—The number is made up of the sixty-six mentioned in the 26th verse, Jacob himself, Joseph, and the two sons of Joseph. These would make seventy. At the end of the 20th verse, the Septuagint adds the names of Machir the son of Manasseh, and Galaad the son of Machir; Sutalaam and Taam the sons of Ephraim, and Edem the son of Sutalaam. These would make the seventy-five mentioned by Stephen, who quotes the Septuagint, as all Greek-speaking Jews did. Both numbers in fact are equally correct, and the variation depends on the different mode of reckoning. The genealogical tables of the Jews were drawn up on principles unlike those of modern calculation, and one account gives the children of Joseph only; the other probably takes into account his grandchildren. The matter is of no moment whatever, but another matter is—and our young friends should note it—"ye must be born again."

Lame Valley, *March 21st*, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—The answer that you gave me in your last JUVENILE is very good, and I agree with you to a certain extent. Now you say that anything God has said, or promised or engaged to do, he is not man that he should lie. Now I don't say that you are wrong, but I will give you the Word of God as it stands, and then leave you to give us your opinion. In Gen. xxxv. 10 we read as follows:—"And God said unto him, Thy name is Jacob: thy name shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name; and he called his name

Israel." Now we find that his promise was not strictly kept, the name Jacob being used repeatedly mingled with that of Israel in the after-part of his life. Also in Numb. xiv. we find that God said that he would smite the children of Israel with pestilence; but through Moses reasoning with the Lord, he withdrew what he had said, and pardoned them according to Moses' word. Then, again, let us look at Saul's case. You say that he became foolish and wicked. Now God, who is all-wise, did not he know, before he made Saul king, that he would disobey him and break his command? Then if he knew it before he made him king, the question is, why did he do it and then repent? I shall be greatly obliged if you will favour me with your opinion in your next JUVENILE.—Yours truly,

WM. PANCOTT.

ANSWER.—As to the change in Jacob's name, it is a very frivolous point, and surely presents no difficulty. God gave him the name of Israel as a name of honour, and that name is often applied to him in Scripture, as is also the name of Jacob. Everybody knew who was meant, and the meaning is that God *permitted* him to use the higher name, as he permitted those who wrote of him to use it. But he did not *command* him to use it always, or others to apply it to him. And as to the smiting of Israel with pestilence, as referred to in Numb. xiv. 12, it is merely the expression of a threat or intention to do a thing on certain conditions; but Moses prayed and interceded, and the threat was not executed. God said, "I have pardoned according to thy word." Our correspondent would have to have a God of wood or stone, insensible to all moral conditions, and utterly unintelligent, if such adaptations of the Divine administration are to be charged with inconsistency, when he pardons sinners on their repentance. And then Saul's case. Our correspondent might as well ask why God made man at all, for he knew that he would sin. It is perfectly ridiculous to ask such questions, for they imply that God having done or said or desired something respecting a man, or many men, must necessarily adhere to it, whatever the moral conditions are. Such a notion would make God the author of all evil on the one hand, or a relentless tyrant on the other, instead of being as he is a "Father" to us all.

Liverpool, March 21st, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—In Phil. ii. 10 it is said, "That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." An answer through your JUVENILE will greatly oblige

E. M.

ANSWER.—We cannot tell what to answer, for we do not see any difficulty or obscurity in the passage. Jesus said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. xxviii. 18), and this passage in Philippians merely claims the homage for him which is justly his due. All things in heaven, and in earth, and

under the earth, are under his authority, and must acknowledge it. This is what the passage means.

Bilston, Feb. 18th, 1872.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—In reading St. John iii. 13, I find, "And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." And, again, I read in St. John xi. 17, "Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." Sir, this leads me to understand that none have yet gone to heaven. If Christ went to heaven the day of death, why did he say, "I have not ascended to my Father?" And if not to heaven, where did he go? This I cannot understand. Your opinion on this question will oblige, yours truly,

JOHN HUMPHREYS.

Answered at page 131, last year's JUVENILE.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

MOSSLEY.—DEAR SIR,—On Easter Sunday afternoon, March 31st., 1872, we held our twentieth annual Juvenile Missionary meeting in our chapel at Mossley. After devotional exercises, Mr. Benjamin Sykes Taylor (son of our esteemed minister) was called upon to preside, the duties of which office he discharged with credit to himself. The report was read by Mr. Thomas Seel, from which it appeared that the amount collected with books and cards, together with the proceeds of a lecture, amounted to £28 13s. 1d., being an advance of 10s. upon the total amount raised last year. Addresses of an interesting character were afterwards delivered by the Revs. Edward Minton (Independent), John Taylor, Samuel Walker, Messrs. Robert Shaw Buckley, J.P., William Broadbent, and Thomas Berry. Recitations were given by Miss Ogden, and Master Hervey Buckley. Appropriate hymns were sung at intervals, and altogether a very pleasant meeting was held. A collection was made at the close which realized £6 13s. 6d., making a total of £35 6s. 7d., and an advance upon last year of upwards of £7. In addition to the above, we are going to hold a service of song in a few weeks, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the same object. Praying that the great Head of the Church may continue to prosper our Missions, I remain, yours truly, JAMES SHAW.

SERVICE OF SONG.—JUVENILE MISSIONS.—On Sunday afternoon, April 14th, a service of song was conducted in the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, Mossley, by the Wyre Street and Roughtown scholars, when an admirable selection of hymns, anthems, &c., were sung with a variety of expression suited to the sentiment, which not only rendered the service one of pleasure, but one of profit. The scholars were assisted by the chapel choir, under the leadership of Mr. Tayler. Mr. Robinson presided at the organ. The chapel was crowded, forms having to be placed in the aisles. The service was opened by the whole congregation joining in the hymn—

"Great God, attend while Zion sings," &c.

Henry Atherton, Esq., of Lees, engaged in prayer. The hymns were announced by the Rev. J. Tayler, resident minister, who also delivered a short address on "What can be done by Union and Earnestness." The singing generally gave great satisfaction, and the anthems were rendered with pleasing effect. The collection amounted to £14 15s., which being added to what the "juveniles" have previously raised, makes the handsome sum of £50, being a considerable advance on previous years. Apart from the financial results, the service evidently awakened great interest, both in scholars, teachers, and friends; and it occurred to us that one advantage of such a service was that both scholars and congregation became familiarized with a few first-class congregational tunes, that may be introduced at any time without detracting from the efficiency or comfort of the service. We must not omit to mention that the thanks of the friends are due to Mr. B. S. Tayler (son of our esteemed minister) for the great success of the service, as his efforts have been untiring. JAS. SHAW.

Mossley, April 17th, 1872.

HORSFORTH.—BAND OF HOPE TEA-MEETING.—A tea-meeting was held on Good Friday, March 29th, in Ebenezer Sunday-school, this being our second annual festival. After tea a meeting was held. Mr. Elijah Hudson, President to the Band of Hope, presided over the meeting. Suitable addresses were delivered by Mr. Joseph Pollard, of Bradford, and by the Rev. John Harper, Baptist Minister, Horsforth. Recitations and dialogues were given by the children of the Band of Hope, and other friends. The meeting was enlivened by singing by the children, led by Mr. John Parker, of Kirkstall; we had altogether a peaceful meeting. During the past year we have been greatly strengthened. We have every reason to believe that much good will be the result of our Band of Hope.

JOSEPH VICKERS, *Secretary.*

BRANDON COLLIERY, DURHAM CIRCUIT.—DEAR SIR,—Although juvenile efforts have been made for several years at this place in behalf of foreign missions, yet no report of them has been sent for publication in the INSTRUCTOR. It is with pleasure that I send you an account of this year's effort, which was made on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, April 7, 1872. Several choice dialogues and pieces of poetry were creditably recited by some of our senior scholars, and a selection of beautiful and appropriate hymns were sung at intervals. We are very much indebted to the friend who plays the harmonium for the perfection the children had attained in singing through her indefatigable exertions. The chapel was crowded at each service. The collections were upwards of £3. The school mission-box contained £1 8s. 2d., which has been made up to £1 10s. by some of the teachers, giving a total of £4 14s. 6d., being an increase of £1 8s. 8d. on our efforts last year. The teachers have liberally defrayed nearly all the expenses incurred independent of the school funds, and we have a balance of £3 14s. 6d. to hand to the treasurer. We cordially thank the congregations for their liberal response to our solicitations, for the purpose of spreading the glorious truth.

JOHN JEFFERSON, *Secretary of the School.*

Memoir.

MARGARET SORLEY.

ANOTHER redeemed one has gone to join the ever-increasing multitude who have gone out of much tribulation, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Margaret Sorley, the subject of this memoir, was the eldest daughter of Arthur Ferguson and Elizabeth Sorley; she was born on September 4th, 1851, in Thomas Street, Sunderland.

The lessons of correction and instruction in righteousness which had been given her at home and at Providence Chapel Sunday-school, Dame Dorothy Street, Monkwearmouth, had not been without effect, which ought to encourage our teachers in their work of faith and labour of love, and act as a stimulus to their exertions. She was naturally of a quiet, kind, and an affectionate disposition, and her deep piety, and spiritual graces made her beloved by all who knew her; and her sweetness of temper and kindness of disposition made her an excellent Sunday-school teacher, in which work she manifested almost an unexampled diligence. She was quite unassuming, and did not seek to aspire by making unwarrantable pretensions; her path was that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day; her life was the pattern of piety; her conversation and the putting on of her apparel were such as become a young woman professing godliness; and she "being dead yet speaketh."

She adorned her profession by

a holy and devoted life, and gave indubitable evidence of vital Christianity. She lived and died a trophy of redeeming grace. In a short, modest, and unassuming life, she had attained to the perfect stature of a woman in Christ. There was nothing dwarfish about her religion, she possessed the bloom and vigour of Christianity, and died in triumph, having a bright hope of a glorious resurrection; and the long-cherished hopes of her fond parents were doomed to disappointment—

" Their own sweet child,
Gem of their hearth, their household
pride,"

was "carried away as with a flood," so early, so suddenly, she

" By the roadside fell, and perished
On the threshold march of life."

But,

" Oh, weep not, though the beautiful
decay,
Secure beneath the earth the snow-
drop lies,
Waiting the spring's young resurrec-
tion-day."

Our dear young friend was regular in her attendance at the Sunday-school, to which she was sent when six years of age, and remained until her death, eight years a scholar and six years a teacher; and at our last annual teachers' meeting was re-appointed secretary of the school, after discharging her duties with credit in that capacity for two years. When eleven years of age, she was, through the good influence of her Sunday-school teacher, led to embrace Christ as her Saviour. She received her first

ticket as a member on trial in the year 1862, during the ministry of the Rev. J. Nicholas in the Sunderland Circuit, and for nine years has been a consistent member with us, by her example in word "adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour."

Her attendance on the public means of grace was regular and punctual; from her class she was seldom absent except through affliction; and she gave cheerfully to the support of God's cause. The disease that terminated her earthly career was an affection of the heart and small-pox; and, oh, the shock we all felt when on the Sabbath morning at service, while preaching from Isaiah, "Say ye unto the righteous, it shall be well with him," the sad news reached us that poor Meggy was dead!

"But is she dead? The spirit lives

With God above the skies,—
To Him eternal praises give,
That she has won the prize.
In robes of innocence and love
Her happy soul is drest;
And all the angel hosts above
Rejoice to see her blest."

In her affliction she was happy, putting herself into the hands of God, believing that his will would be the best. During her last illness she asked her youngest sister Lizzy to sing—

"There's a beautiful land on high;"

and requested her mother to sorrow not as one without hope, by assuring her that she was going home to the better land; and on the 7th of January, 1872, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, leaving many sorrowing friends behind. We interred her mortal remains in the Monkwearmouth Cemetery, whither she was followed by members, teachers,

scholars, and friends, having first sung—

"Death has been here and borne away
A teacher from our side,"

where she awaits "the blast of the archangel and the trumpet of God." Death cannot come to him untimely who is fit to die. The less of this cold world the more of heaven; the briefer life, the longer immortality. Then

"Shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free;
Free from doubts and griefs and fears,
In the haven of the skies?
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from her eyes?
No, dear companion, no,
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering Church beneath,
To a reigning Church above;
Thou hast more than conquered death,
Thou art crowned with life and love."

We cannot grapple with the doctrine involved in this inscrutable dispensation, nor is it proper we should. It is painful, but it is right. Here let us bow together in grateful submission; Lord teach us to say, "Thy will be done." In her death her parents have lost a kind, loving, and obedient daughter; the Church has lost a devoted, consistent, and useful member; but we believe our loss is her gain. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Her death was improved by the writer in Providence Chapel, to a large and weeping congregation, from Job xix. 25, 26. We hope this visitation will prove a blessing to those of her friends she has left behind, and that they will prepare to meet her in the skies, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

J. STARK.



DAVID AND GOLIATH.

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER X.

INQUIRING THE WAY.

MRS. FAITHFUL had anxiously considered for some months how the now fatherless boy should be disposed of, with a view to his future employment and prospects in life. There is a way opened for us all in the long run, however long we may be in discovering it, and however contrary the result may be to our previously formed plans and expectations. The great question is in these cases to hit upon the providential plan if we can; and this implies a previous question, are we willing to help ourselves, that is to do something that will make us of use in some situation? Boys and girls cannot expect and ought not to expect to lean upon their parents and friends all their life. Our faculties are given to us to be used in some useful occupation, that we may earn our own livelihood, and become our own providers. It is true that boys and girls have not the judgment necessary to make the best choice at first, and hence there is a great responsibility resting on those who have the disposing of us to make the fittest choice for us, and give us the best start in life of which they are capable. But even they, when they have done their best, often find that they are mistaken. Boys and girls will not always do as they are told, or conform themselves to the wishes of their friends. They have a will and a taste of their own, and often show a determination to walk in their own way, whatever their parents and friends may say to them; and, as may be expected, their self-will often brings them sorrow and suffering in the end.

A mistake, however, in choosing a business or situation in life is of less moment than the disposition from which it springs. It may spring from an unwillingness to do anything at all, or, in other words, from an indolent disposition. Or it may spring from a stubborn and obstinate spirit, which will submit to no control and take no advice. There are such children in the world; children who become a grief to their parents, and cause them many sad and sleepless hours. I hope if any one who reads these words is

guilty in this respect they will consider how cruel and disgraceful their conduct is, and how much they will have to answer for at the last day for all the sorrow they have caused to their parents and friends by the indulgence of such dispositions as these.

If we are willing to work, and have energy, and are determined to push our way in life, we shall find something to do. There are plenty of situations open to us, and our taste and genius may be suited in the end. Perhaps not one half mankind to-day are pursuing the business they were brought up to. They were put into situations in early life which they did not like, or they discovered something which they liked better, and thought more likely to bring them success in the end, and so they tried, and trying they have succeeded. Many a man is a merchant who was brought up for a mechanic, or a preacher who was destined for some other occupation, or a literary character who never thought of such a thing in early life. The fact is, we all require, like a good ship, the quality of "righting" ourselves in the storm of life, or we may go down in the surge. The *Captain*, of which we have all read, went down about two years ago because it had no power to right itself. The waves turned this vessel on its side, and it was so built and rigged that it could not recover its position, and thus sank, with all its freight of human beings on board, except a few who were saved by the boats and rigging. This vessel was built by ingenious men. It had the best skill and science in the nation employed in its construction, and it was supposed to be a model to be copied in all time to come in the British Navy; and yet it was one of the greatest failures ever known, simply because it had no faculty of righting itself in a storm. Just so is it with boys and girls sometimes; they have no faculty of righting themselves—that is, they have no energy and right judgment, if they happen to have been put into the wrong place or the wrong business in early life, to take hold of anything else to put themselves right.

Those are likely to do the best in the end, in my opinion, who learn to create something—that is, to make or manufacture something that the world needs—for they can always find work, since the articles they produce will always be needed; and they must have acquired skill to make these articles, which is itself a quality which none can have without practice. This skill will always be valuable. Persons with means will be glad to employ it, or, better still, we may employ it for ourselves and on our own account, and thus reap all the benefit it can give us. Look at the immense manufacturing power of England, and the enormous fortunes it has made for many of those who are engaged in it, and we shall see what this *creating* or making power amounts to.

If we do not make something, we can sell something, and this points to another large occupation for mankind. The seller is the merchant, and he often does as well as the manufacturer or maker. There must be these agencies to sell as well as to make, or the

business of the world could not be done. The manufacturer has as much as he can do in making his goods, and he therefore passes them on to the seller, and thus saves the time and anxiety of mind which would be required of him were he to undertake to sell his own wares.

To one or other of these branches of human industry almost every boy who reads these lines will have to devote himself. A few may become lawyers, a small number may become preachers, and a few—I hope it will still be a very few—may become soldiers; but the principal occupations open to the young will be those of making or manufacturing articles which we all consume, or selling those articles to us. In other words they will become makers or sellers, manufacturers or merchants.

It was so ordered that James Faithful took his place in the end among the latter class, that is, he became a seller—a merchant. How it came about was rather strange, for another line of life was designed for him, and apparently open to him; but the strange woman, Miss Middleton, interfered, and she became the arbiter of James's worldly lot.

She said to Mrs. Faithful one day, "I have been thinking of sending James to London."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Faithful; "and who gave you the right to think about sending him anywhere? You speak as if you had the control over the boy, and could do with him as you liked; but I assure you I shall have to say something upon that point when the proper time comes." This was said with some warmth, as might be expected from what we have seen of Mrs. Faithful's temper; but Miss Middleton spoke a few soothing words which allayed the rising storm, and showed Mrs. Faithful that no harm, but a real kindness was intended by what she had said and done.

"Sending him to London!" said Mrs. Faithful. "And what would he do there? I do not know anyone in that city. I have heard it is a very bad and dangerous place to send a boy to; that many who are sent there are soon ruined for time and eternity; and, besides, I should hardly ever see him, perhaps, indeed, never again, for the distance is so great and the expense so serious that I could hardly ever go to London to see him, or he come here to see me. What if he were to be ill or die at such a distance from us? I should never forgive myself for letting him go. But there is worse than even this to be apprehended. He might do something, through the force of temptation or bad example, which would disgrace himself and us, and if he did it would break my heart, and I should never be able to live under it. He must be near to us if possible, that we may look after him, and that he may come to see us."

"I have thought about all that," said Miss Middleton; "and if I thought that the evils you mention were to come of his going, I would be the last to mention or recommend it, but I have a brother in London who would, I think, look after the boy, and

help him on a little in a business line; at all events, I have been of little use to anybody so far in my life, and as God has, I hope, restored me to a sound mind, and given me an interest in Christ, I want to be useful to some one and in some way, and this is what I have thought of. I have written to my brother, and you can see what he says.

“My dear Sister,—Your letter duly reached me, and I was truly thankful that you are so much better in health. I hope your improvement will continue. As to the boy you wish me to get a place for, I think I can meet your wishes in the counting-house of a friend of mine. Much will depend upon his character whether he succeeds or not. If he is honest, attentive, and industrious, he will no doubt make his way; but if he is otherwise you had better keep him where he is, for he would soon be ruined in this large city.

‘Your affectionate brother,
‘G. MIDDLETON.’”

Mrs. Faithful hesitated to consent to James's going; but it was finally arranged that he should go in company with Miss Middleton, who resolved to visit her brother, and thus introduce James into a new world. A week or two passed in making the necessary preparations, and bracing up the mind for the pangs of parting. Many tears were shed, and many kind and fond words spoken in the family in connection with this to them new and painful undertaking. Mrs. Faithful felt keenly on the approaching removal of her only child from the home where he had lived from the time he was born, and she was deeply anxious about his future conduct and prospects. But parents and children cannot remain together always in this world, nor is it always best they should. If home comforts are sweet they may enfeeble the character of the child, and since the battle of life has to be fought, it is well to learn early how to fight it, that when the conflict comes we may be trained and strengthened to meet it.

Mrs. Faithful drew up the following instructions for her child before he left home, which, as they show her own good sense and right feeling, and may be useful to my young readers when they are called to leave home, I shall transcribe for their benefit.

“1. You are to live under the constant impression that God sees you, both by day and by night, and will call you to account for all you do.

“2. You are to ask his blessing upon you in prayer every morning, and to thank him every night for the blessings of the day, seeking pardon through our Lord Jesus Christ for everything you have done amiss; and you are to do this wherever you are, and whoever sees you, never being ashamed to own that you fear God, and wish to live a good life.

“3. I shall give you a Bible, which I expect you to read every day, more or less, as you have opportunity; and to be sure of this,

that whoever seeks to turn you away from the Bible, seeks to do you the greatest injury you can suffer.

"4. I shall give you a memorandum book, in which you are to enter every day the money you spend, and what you spend it for, and a short note of what you have seen and done every day; for there is nothing that tends more to check us in the course of any folly or wickedness we may be tempted to fall into more effectually than to note our actions from day to day, and thus have the record before us to show us what manner of persons we are, and what kind of life we are living. Besides, the record of things seen and done will add to our stock of information, and interest us greatly in after life.

"5. You are on all occasions to speak the truth and to abhor deceit and lying.

"6. You are to be obliging, attentive, and industrious, in whatever business you are engaged in, and to avoid a sullen disposition and a gloomy spirit.

"7. You are to write home every month at least, and oftener if you have time, so that we may know how you are getting on, and that our affections may be kept warm towards each other.

"8. You are to keep yourself clean and respectable, and never suffer yourself to become slovenly and negligent. Fine clothes are not necessary to any of us, but we can be clean and tidy, however plain our raiment may be.

"9. You are to keep the Sabbath-day holy, going to the house of God, and conducting yourself seriously and devoutly in his service."

This was all that Mrs. Faithful knew or could say respecting the good conduct of her boy, and if she may be thought by some to come short of imparting more explicit views on some points necessary for a youth to know for his salvation, I only wish that many who have fuller views of the Gospel scheme were able and willing, in theory and practice, to set forth as sound a rule of conduct as she gave to her son. Far be it from me to undervalue the system of truth included in what we all understand to be evangelical doctrine; but the solidity and thoroughness of a professor of religion, especially a young professor, would be none the less if they were all well grounded in these rules of good conduct which, whatever we profess, are binding on us all.

CHAPTER XI.

JAMES ON HIS TRAVELS.

It was in June, that lovely month, neither too hot nor too cold, neither too raw nor too ripe, as we have things in the very early spring or late autumn—in the former case hardly knowing whether Nature will struggle through her wintry vesture, and in the latter feeling almost oppressed by the very abundance of her harvest

treasures—that James Faithful found himself, at six o'clock in the morning, on the top of the "Highflyer" coach, bound for London. He had never been on the top of a coach before, and, in fact, had never seen one; for Grimside was away from the main road to anywhere, and, as I have shown in the earlier chapters of this story, was a kind of side issue to creation. A boy soon dries up his tears, else there had been some very bitter ones shed that morning by himself, his mother, and his aunt, not at the *thought* of parting, but at the *act*. The thought of it had long been present to all these good souls, and they had realized all the bitterness of it for many long weeks; but now they had to act the parting and go through the reality. I shall not dwell upon this scene, for I neither like to cry myself nor see people crying. It is a very proper thing to do at certain times, but it makes one's face look queer at any time, and therefore, if you please, we will pass it over. The crying was done and the tears wiped away, and if there had been no disposition to do this, Nature, that fine morning, would have stopped the process, since everything was so bright and cheery all around. The hawthorn was in full bloom, and sent forth a fragrance which it was very pleasant to inhale. The lambs were skipping in the fields, after their night's rest, by their mothers' side. The birds were in full song, and the sun was shining with that soft splendour which promised a day of summer warmth and brightness. His companion, Miss Middleton, enjoyed the prospect of a day of great enjoyment as much as he did, and for the moment it was difficult to say whether regret at parting with friends, and scenes long familiar to them and much beloved, was greater than the pleasure and excitement of this their first start on their long journey to the famous city they were going to.

Everything was new, at least to James, during their whole journey. They passed through the towns on the high road to London one after another; changed horses every ten or fifteen miles, and were cheered by the guard's bugle at every place at which they stopped, and whenever it became necessary to warn a heavy farmer's team to get out of the way, and make room for the king's "royal mail" to pass. They dined and took tea at the appointed places, and as night approached wrapped themselves up in Grimside rugs to enjoy whatever sleep might come to them during the night. One of our poets describes the labouring man tired with his day's work, and says of him that

"Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

And James, though not on a flint, certainly found himself able to sleep upon the coach. The second morning dawned, and they were nearing the great city. Their second breakfast on the road had been eaten, and they mounted again for their last stage. Twenty miles more and they would be in the great city. Twelve miles

more and they would see the great dome of Saint Paul's rising above the smoke of the city, which hid every house and spire but this from the distant view. Then the ear caught the steady roar which never ceases from dawn till night, of the vast traffic of this mighty Babel of the British Empire, and in a short time they were in London, but only the London of fifty years ago, not half the size it is now, but such a place as James had never seen, and, in fact, had never imagined till now. The coach plunged into a labyrinth of streets crowded up with vehicles of every shape, from the costermonger's handcart and the heavy drays laden with merchandize from every part of the world, to the carriage of the nobleman, with his bewigged and powdered coachman and lacqueys, his splendid horses and costly harness, and his coronet blazing on the panels of the door. It seemed impossible to James that they should ever be extricated from the press of vehicles and people at the turn of every street in the heart of the city. Several times he was ready to scream at the danger of boys like himself, who dodged between the horses and carriages, and seemed to expose themselves to the certainty of being run over and crushed to death. But there is a way out of everything, and there is a way out of a London throng. Patience, a quick eye, and a nimble foot, will do wonders everywhere, and nowhere more than in a London thoroughfare. The coach threaded its way through innumerable difficulties, and at last deposited itself and its passengers in the Bell Yard in Warwick Lane, a famous old hostelry, with which most country travellers from the north were well acquainted in those days.

If you wish to get on comfortably when you are landed from a coach in a crowded place, the first thing to be done is to mind your pockets and see that all is secure in that direction, especially if you are from the country; for there is a look of simplicity and wonderment about country people for the first time coming to London which soon tell the pickpocket where his prey is. The next thing is to settle respectably with the coachman, guard, and all others who may do anything for you—for this produces an impression of your generosity and that you have something to be generous with, and it is wonderful how much people will do for you when once this impression is made. In this case all was done that should be done. James was not robbed, for his thoughtful mother had stitched his money in a little pocket inside his vest; and as to Miss Middleton, she was able to take care of herself, for though now she was perfectly sane, she had a tongue in her head which could vindicate her rights, and a rather wild look which was likely to make people afraid of her—a rather commanding creature, whom one does not like to offend lest we should come off second best. And so now I leave you, good souls, to take a little rest for the day after your weary journey, and we shall see what comes of you in the future.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE SCENES.

III.—THE LAD AND THE GIANT.

1 Samuel xvii.

ON the south-western border of Canaan dwelt a fierce, warlike nation, called the Philistines. They were the constant enemies of the Israelites. The two nations seem to have been always at war with each other, the measure of success being about equally divided between them. One day the two armies were arrayed against each other near to a beautiful valley, a little distance from Jerusalem.

It would be well if, when battles have to be fought, they could take place in the desert, instead of in the lovely and fruitful fields which are so often chosen for them. As usual, however, the scene of this battle was a beautiful and fertile valley—"The Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them." As they stood looking each other in the face, and preparing for the coming conflict, there came out of the ranks of the Philistines a giant whose name was Goliath. Has my reader ever seen a giant? I have, and I remember how little I seemed when I stood by his side. But Goliath was a bigger man than the giant I have seen. His height was six cubits and a span, which means nine feet nine inches at least; some think it means more than this. We call a man very tall whose height is over six feet. What a great fellow, therefore, must Goliath have been! And then look at his armour. A few months ago, I saw a suit of armour, now the property of Lord Londesborough, which had originally been worn by a great man in Germany, many hundreds of years ago. It was of steel, engraved on the more conspicuous parts according to a beautiful design, and inlaid with gold. It was made to fit very perfectly to the figure of the wearer, and so entirely covered every part that it seemed difficult to find an entrance for a pin, least of all for a sword or a spear. The giant's armour seems to have been as complete as this, though it was not of steel but of brass. From head to foot he was cased in it. The staff of his spear, we are told, was so thick and heavy that it "was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron." The ordinary weight of a soldier's complete armour in ancient times was sixty pounds, but it is reckoned this man's could not be less than two hundred and seventy-two pounds thirteen ounces! What a terrible combatant he must have been! Coming out of his own ranks, this giant gave a challenge to the Israelites to find a man to fight with him in single combat, and, said he, "If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us." We do not wonder that "when Saul and all Israel heard those words of the

Philistine they were dismayed, and greatly afraid." Was it likely they could find among themselves one who would be a match for such a giant? Why, if six men tried to grapple with him one sweep of his sword would kill them all! So they would think and say, and therefore they were very much terrified, and knew not what to do. One morning while these things were going on, there came into the camp a ruddy youth, "of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to," bringing provisions for his brethren who were soldiers in the army. It was David. He found the armies preparing for a battle, and as he came into the ranks he was just in time to hear the proud challenge of the giant, and to see all the men of Israel flee from him, sore afraid. Now David was an upright young man, who loved and worshipped the true God. Goliath was an idolater, and hated both David's God and David's people. So this young shepherd asked, Who is this man, "that he should defy the armies of the living God?" And when he had said this to one and another, some one told Saul, the king, and the shepherd was brought into the king's presence. "And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine." What a picture this is—the commanders and principal men of the army assembled in the king's tent, listening to the bold words of young David, who tells them he is ready to do what not one in the whole army dares to do! But, said the king, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth." David has a good answer ready. "I have already killed a lion and a bear, why not a giant? The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." Not one could answer the young man now. He had mentioned what they had all forgotten—the Lord, and the power he gives to those who look to him. The king therefore withstood him no longer, but said, "Go, and the Lord be with thee." So now they begin to dress the shepherd in the king's armour. The helmet is brought, and the coat of mail, and the leg-pieces, all are put on. The king's own sword, glittering, perhaps, with gold and gems, is girded on his side. He looks much fiercer now, no doubt, and yet when he tries to move he finds he scarcely can; they might as well have bound him with cords, or have put him in the stocks, for he is loaded, and cumbered, and helpless. "And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him." Again he stands in his simple shepherd's dress, and arms himself this time with staff, and sling, and stones. Many of the ancients could use the sling with great precision. When but children, they were trained to its use. We are told a mother would sometimes put bread on the top of a pole as a mark at which her boy was to aim; if he hit it, he got his meal, if not, he must go without.

And now we go to witness the fight. A lad against a giant! The

trumpets blow, the banners wave, the two armies are drawn out again in battle array. Israel has found a champion at last. Proud Goliath comes forth as he had done many times before. There is no running away just yet, though perhaps the Israelites have not much confidence in their young warrior. And listen! From Israel's ranks there rises a loud hurrah as the young shepherd comes up the field. From the enemy's ranks there is only a universal burst of laughter. What! is this their champion? Why, they have sent a baby boy! But while the Philistines are mocking and jeering, while giant Goliath is fiercely cursing, while the hearts of David's friends beat high with fear, David himself is calmly choosing out a stone, and fitting it into his sling as he walks towards his antagonist, and says, "This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand." And now see. The giant has drawn his sword, and rushes towards the lad. The lad is swiftly whirling the stone in the sling, and, when he has given it sufficient force, he sets it free, in his own dexterous way, and forth it flies with surest aim, burying itself at last in the giant's brain! How is it with proud Goliath now? The mighty man reels and heavily falls. That day that valley rang with such a shout as there has not been heard before or since. Dire doom on the one side, glorious victory on the other, all turning upon the valour of an upright shepherd lad! What was it made David so confident in such an unequal fight? It was the firm persuasion that the battle was the Lord's, and not his own; and that a boy was stronger than a giant even, when the boy was on the Lord's side and the giant an enemy of his. Learn then, my reader, David's secret, and you too shall be a conqueror in your way.

J. C. S.

A SPRING HOLIDAY IN BRITTANY.

"LAND in sight, gentlemen!" A very welcome sound at any time, even to those who are accustomed to a seafaring life; but to us, who had been content for the most part to stay at home, and learn of seas, and other lands than our own, by reading books of travel or listening to old sailors "spin yarns" by the fireside—to us, the polite intimation of our captain was, indeed, a blessed sound.

We—that is, a little party of four, good friends and true—had spent the night at sea in a lively little steamer, tossing over the waves of the Channel. Whether our tiny craft had been glad to get out into her element, or by any means knew that she had four strangers on board, and was therefore inclined to be frisky, or not, I cannot tell; but her habits were vastly like those of a shaggy Shetland pony I used to ride—somewhat illogical and impulsive. There were times when she would settle down to her work as if she intended to run us into the French coast before we could see

the breakers; then she bent her bows low in the waves, and puffed and fumed until over her wake of white foam a dense cloud of smoke trailed astern, and blotted out for ever the beloved land we left behind us. At other sundry times, when the wind became angry, she chafed and reared, and flung herself about in such an abandoned manner that it became grave matter of question with us whether she intended to fly upwards, or dive downwards, or go on in a proper, well-conditioned manner. However, it was only a little excess of spirits, I suppose, such as my readers know all about when schooltime is over, and scamper-time begins. In sight of land the water itself became more decorous, and our steamer made a little less noise, and conducted herself with that propriety which becomes the approach to the harbour, where many people are gathered to watch our entrance.

It was one of those bright April mornings which come after a dark and fretful night, as if the rising sun dispelled the clouds and tempered the wind by the wave of an enchanter's wand; and in the early light we entered the little bay on the Breton coast in which the quaint old town of St. Brienc stands. As the shadows cleared away from the headlands, and revealed to us the features of the country, we saw how the land rose suddenly from the water, occasionally broken by tiny inlets, with their beaches of white sand, looking exceedingly pretty and peaceful. The country itself was well cultivated almost to the water's edge, while here and there a village church stood out from a group of cottages, and the sound of bells, calling the people to morning prayers, came distinctly over the bay. Directly before us, at the mouth of a river we were about to enter, rose high up a cone-shaped hill, crowned by a ruined tower which commanded the bay seawards, and yet stood boldly out from the land on the other side. This is the famous Tour de Cesson, built in perhaps the most troublous times that France has ever known, days—nearly five hundred years since—when Edward III. of England and his son the Black Prince, had invaded France, and, after many renowned victories, reduced the country to subjection and almost penury. Many wild legends are yet told of conflicts in and around this tower, but truth is hard to find among the superstitious peasantry of Brittany; and although we heard one or two stories, they were referred to periods when the incidents would have been impossible, and to parties that had no existence when the tower was strong and complete, for it was blown up with gunpowder by order of the great king Henry IV. of France, in 1598, just after the War of the League, and in the same year that the Edict of Nantes (the capital of Brittany) gave the Protestants, who had long been persecuted by the Roman Catholics, liberty to worship God in their own way, without fear. When, however, the Tour de Cesson was thus mutilated, only one-half was really destroyed, and so it was left as it stands to-day, as if struck by lightning, split from top-stone to

foundation; the one side with its solid masonry remaining as grim and defiant as ever, the huge stones of the fallen side piled up at the base, or scattered down the hill-side.

At the foot of the hill a small lighthouse marks the entrance of the river Gouët, and the commencement of the long narrow harbour of Le Gué, into which we passed, and before long drew up to the quay-side. Here the officers of customs, in an undress military uniform, bustled on board to examine our luggage and passports; after doing which to their satisfaction, they courteously wished us fine weather and a pleasant journey, and let us pass on our way.

We walked on through the little village, amidst the wondering groups lounging about or gathered at the doors of the wine-shops, who fairly took stock of us, and seemed not at all sure we were not Germans, with some sinister intention of eating them all up—a fear, I need hardly say, terrible for us to contemplate, for it was an unsavoury neighbourhood, and we had just breakfasted. So, with light hearts, and, you may be sure, not heavy knapsacks, we went up a rather steep hill, and at the top found ourselves in the town of St. Brieuc. A real old-fashioned French town, this, with narrow streets and high stone buildings, built when people built very much as they liked, unawed by modern rules and lines, and fearless of the severe righteousness of Local Boards. Here are high-peaked roofs and quaint gables; houses, far enough apart at the pavement, bowing with the politeness of courtiers to each other at the top. Nevertheless, there is a wonderful strength and symmetry in the architecture of the buildings; sometimes an antique beauty in the wood-carving and decayed stone-cutting that is pleasant to look upon. Just outside the town is a very handsome modern building, the Palais de Justice, or Court House, standing in the midst of gardens laid out with much care and already bright with many flowers, and beautiful with the fresh green leaves that clothe the long avenues of trees. After exploring this building, and admiring the richly-painted court-rooms, with their shining waxed floors and carved ceilings, we returned to the town to find a resting-place, and then set out again. Strolling into the market-place, which is a large open square, we found numbers of women from the country standing in a long row, selling butter, and a strange-looking preparation of sour milk, which they perpetually shook up in brown earthen jars. As we noticed that every now and then a woman would put her jar on the ground, straighten her hair, adjust her cap, and then run off into the church close by, we also turned our steps churchward, and entered in. The churches are usually open all day; and, indeed, many of them far into the night, as we afterwards found in our visits. Strangers are allowed to walk in and wander about—of course in a quiet and reverent manner—examining the many side chapels and altars, and generally sight-seeing, just as they like. Here we found ourselves in a large old church, the walls decorated with many paintings, some original,

but most copies from altar-pieces by the great artists whose works are scattered through the cathedral cities of Europe. On either side were recesses, in which altars were raised to various saints; and here and there confessionals with the names of the priests carved or painted on the doors. These confessionals are like large wardrobes, very handsomely carved, with a small compartment at each end, over the entrance to which a curtain falls. In the centre, screened from view, sits the priest, who listens, through a small aperture in the partition, to the penitent kneeling in one of the side compartments. In the body of the church, and facing the high altar, are an immense number of chairs, upon which the worshippers kneel, sometimes muttering prayers, bowing and crossing themselves, but generally with their eyes fixed upon the large crucifix standing on the altar; while in the chancel a priest, with many genuflexions, reads or intones some part of the service. By many of the people the whole service was evidently regarded as a mere form, to be got through as quickly as possible, while a few seemed to be devoutly attentive to the spiritual influences of their work. There were among these latter faces which expressed an utter unconsciousness of people moving to and fro, or, indeed, of the place itself, as with eyes wet with tears they seemed rapt in adoration as they gazed up at the image of their crucified Lord. How much of sincerity and high spiritual desire there was in this he alone who is the Searcher of hearts could tell. It could hardly be that amid the hundreds of people worshipping here, with so many solemn memorials of the blessed Saviour around them—idolatrous as many of their rites seemed to us—there should not be some who were profoundly impressed with their need of a Redeemer. But with most, a mere formality was predominant, as it must ever be where men are guided to forms and symbols, to images and pictures and crucifixes, instead of a direct appeal to a living and loving Christ. And then a shadow crossed my soul, as I thought of our own churches at home, and how, notwithstanding the many precious opportunities we have of reading our own Bibles, and hearing the Word of God preached in earnestness and simplicity, untrammelled by the many forms of the Romish Church, there were yet thousands who merely attended church or chapel from worldly and unworthy motives—children in our Sunday-schools who are very dear to God, constantly hearing of a loving Saviour, and hearing the way of life, who go away and forget the sacred teachings as if they meant nothing at all; and members of the Church attending the services of the sanctuary, and even bending low at the Lord's table, who are satisfied with a profession of godliness, and never really seek for the higher blessing of personal holiness, without which they may never see God. These were sad thoughts, mingled as they were with a remembrance of many of the severe rebukes given by Christ to the Pharisees in his day, who thought themselves so much better than others. Undoubtedly our faith is much

purser than that of these worshippers in the grand old church of St. Brieu, with its imposing architecture and "dim religious light;" but what if we are not sincere, and do not live according to our high privilege? Why then, surely, we shall be held guilty, far more than the formalists of a corrupt church, even as it is written, "Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

So we came out of this church into the bright sunlight, and although our sad musings were to recur to our minds many times during our wanderings, we soon found ourselves interested in the strange sights around us. What however amazed us, and somewhat shocked our sense of harmony, when we walked round the outside of the church, was to find that, beginning at the very door, and continuing all down one side, little dirty-looking cafés or wine-shops were built in between the heavy buttresses of the building, and but for their wretched appearance would have been taken for portions of the church itself. Here were numbers of people drinking and making merry, in all unconcern, or else contempt, of the hallowed precincts in which they stood. We found out, however, afterwards, upon interrogating a priest with whom we were conversing, that these were built in the terrible days of the French Revolution of 1790. You have read how in those dark years of anarchy and bloodshed in France, the people rose up against the king and his nobles and the Church. For long time the oppressions of a debased Court and a corrupt Church had enraged the masses of the people, until at last they rose in awful strength and drove Louis XVI. from his throne, and imprisoned and beheaded him, and afterwards slew his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, and left their little son to die at ten years of age, in abuse and neglect; how they carried fire and sword through the land, and destroyed many of the châteaux of the nobles, and burnt the convents and monasteries, and sacked the churches, and said they would have no more religion, and no God but Reason. It is a long, dark story of human passion and sinfulness; and was a time of unspeakable anguish to that unhappy country which has so lately passed through another fiery trial. And, without doubt, the larger fault lay at the doors of that Church, desecrated and contemned, whose priests had been a sham, and whose rites had proved a mockery and a snare.

Thus, though nearly a century has passed since they were first built, these infamous relics of the great Revolution remain as a memorial of that contempt with which a people may learn to regard a worldly Church and an unfaithful priesthood. Our informant said that many efforts had been made to free the Church of these parasites, still found in many towns of France, and that he hoped before long the disgrace would be done away with for ever. The sooner the better.

(To be continued.)

DIALOGUE ON OUR AUSTRALIAN MISSION.

ROBERT.—Well, William, my friend, I see you are resolved to attend our Juvenile Missionary Meeting again. I am heartily glad to meet you on this happy occasion, and to see that you are still as interested as ever in this noble cause.

WILLIAM.—Thank you, my good friend Robert, for your congratulations. I am equally pleased to see you. You do right to call this “a happy occasion,” for when we look round, and see so many happy faces, one cannot help but participate in the universal gladness; and it surely must be a good cause which has attracted so large a congregation on the Lord’s-day.

ROBERT.—To tell you the honest truth, William, we Sunday-scholars regard this as the meeting of the year—the very best of all our religious gatherings.

WILLIAM.—I cordially agree with you, friend Robert. This is our Pentecost. To meet with our dear ministers and parents and teachers—to join in singing sweet missionary melodies—to listen to soul-thrilling addresses and appropriate recitations—and last but not least, to have a good collection, and so help to send the blessed Gospel to distant lands,—all combined in one glorious meeting is so delightful that I cannot help sometimes singing—

“I have been there, and still would go:
’Tis like a little heaven below.”

ROBERT.—Why, William, that’s just what I was thinking, and it seems to me that our friends who are here with us to-day must think the same thing, or we should not have our chapel so well filled as it is. This Juvenile Missionary Meeting is, I am sure, one of the most popular institutions in our town. I hope it will ever maintain its interest.

WILLIAM.—Not only its interest, Robert, but its usefulness, for that after all is the main point. The great thing to be desired is to infuse the true missionary spirit into the hearts of all our dear fellow-scholars, and to enkindle the sacred enthusiasm of a Saviour’s love in the bosom of every one here to-day. Then a band of missionaries would rise from our school and from this congregation, to do God’s work as it should be done in this and other countries. Oh, that all the Lord’s servants were missionaries of the Cross!

ROBERT.—Amen and Amen, William! But while we fervently pray that the ambassadors of salvation may be multiplied a thousand-fold, we must not forget that hundreds of devoted men have toiled and suffered and died upon the foreign mission field; that hundreds more are now engaged in carrying on the same sublime enterprise; and that our own beloved community is doing its part in Ireland, Canada, Australia, and China.

WILLIAM.—I feel it an honour to belong to a community that

is so active in the missionary cause as the Methodist New Connexion ; and I have no doubt that it will be a great pleasure to our friends who have assembled here to-day to hear something of the progress of our Missions in the countries you have named.

ROBERT.—True, friend William ; and I therefore propose, as we have conversed at previous anniversaries about our Missions in Canada and China, that this year we have a little talk about our youngest Mission, namely, Australia.

WILLIAM.—You could not have made a happier suggestion, Robert, for while we have read and heard a great deal about the ancient and populous Empire of China and the Dominion of Canada, we know very little about Australia. It is the least known of any of our missionary fields, because least is said about it ; and yet it is one of the most wonderful countries on the face of the globe.

ROBERT.—Wonderful country ! I think it is, William ; everything there seems to be upside down, wrong way about, or *vice versa*, as learned folks say, from what we have it in England ! For instance, in Australia the *north* is the *hot* wind, and the *south* the *cool* ; the *west* wind unhealthy, but the *east* wind salubrious. It is *summer* there when it is *winter* here. The barometer *rises* before bad weather, and *falls* before fine weather. Don't they call that great colony the *Antipodes* ? What does that mean, William ?

WILLIAM.—Australia and New Zealand are sometimes called the *An-tip'-o-des*, friend Robert, because they are on the opposite side of the world from us. Indeed, Australia is full 10,000 miles from England, and as the world is round like an orange, the people are right beneath our feet on the other side of this great globe—*Antipodes* means “opposite to our feet,” and *Australia* means “Southern Land,” because this largest island in the world lies in the Southern Ocean. It has an area of three million square miles ; and though it is nearly as large as all Europe, yet it belongs to this little island we call Great Britain.

ROBERT.—Thank you, my learned friend, William, for the information you have so kindly given me ; and I cheerfully reciprocate by telling you a little more that I have heard about this remarkable country. I am told that it has birds without wings, as large as the deer in Trentham Park ; and still more strange, their bodies are covered with hair instead of feathers. They have beasts with the beaks of birds. The swans are black, the eagles white. The valleys are cold, and the mountain-tops warm. The pears are made of wood with the stalk at the broader end—it would not be very nice eating such pears as those, would it ? The cherry grows with the stone on the outside. The trees are evergreen. The codfish is found in the rivers, and the perch in the sea. There is a bird with a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue. The native plants are peculiar, and include none of our fruits or vegetables. They have trees without leaves, and others with leaves that grow *up* instead of *out*. The commonest trees are

called gum-trees or Australian mahogany, with which they fence their fields. The animals are also peculiar to this region. The kangaroo is the largest. The trees are without fruit, the flowers without scent, and the birds without song. Such is Australia!

WILLIAM.—You astonish me, Robert, with these strange details; but after all, I believe that Australia is one of the finest countries in the world. Its climate cannot be surpassed; the air seems to contain the very elixir of life. The scenery is magnificent. It will one day be well peopled, and its great resources developed. It is doubtless destined, in the providence of God, to be the seat of a mighty empire, or perhaps a federation of republics, "great, glorious, and free."

ROBERT.—You are quite right, William; it is a great and growing country, and must have a grand destiny before it. Its coast-line extends 3,000 miles. It contains coal, iron, tin, lead, copper in vast abundance, and gold; besides wood and pasture and fertile land—as sources of wealth and comfort for great multitudes of people. It has many lakes and small rivers, and one great river 1,500 miles long, called the Murray River. Horses, pigs, fowls, turkeys, pheasants, &c., have been introduced from other countries. People from all lands, especially from England, have settled there; towns are springing up on every hand; railways, telegraphs, banks, music-halls, schools, colleges, churches, chapels, and all other evidences of a high Christian civilization, are met with; while the Union Jack of old England is there greeted with an enthusiasm unsurpassed in any part of the dominions of our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria.

WILLIAM.—All that you have said, and so well said, my friend Robert, is correct, and we may well rejoice in the material prosperity of this great colony, but there is something vastly more important than that, something nobler, grander far, than commerce or politics—I mean religion. This (holding up a Bible) venerable book, the Holy Bible, saith, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people."

ROBERT.—Right, William. But I am happy to tell you that Australia is a Christian land. Protestantism flourishes. No State Church looks down scornfully upon Dissent. All religious communities stand on the same footing, and "have a fair field and no favour." This is as it should be. Freedom is universal; conscience is respected; and the Lord Jesus, who has been promised "the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession," is honoured and loved by thousands upon thousands in that southern world. Hallelujah!

WILLIAM.—Why, Robert, you are getting quite enthusiastic. Indeed, I begin to feel the same. How the precious name of Jesus warms the heart and inspires the tongue! I am reminded of a beautiful hymn, celebrating the royalty of Jesus, of which I think we cannot do better than sing a verse or two, and perhaps our

friends will kindly join us, as it will be a pleasant change. I will announce them. [Here announces from a Hymn Book the 1st and last verses of (Chapel) Hymn 286.]

"Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

"O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His Name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is LOVE."

ROBERT.—Thank you, William, for proposing that we should sing. I am passionately fond of sweet singing; and surely the poet Montgomery never wrote a sweeter song of Zion than the one of which we have just sung two verses. But I want, if you please, to hear a little more about Australia, especially about our Missions there.

WILLIAM.—I will do my best to gratify and satisfy you, Robert, but I am afraid if I tell you all I know, that the "dear hearers," of whom our respected ministers so frequently speak in their sermons, will get impatient. But you know, Robert, that Australia was discovered by the Dutch nearly 300 years ago, and was first called New Holland; and that at that time it was inhabited by two distinct races of savages, one a negro race, the other somewhat like the Red Indians of America. They have nearly all died out. Australia afterwards passed into the possession of the English; was first used as a penal settlement to which criminals were transported, for we have all heard of Botany Bay; subsequently gold was discovered, and then came a rush of emigrants, from England and America principally. The country, as it became more thickly settled, was divided into several provinces, named New South Wales, Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria, and Queensland; and missionaries were sent from England to each of these great colonies.

ROBERT.—You are right, William, in calling these colonies great, for I am told that Queensland alone is twenty times the size of Great Britain. But what a delightful thought it is that they read the same Bible in their churches and chapels on the other side the world, and sing the same hymns and revival melodies in their Sabbath-schools as we do here in Old England! We are one in Christ Jesus—

"Mountains rise and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain."

WILLIAM.—True, my friend Robert. And I must tell you that almost all Christian denominations in England have their representatives in Australia. We entered into this great mission field only ten years ago, and sent the Rev. James Maughan, a man of superior ability and earnest piety, as our pioneer missionary. He laboured indefatigably and successfully until his lamented death a year ago.

ROBERT.—What a sad thing it was, William, that he should have been cut down so soon, just in the midst of his greatest usefulness! "God's ways are past finding out," yet we know that "He doeth all things well." But I have heard at our Missionary Meetings that we have sent other good men to carry on and extend the work amongst the thousands who know not Christ.

WILLIAM.—Yes, Robert, our English Missionary Committee have sent the Revs. Messrs. Linley and Fenton from this country, besides engaging preachers in the colony. And we have now two chapels in Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, and three chapels in the town and vicinity of Melbourne, the capital of Victoria. The principal chapel in Adelaide is a beautiful edifice, with a fine spire, like a church. Indeed, the colonists call all their places of worship "churches." There is also an excellent preacher's house adjoining this church, and the society consists of about 100 members. The city of Adelaide has a population of 30,000. The city of Melbourne is very much larger, containing nearly 150,000 inhabitants, on the very spot that was a wilderness in 1835; for it was not till the 29th of August in that year that a Mr. Fawcner and five others landed there, and planted that colony. Its growth has been marvellously rapid.

ROBERT.—Thank you, my friend William, for the readiness and fulness with which you have furnished replies to my numerous questions respecting Australia. I think that we all ought to pray that Christian progress may be as rapid as material growth in that sunny clime, and that very soon we may have many preachers and thousands of members, forming a powerful religious denomination there, to co-operate with sister churches in maintaining and extending the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ in the Southern Seas, and so hasten the millennial glory.

WILLIAM.—I am of the same opinion, too, Robert. We often sing—

"And islands of the Southern Sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to Thee."

This is being accomplished in our day, and I am sure we have every motive and encouragement to pray earnestly and give generously for the furtherance of the Gospel in these distant regions, which are destined yet to exert a mighty influence upon the whole world.

ROBERT.—I thought it would not have been like you, my warm-hearted friend William, if you had not made a gentle

reference to the collection. We have done well in former years; shall we not do better than ever this year? I confidently leave the answer to the generous friends of Christian missions.

J. C. W.

SCHOOL TREATS.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS are among the noblest and most popular institutions of our land. It would be impossible to compute the amount of money contributed for their support year by year, and still more difficult to estimate the vast amount of good which they accomplish. It is one of the most pleasing sights under heaven to behold on the Sabbath morning the children, after being in the mine, the mill, or the foundry during the week, hastening to the Sabbath-school. It is also delightful to behold in many cases employers of labour as well as honest working men, after the cares and toils of the week, working side by side in the grand work of teaching the principles of that religion which, when truly enjoyed, will make better servants, masters, and parents, and prepare for a glorious inheritance in the future. It is a good sign when the wealthy are to be found doing work of this kind, and there are instances of Members of Parliament who, notwithstanding their honours, feel it no condescension, but a pleasure, to engage in Sunday-school work; and such men deserve to be our legislators. Among many good things which this noble institution has done, is the providing now and then for the children a day's rational and innocent pleasure. In this day, considering the many temptations to vice, too much importance cannot be attached nor attention given to providing good school-treats. We are aware that some good and well-meaning people think that school-treats are calculated to dissipate the minds of the young, and are consequently a dangerous innovation. They would have the children always to be at work or singing, reading or sitting quiet; but this is unnatural as well as undesirable. It would be as great a folly to prevent the children from playing as the lambs from playing. Youth is the time of mirthfulness, and innocent amusement is healthy and unquestionably right, when circumscribed by proper limits. The prophet Zechariah urged upon the Jews, as an encouragement to rebuild Jerusalem, the fact that one of its chief glories when restored would be the children playing in the streets. "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." At this season of the year the school-treats are all coming on, and the children will be looking forward to them with delightful anticipations. We have many pleasing remembrances of sunny days spent in play at the school-treat, and a few days ago we had the pleasure of attending one at Willington in the Durham Circuit. We could not but revert to the days of childhood, and feelings of gratitude welled up as we thought of the days that

are gone, gone for ever. Recollections of familiar hymns and tunes and familiar faces of old teachers who are gone to the "beautiful land of rest," crowded upon the mind, and called forth feelings of profound thankfulness. The Willington school-treat is held rather too early to insure fine weather; but the object is to counteract the influence of the races, and save the children from their immoralities. The children assemble at the school, and with banners and flags march in procession to Willington Hall, singing at various stages on the way. On arriving there, it is pleasing to find that provision has been made by R. Ferens, Esq., and his excellent lady, for a day's thorough enjoyment. Swings are suspended from the large trees, which never cease to swing from the time the children enter the grounds until darkness drives them away. The swings are patronized by children of all ages; for even the aged on that day forget their years, and join in the common sport. A variety of games pass on the time until tea, which consists of a tolerably large cake and about half a pint of good tea; and after nearly a mile's walk, a good sing or two, and a romp on the green, such a tea is a thoroughly enjoyable thing. One of the most interesting features on this festive day is the abundant supply of oranges. To peep in the entrance-hall of that good old mansion and see the boxes of oranges provided, you might imagine that dessert would never end, but they are soon found to be no more than adequate. The Methodist New Connexion Sunday-schools from Sunnyside and Oakenshaw, as well as Willington, and the Primitive Methodist too, all share the same hospitality. "Both young men and maidens, old men and children," join in the general dessert. Basket after basket of oranges come forth as from an exhaustless store, and hundred after hundred are supplied. These worthy friends have done this for years and years, and seem as pleased to bestow the kindness as the children are to partake of it. There are, we are aware, other friends in the Connexion who show similar liberality, and there are no doubt others who might do; and if they knew the real pleasure it gives, we are sure they would. At this season of the year, therefore, we may be excused in giving to those who may be able to impart such a pleasure a very kindly hint, assuring them that the kindness will be rewarded a hundred-fold into their own bosoms. "To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

A LOVER OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

INCREASED CIRCULATION OF THE "JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

Stourbridge, May 2nd, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,—I find on looking at the Book Room Committee's Report inserted on page 456 in the large Magazine for July, 1866, that the circulation of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is set down at about 20,000; and again, on looking in a number of the same

Magazine for April, 1871, I find, under "Editor's Notes," page 253, that the circulation of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has diminished down to the low number of 13,500. If this is correct, and doubtless it is, there has been a decrease in five years of no less than 6,500, or an average decrease of 1,300 per year. Now, if the decrease of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is to still go on at such a rapid rate as this, I need hardly say that in 1881 or 1882 there will be no JUVENILE INSTRUCTORS wanted, in consequence of which it will have to cease being issued. Truly this is a sorry picture to draw of the favourite JUVENILE, a Magazine which has been, and I trust is still, hailed by thousands of our Sunday-school scholars and teachers with the greatest delight. Neither is this all the praise which it has had, for it has been, and I trust is still, hailed with joy by many who do not belong to the Connexion at all; and from facts which I have gleaned I verily believe that it has given and is still giving the greatest satisfaction wherever it circulates. Now, considering these facts, how is it that there is such a large decrease in the circulation? In our Sunday-schools in England and Ireland there are in round numbers 68,000 scholars, and if one out of every five of these were to subscribe for this Magazine the circulation would be a little more than the 13,500, the number above stated; but where are the teachers—do not they subscribe? They do, for in some circuits there are more of the latter subscribe for this Magazine than the former. I think, and doubtless you will acquiesce with me, that it is high time something was done to stop this decrease, and the sooner the better, especially as it has now been going on for years. You have appealed in the Prospectus of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to "Christian teachers, parents, scholars, and young people," for help to enable you to make this year an "unprecedented success," and I hope that the appeal has been successful. I feel sure that if the superintendents, teachers, and scholars of our Sunday-schools, have worked, and worked together, you will have your desire granted; and then when you appear at the next Conference you will have to report a large increase in the circulation of this truly worthy Magazine. By way of conclusion, let me suggest that you call attention, say by way of note on the covers of both Magazines, to the delivery of the Magazines. I would not suggest this, only it is, I feel sure, one cause of the decrease in the circulation of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, as I myself know several friends who will decline taking in this Magazine after this year if they cannot receive it promptly—sometimes they do not get it till the last Sunday in the month. I should like to hear your views on this subject in the next month's JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Apologizing for being so troublesome, I remain, my dear sir, yours faithfully, A WARM FRIEND OF THE "JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

[NOTE.—We print at present 15,000 copies of the JUVENILE each month. We have done everything in our power to make it acceptable to the public and to increase the circulation. We have a severe competition to contend with in other publications of a like kind; and we

fear, indeed we know, that in some of our own schools the managers do not push the sale of our own JUVENILE, while the sale of other competing publications is pushed. On the other hand, we have many kind friends and helpers all over the Connexion, and if all were like them, we could sell more than we do of our own Magazine. We do not know a better or a cheaper pennyworth anywhere than our JUVENILE is, and we should be glad if our friends would vigorously take hold of the work and help us to a great success.—EDITOR.]

Editor's Table.

DEAR SIR,—I read in Ezek. xxxvi. 24, "For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land." My opinion of this is, that the house of Israel and Judah will again inherit Palestine as one nation; others say the restoration is into the spiritual kingdom of Christ only. Sir, your opinion, through your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, will much oblige,
A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—Both opinions are entertained by commentators. We are inclined to interpret the words as having a spiritual application; but every intelligent person is able to form his own view, and has a right to entertain a different opinion to ours if he thinks we are wrong.

Cradley Forge, April 22nd, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give us your opinion on the following questions:—1. What day in the week was Christ born? 2. What difference is there in the following words—sin, transgression, and iniquity? 3. I read the other day in a book that the Protestants have got only a part of the Bible, and then referred me to the following passages in our Bible: Num. xxi. 14; Jos. x. 13; 1 Sam. x. 25; 1 Kings iv. 32; 1 Chron. xxix. 29; 2 Chron. ix. 29, xii. 15, xiii. 22, xx. 34, xxxiii. 19; Col. iv. 16; and John xi. 25—and then said all these books are lost. Now, sir, I hope you will not think from the above that we are not lovers of the Bible, for we love it with all our hearts. By giving an answer you will greatly oblige, G. B. S. and E. S. T. of the Y.M.M.I.S., Cradley Forge, and the members at large.

ANSWER.—We do not know on what day Christ was born. It is supposed by some that he was born on the 25th of our December, or on our Christmas-day. But many persons deny this. 2. Sin, transgression, and iniquity, mean the same thing, only in different relations—sin is the transgression of the law, St. Paul says; and iniquity, as we understand the word, is the worst or most aggravated form of sin, though in reality it means that which is unequal. 3. As to the Protestants having only a part of the Bible, they have as much as anybody else has, and as much as God has seen fit to preserve to

us. If the lost writings referred to had been necessary to our salvation they would have been preserved; but, as in the first instance mentioned by our correspondent—namely, Num. xxi. 14—these lost books only repeated what is said in the books we have, and therefore are not necessary to us, since we have the same testimony in substance as they give.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

ALLEN STREET SUNDAY-SCHOOL, SHEFFIELD NORTH CIRCUIT.—
DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in informing you that we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, March 10, in Scotland Street Chapel; one of our teachers, Mr. George Siddal, in the chair. Interesting addresses were delivered by our esteemed superintendent, the Rev. S. Smith, and Messrs. C. Batty, F. Hancock, E. Denton, and J. Haywood; and appropriate pieces were recited by Walter Ruddis, Mary Ann Nicholson, Elizabeth Johnson, Alice Cooper, Alice Turner, and Mary Ann Hadfield. The attendance, I am happy to say, was better than for some years past; and the collection in excess of last year. May the God of missions baptize us with his Spirit, and fill our souls, both teachers and scholars, with a more earnest desire to help on his cause and establish his kingdom, is the prayer of yours truly,

W. H. BUTLER, *Secretary*.

Our Children's Portion.

HINTS TO BOYS.

"To boys that love to think!" Have you made up your mind to be a man—a true, valuable, and useful man? Have you fully turned away from unworthy indulgences, from all bad habits, evil companions, and unmanly associations? Have you grasped the all-important truth that man is made to be a worker; that workers make the order, wealth, and prosperity of the world, and *de facto* rule the world? Have you fully made up your mind to become some kind of a skilled labourer, able to take care of yourself, and push your own way on, and up, through the world? Do you say, "I am rich, and need

not work?" That is no reason why you should be a drone, a worthless and miserable idler, amidst humanity's mighty wants and struggles. There is manual labour, business toil and effort, and brain-work. If you are rich your money and position give you grand opportunities, and lay you under vastly greater obligations to be a worker for the world's good. Find your place, your toiling mission, and give yourself to a thorough preparation for it. After this repeated notice of the importance of being a skilled and efficient worker, proceed to another all-important part of a boy's work.

"The boy should be an inquirer,

a student, an earnest learner." Boyhood is the time to acquire literary and scientific taste, capacity for analytical and synthetic reasoning and inquiry, and power to grasp, systematize, and use truth and knowledge. If a boy neglect study, the lapse of time will soon bear him on to manhood, and its cares will command him, and there will grow up in his mind and habits of thought great and well-nigh insuperable hindrances to his entering upon a course of intellectual culture. Ignorance dwarfs, stultifies, and cripples the boy's mind; and when all this has been crystallized into solid habits, by time and the pressure of the concerns of manhood, but very few persons ever burst the chains of ignorance, come out of the dreary treadmill of mental thralldom and littleness, and become to any noticeable degree men of culture, knowledge, and usefulness.

"Boyhood is emphatically and pre-eminently the time for mental culture." Sound and thorough culture in boyhood will produce a manhood of breadth, noble aspirations, and great power. Then there will be such a love of truth, and mental activities and enrichment, and such capacity for these things, as will strongly bear him onward and upward, in wisely fulfilling his earthly mission, as a responsible and intelligent man.

A boy, by giving a suitable portion of his hours and days to acquiring an education and general knowledge, turns his boyhood time into riches and power of mind—into something far more valuable than ingots of silver and gold.

It is conceded that mental culture will not give boys, in general,

the capacity or the opportunities of some noted men; but it will do much to qualify them for usefulness, success, and happiness; and it will immensely add to all that is desirable and valuable in their life-work. Ignorant boys and men are at a terrible discount in these times of unparalleled mental activity; this age of invention and discovery—of telegraph, railroads, newspapers, schools and colleges—calls for farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, and business men, of thought, mental culture, and power. And it is clear that educators, professional men, and all who aspire to be leaders of thought, must be men of thorough intellectual training. The thoughtful boy will apprehend all this, and give his boyhood to such sound, well-directed study, as will fit him to act well his part in every sphere of life in which his efforts and the providence of God may place him. The boy has moral powers, he is in a world of moral laws, forces, and liabilities; there are great moral evils to be met and overcome, and sublime moral ends to gain; and most emphatically there should be moral culture. And in seeking moral good the boy should take the Bible for his text-book, and humbly kneel at the cross, and persistently seek the wisdom and grace of our Great Father above.

THE SHOEMAKER'S JACKDAW.
HONEST John H. resides at Bally. His youngest child, a fat, red-faced little fellow, when asked his name replies, "I'm John H.'s seventh son." Seven sisterless sons and their good mother are not the only dwellers in John's cottage. We have heard in it, all

at the same time, the cooing of pigeons, the singing of several kinds of birds, the quacking of young ducks, and the shouting of children. Many an interesting and profitable conversation we have had with Mrs. H.; but start John to talk about birds, and you will have nothing to do but listen, and find it easy and pleasant work; his own present and former pet birds generally being the theme. He tells of a magpie that he had had, that was the "*awfullest thief ever you saw*," and of a common house sparrow that regularly followed him to his potato-field, a quarter of a mile from the cottage, flying from hedge to hedge and tree to tree, or sitting on its kind owner's head or spade. But the most wonderful specimen in ornithology our friend could ever boast was a jackdaw. John has reared many a family since the first of his seven fine sons broke the silence of his cottage. He was rearing a nest of young larks, and day after day as he turned from his work to feed them, the jackdaw was an attentive observer. One day, to the astonishment of John and the whole town of Bally (for it became and continues a well-known fact), the jackdaw entered the cage where the young larks were, and proceeded to feed them out of its own bill far more gently and tenderly than it was possible for its master to do, and continued their nurse from that time till they were able to do for themselves. A young gentleman one day went to witness the strange sight, and inadvertently put his hand upon the young larks' cage; the jackdaw disapproving of the act, flew upon the young man's hand and cut it severely. One of those

larks was often afterwards heard to send out its rich song upon the air of one of the busiest thoroughfares of Belfast.

May John's four sons, who are scholars at the Methodist New Connexion Sabbath-school at Bally, become as eminent for goodness as the jackdaw was for sagacity. E. T.

Belfast, Feb. 12th, 1872.

PUG'S MISTRESS.

"HERE's a little 'un lost herself, guv'nor," said a small street boy to the old tailor in Dark Street.

"And Pug, too," said the little one.

"How is it you carry Pug, when he has two more legs to carry him than you have, my little lady?" asked the tailor.

"Those two more legs are the ones that runned him away after the bad dogs, I guess," answered the little lady; "and then I runned after him, and I don't know where I is."

"What is your name?" asked the old man.

"Papa's darling," she said.

"But who is papa?"

"He is darling papa," said the little one.

"Where do you live?" asked the small boy.

"In house, and the house all lost," said the child.

"You must not run after dogs," said the old man. "Scripture bids us beware of dogs. As for myself, I give a wide berth to dogs."

The little lady looked cheerfully up into the old tailor's face, in spite of his severe views. "And mayn't we come in?" she asked.

"Bless me! yes, and welcome!" he cried. "But how will you be

found? Your folks will be terribly frightened after you."

"Why," said the little lady, "can't I tell God, and can't God tell them, and then won't they come and fetch us?"

"That, indeed!" cried the old man, with a tear in his eye. "That, indeed! God hears the young ravens when they cry, and I am pretty sure he will hear you, deary."

"Run up and down street," he said to the street boy, "and see if you can see the searchers after the lost lamb. She'll be right soon missed from the fold."

He took her into his shop, and she and Pug dropped down on the nearest stool, quite tired—at least, she was. Pug looked good for another run, but he kept quiet, feeling perhaps that he had already done mischief enough for one day.

She then shut her eyes and said, "Our Father, who art in heaven," and the rest of it, which

you know. After that she sat still, looking at the old man, and the old man every now and then looked at her. "The dearie!" he kept saying; and the queer thought came into his mind: "Maybe my own little Polly, that God took to heaven nigh fifty years ago, has come back to comfort my old heart these last days." And the thought, as you may suppose, almost made the old heart young, and it felt bright and gay again, as it used to—when the sound of quick steps in the doorway startled all three. Pug gave a sudden bark.

"Rosa, Rosa! you naughty darlint!" exclaimed Biddy, rushing into the shop, with the street boy at her heels, and snatching the little lady in her arms. "You darlint! you naughty darlint!"

"I 'spected you, Biddy," said Rosa, quietly; "I 'spected you." And that is the way the little one was found.

Poetry.

"DARE."

BY CLINNIE H. BIDDLECOM.

Dare to be honest, good, and sincere,
Dare to be upright, and you never need fear.

Dare to be brave in the cause of the right,
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.

Dare to be loving, and patient each day,
Dare speak the truth whatever you say.

Dare to be gentle, and orderly too,
Dare shun the evil whatever you do.

Dare to be cheerful, forgiving and mild,
Dare shun the people whom sin has defiled.

Dare to speak kindly, and ever be true,
Dare to do right, and you'll find your way through.



JAMES AT HIS DESK.

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XII.

HIS NEW BUSINESS.

FAREWELL woollen, farewell cotton ! James is gone into spice.

At the close of the last chapter James had arrived in London ; and, in a few weeks, by the intervention of the gentleman already named, a situation was found for him in the counting-house of a spice merchant in Saint Mary Axe. The colonial trade was largely transacted here ; and whoever passed up this street fifty years ago would discover the odour of its business. Ginger, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, coffee, arrowroot, tapioca, and other articles of colonial and Indian produce, were largely dealt in in this part of the City. It was a new business to James, and he had everything to learn ; but one thing is as easily learnt as another when we give our mind to it, and James was an observant and industrious lad, with good common sense, and a desire to do his duty to the best of his ability. He is seated on his perch, as you see him in the woodcut, busy in writing up his books, for book-keeping and business must always go together, at least where there is order and sureness in conducting it. His first weeks in the office were satisfactory to himself, and apparently to his employers, for they more than once commended him for the neatness with which he prepared invoices, drew up shipping notes, and made entries in the books. It is a rule in all good work of this kind that there is never to be a blot on the page, and never an erasure of a line. Blotted pages and erased lines and figures are evidences of carelessness and want of neatness. We may perhaps be too prim in our dress, but we never can be too particular in doing our work neatly, especially if that work is connected with book-keeping and accounts. Let my young readers make a note of this.

Miss Middleton looked after James's lodgings, and took care to have him placed with a family where the fear of God was to be found, and where motherly attention might be had. James's salary and means would not allow him the luxuries of a "fashionable" boarding-house, but they did allow him the cost of a wholesome,

plain, and cleanly home, which he was fortunate in finding within a mile and a half of his place of business. Happy it was for him that Miss Middleton remained in town for some months, till his home-sickness was over, and he had fairly settled down to London life! Through Miss Middleton's brother he was introduced to several families of his acquaintance, where there were young people, who took to James amazingly, and made him feel that, though he was a stranger in a strange land, there were those about him whom he could regard as his friends, and whom he retained as such for many years to come. But he never forgot Grimside and the loving souls he had left there. Every month his mother received a letter from him, full of interest to her, not only for the warm affection they breathed, but for the pictures which James drew of all he saw in the wonderful metropolis of England. There was always something new to see and to tell—the famous buildings, the popular preachers, the wonderful traffic on the river and in the streets, Lord Mayor's show, London crowds at public spectacles, the splendid carriages and equipages which on fine days crowded the principal thoroughfares, and made Hyde Park a place of living glory. The theatres James never entered, never once for all the years he lived in London; and as for the Crystal Palace—museum, conservatory, theatre, and something worse, which it is, all in one—it had no existence then, and of course he could not, as some professedly religious people do now-a-days, see on the sly all that they could see at any theatre in London. Of this department of London life he had nothing to say to his mother, for he was unacquainted with it; and happy would it have been for thousands of young men if they had remained as ignorant of these things as James did through all his London life! The “amusements” of our age do immense harm to young people; for if they do not pollute the mind—as in many cases they do—they waste time, and foster a taste for the sensational, which makes home life insipid and business a drudgery, to be exchanged as soon and as often as possible for excitement and frivolity.

There were three other “clerks” besides James in the office where he was employed. One of these was vicious and unprincipled. He had fixed his eye upon James from the first moment he entered the establishment, and considered this simple country lad as fair game in the accomplishment of his purposes. He was one of those sleek and plausible young men, who disarm suspicion by the assumption of more than ordinary friendship and kindness. His employer could not read him, at least he had not read him yet. He was James's senior in years, and his superior in rank in the office. In a sense, James was under him in the office, and dependent upon him for whatever good opinion his employer might have of him, and he used his opportunities, not at first designedly, but effectually, to injure a junior, whom he ought to have protected, and whom he might have materially aided in his career. He was

fashionably dressed, wore a splendid ring, which he was never tired of exhibiting to the best advantage among his fellows. Somehow there must be means to support such an appearance as he kept up, and such expenses as his mode of living cost, beyond the salary he received. James knew not how it was done, and never inquired, as it was none of his business, for he had the somewhat rare quality of minding his own affairs, and letting other people's alone. But time rolled on, and something like a friendship ripened between these two. Miss Middleton had gone back to the country, and James was fairly floated on his own account, to sink or swim on the busy stream of his daily life, as he might or might not be able. He had passed two years of his engagement in the office, apparently with satisfaction to his employers, and certainly so to himself; but he had an undefinable apprehension that from the young man he had mentioned, and whose name was Frederick, or for shortness "Fred," there was gathering an influence which was doing him no good, but rather harm, that sooner or later must be cast off, or, as he felt, his reputation and his life would be blasted thereby. He could not distinctly put his finger on this or that act, or on this or that word, which he could construe into a direct attempt to seduce him to evil; but he felt that his moral tone was lowered and his heart chilled in its good impulses by his contact with that young man. I suppose it was the glare of the serpent's eye as it is felt by the bird on the twig ere it is seized and devoured that James himself was conscious of from Fred. He did not fear it exactly, but it exercised over him a strange fascination which he did not like, but from which he did not as yet revolt. He thought when the time came he should know all about it, and should understand how to act, but at present he had nothing to do but to keep outside the limit of danger, and all would end well. To his inner consciousness there was a voice ever speaking, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" but as yet sinners had not in any very positive form enticed, and he could hardly understand why he was thus inwardly admonished. Could it be mere fancy, or an undue sensibility nursed of his country life, or bred of his mother's strict principles and stern morality? The sequel will solve this question.

"James," said Fred to him one day, "I want you to go to our club."

"To your club," said James; "and what is that?"

"Oh," said Fred, "it is a meeting of young men held every week, at which we enjoy ourselves after the labours of the day; you would, I am sure, be pleased with our doings, for we have jolly times, and you would get acquainted with people whom it is worth your while to know, for they might help you on in the world."

"I know nothing about clubs," said James, "and, whatever they are, I cannot see what good they can do me, for I have plenty

to do after business hours to improve my mind, and make myself agreeable to the family where I lodge. Young men, I know, must have their recreations, but they should be innocent and wholesome, and I do not know whether yours are of that kind or not."

"Well, but come and see," said Fred; "you cannot take much harm by looking on. We shall not, at all events, devour you for supper, and you will get the mustiness of this stifling office off you, of which I get sicker and sicker every day. I wish I had never come near it, for there is nothing but the same routine every day for disgracefully low salaries, and very little hope of rising for the future."

Now James Faithful was not a person gifted with the strongest will, or with the firmest character, but neither was he easily moved from his habits. The abstract right or wrong of a thing he was not so well prepared to discuss; he knew the things he had been taught to consider right or wrong, but why they were so he was not so well qualified to say as some persons with more dialectical skill than he had could say. He was not imaginative or impulsive. He had warm affections for those he loved, but his mother and his immediate friends filled up the circle through which his affections ranged, and he had as yet no idea of widening that circle, so as to embrace a greater number of objects. His was a quiet and solid nature, thoroughly true and honest, rather than an expansive and demonstrative one, and, in fact, there was little danger of his being damaged by this club, whatever it was, or by any other club of a like description. And so he went. And so I come to—

CHAPTER XIII.

"OUR CLUB."

It was held in the "Borough," no matter where; for if I were to give the name of the place it would be of no service, since the building has long since disappeared to give place to other and more splendid structures. It was held in a *tavern*, and the approach to it was by a back lane, and up a flight of back stairs, a circumstance this which led James at once to conclude that it was no place for him to be at. For what business has any young man with any pretensions to respectability and good conduct to be found in a tavern, and in that part of it which had to be reached by a back lane and a flight of back stairs? James's conscience smote him at once, and his first impulse was to beat a hasty retreat and go home; but in this he was defeated by the pressure of three of the members of the club who had arrived at the same time, and were behind him on the stairs. By main force they compelled him to ascend, and he soon found himself in a well-lighted room, containing about a dozen young men seated at a table. They had evidently been drinking, for drink was on the table, and all the requisites which

drinking implies. To James's horror he saw also that there were cards and dice on the table, and he felt that, whatever came of it, he must depart from such a scene of riot and sin. He rushed to the door, but to his surprise it was locked, and he could not get out. He had seen a side-door opened, and to this he made his way, but on opening it he found he had only passed from one scene of evil to another and a worse. I shall throw a veil over it, for its infamy cannot be told to my readers. Suffice it to say that it was a den of vice into which he had entered; and the shame he felt for himself, and the indignation against the professed friend who had so treacherously entrapped him to such a place, were unutterable and unbearable. He seized Fred by the collar, upbraided him for his heartless conduct, and would have proceeded to inflict condign punishment upon him, had not several of the young men released him from his grasp. James sank down upon a chair, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break at the thought of the disgrace he had brought upon his family and friends, as well as upon himself, by yielding to the persuasions which had overcome his better judgment, and brought him into this den of vice. The young men generally laughed at his agony, called him a chicken, told him he was spooney, and that he ought all his life to be tied to his mother's apron-strings. Had a red-hot iron been thrust into his flesh he could not have felt more anguish than filled his soul at this moment. He thought of his happy country home, from which he was now so far away, of his mother and his aunt, whose hearts would break if they should ever know of this his fatal mistake. He thought of his employers, who would be sure to be made acquainted with the incidents of this miserable night in some way or other, and of the possible loss of his situation, and being cast adrift in the City with a blasted character. Then he sobbed again, and his sobs became shrieks of wild despair, as he took in the full misery of his situation. Relief there was none, or appeared to be none, from his enforced captivity, or from his intolerable and burning shame. The song rose high in the room, the revel waxed furious; the sneer, the laugh, the indecent jest, stung him almost to madness. One youth proposed the health of "the blushing saint among us;" another shouted, "Courage, young man! you will mend by-and-by, and be able to enjoy life." And so it went on for two miserable hours, every moment appearing an age—an age of deepest agony, shame, and remorse—the torture of which it was impossible to describe. The words came to him again as they had come to him before—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" but of what avail were they? There he was, a companion of fools, of half-drunken young men, all of them on the high road to disgrace and ruin.

But what is that he hears? A loud knocking at the door, and a demand for instant admission. The fact is, the Bow Street officers were at hand, armed with a warrant to apprehend two of these

young men—and Fred was one of the two—on the charge of embezzlement. On the approach of the officers the lights were immediately extinguished, and, in the darkness, one ran against another, seeking to evade the constables; the door was unlocked by some one, and James, half mad with terror, pushed his way he hardly knew whither, but he found himself at the side-door, and in the general confusion effected his escape through the apartment which he had seen before, but not entered. This apartment opened into another, in which there was a light, by the aid of which he saw a flight of stairs, down which he sprang rather than stepped, and soon found himself in the street.

He of course made for his lodgings as fast as he could, and arrived there about the usual time when he had been visiting his friends, that is about ten o'clock. But to look any one of the family in the face was an impossibility. On being admitted to the hall he asked for his candle, and rushed up-stairs to his bed-room as quickly as he could. His landlady saw his flushed face, his confused look, and the guilty expression of his countenance, and at once saw that something was wrong. She asked him if he were ill, but he evaded her question. She laid on him the commands of his mother—whose place she held while he remained in the house—to tell her what had happened, but he still declined to answer; and, determined to shake her off, he rushed up-stairs, where she followed him, and when he had arrived at his room door he attempted to close it against her; but she said to him, "I will not leave you, if I stop till morning, till I know what has happened to you. Something dreadful it must be, or you would not look thus. I insist upon knowing, however bad it is, for your mother's sake; I insist upon knowing; for the many friends' sake who are interested in your welfare, I must know; and, for my own sake, I must know, for your mother herself can scarcely feel more interested in you than I am, although I do not stand in that relation to you."

James knew well that this persistence of his good landlady was not the effect of mere curiosity. She really loved him, and wished him well; but however ready he might be to tell her his sad story, he could not at the moment, for his heart was too full, so he flung himself on his bed, and hiding his face in the pillow, he wept like a child. The motherly words of his landlady, spoken to him in kindness and sympathy, only wounded him the more; and it was some time before he could repress his emotion sufficiently to tell her what had happened.

It was a great relief to the lady to know that while James had been guilty of an indiscretion, there had been nothing done that compromised him further than this; and, with some kindly words, she left him to his slumbers, which, however, were short enough and disturbed enough to make that night the most miserable night he had ever passed in his life.

And now, my young friends, what do you think of "our club?"

Have you seen anything like it in your town? Anything like it in the workmen's club, or the young swells' club, near where you live? Is there misery enough, think you, gathered out of this den of vice to make such places disgusting and hateful to every right-minded young man? If there is not, I certainly do not know what would make such places hateful. In one hour the peace of a lifetime is gone. When the intelligence of this night's doings reaches the home of this hitherto uncontaminated boy, will there be no tears shed by those who had hoped so much from James Faithful? What will his mother and his aunt think, and how will they bear the anguish which this night's experience has brought on all concerned? Oh, young man, keep away from "our club!" It is not, and it cannot come to good. Back lanes and back stairs to "our club" room in a tavern are things with which young men were better not to be acquainted. What came of it as to James Faithful I shall tell you in my next chapters; but enough has come of it already to show that "our club" is a dangerous place, and to impress once more upon all young minds especially the words—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

(To be continued.)

A SPRING HOLIDAY IN BRITTANY.—II.

"DINAN, Messieurs!" He was not a nice man to look at—that is, to any one of very fastidious taste. He was more like Vulcan than Apollo, except that he resembled neither. I think he must have been either an individual of a lost type, or the missing link in the development of species—between the last monkey and the first man. To begin at the top, he was bullet-headed, or rather, to enlarge the figure, let us say Dutch-cheese headed; and then we have not only the shape, but also the complexion. Hair jet black, close cropped, little dark eyes, small nose, and a very large mouth, with a voice like a strong bull of Bashan. Still, he was a pleasant man to talk to; and being, after the manner of his country, intensely conceited, we felt ourselves quite safe under his care. It was certain that he loved himself too well ever to run any great risk of a broken neck; so we mounted up the little ladder by the side of the diligence, and took our seats upon the top, and he, the owner and driver, followed after and took up the whip and reins.

Of course you know what a diligence is? No! Well, it's about the most undiligent thing in creation, since railways upset the coaches of the ancient world some thirty years ago. An English coach of a century since would be a fair type of a Breton diligence. This one was very old, very high, very narrow, and had marvellous springs. In fact, if you can fancy yourself sitting on the highest peak of a blanc-mange, you can understand the outside seat of this diligence. I am not sure where the driver sat. He

seemed borne up in mid-air, immediately over three shaggy, well-fed horses, of the "fair, fat, and forty" breed. But he was happy; and with a mighty crack of his long-thonged whip, we careened out of the station yard.

We had left St. Briene an hour before, and travelled by rail through a cheerful country to this wayside station, Plénée Jugon, from whence it was necessary to proceed by diligence, for we were going to Dinan, a little watering-place of great antiquity and beauty, some twenty miles away. Now the first few miles were initiatory, for there is an art in riding gracefully on the outside seat of a diligence. Our "sea-legs" were of no use whatever. A ship goes up and down, but a diligence goes to and fro; the one has the action of a pump, the other swings like a pendulum. However, we were soon happy, "as to the manner born," and felt quite at home as we swung into the village of Jugon, once a stronghold of the Dukes of Penthièvre, though now a quiet hamlet. A large square of low-roofed houses, with a pump at one side and a policeman—I beg his pardon, I mean a gendarme—at the other. A gendarme is a hybrid creation—part soldier, part beadle, and the rest policeman. In this case he stood dressed in full uniform, —cocked hat, swallow-tail coat, and wide trousers—a cutlass by his side, and his hands in his pockets. Indeed, I saw many specimens of the gendarme afterwards, but cannot remember one without his hands in his pockets. The corner house of this square was the café, where we alighted and had some very good coffee in a very dirty room. Now the next five minutes of my existence I shall not forget while "memory holds her seat." We remounted our diligence as a fresh team of horses were being harnessed. Our friend the driver took his seat, and evidently proceeded to something worthy of his professional calibre and skill. Before us was a long narrow street, flanked by the awkwardest houses I ever saw. Gable ends protruding into the middle of the street, sharp corners leaning out everywhere, and old Swiss balconies hanging over the scanty pavements. In fact, the street looked as if some centuries ago it had been seized with a fit, and died in convulsions. Moreover, it was rather steep, and led down to the river Arguénon, on the bank of which the village is built. Undaunted by this tortuous way, the reins were gathered up. Crack! crack! like a fusillade over our heads, snapped the whip, and away we went, leaping and swinging, down the street, as we firmly believed, bent on destruction. Nothing could stop that weird driver or his horses now—shrugging his broad shoulders, gesticulating and shouting, till the horses were goaded to madness. "Gee-ah—oui, parresseux! Hist! Allons donc!" We held our breath at the last turn, where, with a close grind past the low wall, the horses leaped towards the bridge, guided by an unerring hand. It was an unspeakable relief to find ourselves at last quietly mandering up the opposite bank, as the driver whistled a low tune and

the horses shook the foam from their lips or whisked long tails over their quivering flanks.

Our way now led over broad uplands, from which could be seen on the northern side an occasional glimpse of the sea, far off, and on the south a wide expanse of moorland and woods, studded with villages, whose churches stood high up over each little cluster of houses. On the horizon, to the south-east, the forest of Rennes stretched low and dark. Our road itself was a splendid specimen of a French military road, slightly arched to facilitate drainage, and well made. The branch roads, sustained, not by the State but the farmers, are execrable, and in the winter season quite impassable. The farms by the roadside are unique in their appearance. The house is built of mud, with walls about a yard thick, and generally two stories high. In some there are glass windows, but in many merely the opening with a swing shutter. If the house stands a little back from the road, then the dunghill occupies part of the front, and the rest is overlaid with furze, trodden down or rooted up by members of the general community—cows, pigs, children, fowls, ducks, &c. Inside the house the floor is hard, but uneven, being simply mother earth, sometimes strewn with rushes or furze, but generally bare; so there would be no hindrance to turning up the soil and planting spring cabbages beneath the table, or early potatoes under the bed. Round the room are huge pieces of furniture, almost covering the walls on two sides. At one end is the fireplace—simply a hard floor in a deep recess—above which is a broad open chimney; no fire-grate, no coals, but logs of wood in plenty. The furniture consists of the bed—dear to the heart of every Breton peasant—a large wardrobe-like structure, of dark oak, with a carved antique front, sometimes with folding doors—evidently an heirloom passing from one generation to another. The linen is of snowy whiteness. Whatever else is dilapidated or even filthy, the beds are irreproachable. Then there are high dressers and huge chests of drawers or dressers. The family table occupies the centre of the floor. The people live on the simplest food—bread, sour milk, vegetables, bacon, but very seldom fresh meat—and drink illimitable cider. We are told that six francs a week (five shillings) is ample provision for a labouring man. In this part, and indeed throughout Brittany, the dress of the people is remarkably neat and simple. The most startling part of a peasant woman's costume is her cap. This I am sorry I cannot adequately describe. It is of fine muslin, very large, wonderfully and fearfully made, and of a spotless purity. Attached to some of the houses were gardens—the beds kept to perfection, but the walks rank with weeds and stones. There were vegetables and fruits of many kinds, but no flowers save the white blooms of the Morello cherry or of the early pear and the pink tips of the apple blossom, just opening to the spring sun. Taking, then, the sum of my impressions of that ride, with the various stoppages and explora-

tions from St. Briene to Dinan, I was forcibly reminded of all we have read of the England of Queen Anne, or even further back, of the vivid descriptions given by Lord Macaulay of the state of England in 1685, wherein are many points of resemblance to the state of rural Brittany to-day.

It is time, however, we arrived at Dinan, and so we drive on as quickly as possible, that we may be brought up in fine style before the Hotel de Bretagne, which must be our home for a short time. The afternoon was wearing on when we arrived here, but a good wash and a thorough French dinner of about thirteen courses, removed the dust from our faces, and the keen edge from our appetites, so that we were supremely happy. What the dinner consisted of I don't know. We ate of those dishes—dark as Apollo's shrine or Eleusinian feast—and asked no questions, for more than conscience's sake. After dinner we found the evening fine and calm, and so we strolled away through the town and along winding lanes in the suburbs, until we came to a deep ravine, down the steep sides of which we managed to descend. At the foot, where a pretty stream ripples along its bed, there is an open promenade, with an old picturesque water-mill on one side and on the other a fountain, where the famous waters spring that in good old times have wrought miracles of healing innumerable, have quenched the thirst of pilgrim prelates, and laved the feet of kings—waters that to-day are sought from far and near, by the lame and halt and sick, for their medicinal quality. Here doubtless the rough soldiers of John of Gaunt drank deep before their bloody onslaught outside the walls of Dinan; and here the squires of the good knight Bertrand Duguesclin gave their leader drink in their helms after his grim but glorious defence of the old city. And here we four—as thousands of strangers have done before—drank of the streams that run on weighted with the historic associations of seven centuries, yet leaping on still, rich as the springs of Siloam and bright as the waters of Damascus.

The evening was now closing in around us, and, yielding ourselves to the peaceful influences of the hour and the enchanting scenery around us, we walked silently down the stream side to where it formed itself into the river Rance. We were now near to the city again, and wending our way somewhat wearily up the steep paths that lead from the river side to the outer towers of the wall, when the quietude of the evening was broken by a sound of music. A little party of young people, evidently of the peasantry, but ruddy and bright in gay attire, came dancing and singing up the lane, and turned towards an outbuilding in a garden from which the festal sounds came. Our curiosity being a little excited, we ventured to walk to the doorway, and accost a youth there who seemed to take an active part in the proceedings. He said it was a wedding feast, and, with the free courtesy of his order, invited us in. What a wonderful gathering of bright faces that was! Not handsome,

or even pretty faces, so far as features went—many bore marks of early labour and the constant strain of the “struggle for life.” But to-night the expression was all gaiety and life. Some forty or fifty young folks, with a few elders, had gathered to celebrate the wedding of two of their number. At one end of the building was the refreshment table, laden with good things; at the other end two fiddlers laboured away with zeal, while the dance—the natural expression of a Frenchman’s joy—went on merrily. Chairs were provided at once for “*strangers l’Anglais*,” and then we were introduced to the bride, a fair, rather frail-looking damsel, of pleasant countenance. The bridegroom was a short stalwart “*carle*,” who plunged through the dance with vigour, and shared his favours liberally with all unattached maidens who stood looking wistfully for partners. “*Voulez vous dansez, Monsieur?*” was slyly asked by various and sundry who passed our way, but we preferred to enjoy our quiet seat and look on. There were no forms of melancholy here—none here distraught with pains of etiquette. Milton might have sat where we did and composed the lines of “*L’Allegro*”:

“Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity—
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides—
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

It was a bright merry scene, and when, after spending about an hour with them, we were politely permitted to leave, we walked briskly to our hotel, assuredly the better for the glimpse awarded us of one fair scene of festive joy in the lives of the poor, who labour on with silent toil and often scant reward. Many a stately feast have we seen, with all the pomp and circumstance of wealth and pride, but perhaps in all there were not more happy and contented hearts than beat responsive to each other’s joy in the feast of that Breton wedding! For, let us never forget that the palaces of kings are not more dear to our Father in heaven, who made us all of one flesh, than the humble cottages of the labouring poor. And to Him who sanctified with his Divine presence the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee all souls are alike dear. Before him “the rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.”

T. A.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF JOHN BUNYAN.

CHAPTER IV.—HOW HE BECAME A PREACHER.

FOR an instance of true conversion look at John Bunyan. He was as wild a young man as ever lived.

"He was a wandering sheep,
He did not love the fold;
He did not love his Shepherd's voice,
He would not be controlled."

Naturally quick, careless, fearless, and impetuous, unable to restrain himself, and impatient of the restraint of others, there was only one power that could turn the heedless and boisterous life of this young man to good account, and that was the power of the Holy Spirit. Happily the Spirit's gentle persuasions were not wanting, and were not disregarded.

When Bunyan yielded his life up to this heavenly guidance he did not lose those instinctive traits of character which had been so



BUNYAN'S COTTAGE IN BEDFORD.

evident before his conversion; only every impulse received now a new direction, every power was turned to a higher use. He no longer spent his ready and available talents in low and contemptible employments, but consecrated them at once, a precious offering, to his Saviour's glory. If we compare his former life to a mountain torrent, noisily rushing and leaping from rock to rock, scarcely resting a moment before it is off again on its headlong course, then may we say his after life was like the same torrent, but now gathered into a beautiful river, having not lost but gained in force and fulness, and using now its mighty energies for the doing of all manner of good.

About the year 1653 Bunyan joined a small Baptist church at Bedford. The Baptists were in those days a denounced and despised people, and that Bunyan should have become one of them is a proof of his noble and independent spirit. The pastor of this church was a very good man, of whom Bunyan often speaks as

"holy Mr. Gifford." What an honourable title! From this true minister of the gospel he received precious teaching, and, indeed, all that fostering care which, as a young disciple, he needed so much. After passing a period of probation, he was baptized in a creek of the river Ouse, at Bedford, said to be at the end of Duck Mill Lane.

The influence of Bunyan's changed life was first felt where it ever should be first felt, namely, at home. That man's Christian light is worth nothing which does not shine the brightest where it is seen the most. Into this poor tinker's home a new element of peace and blessedness was introduced. The love of Jesus in the home is constant sunshine. The extreme poverty in which John and his wife found themselves when they came together began to give place before their industry and pious care. Bunyan had now removed from Elstow to Bedford; and we are told, "by this time his family was increased, and as that increased God increased his stores, so that he lived now in great credit among his neighbours." In the town, too, the former scapegrace won for himself a position of honour. As the years passed on John Bunyan grew in his devotion to the Saviour, in his love of the Lord's people and zeal for the Church. He was chosen to fill the office of deacon, the duties of which he faithfully discharged for several years.

Another step in the history of this good man was his call to be a preacher of the gospel. For this work his deep piety and extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, his powerful mind and fluent tongue, eminently fitted him. Simple and unassuming as he was, he had no idea of this fitness himself. Thinking one day about the Saviour's wonderful life and death and present intercession in heaven for us, he says, "As I was musing with myself what these things should mean, methought I heard such a word in my heart as this: 'I have set thee down on purpose, for I have something more than ordinary for thee to do;' which made me the more to marvel, saying, 'What, my Lord, such a poor wretch as I?'"

Bunyan began this new labour in the year 1655. He travelled from village to village all round Bedford, declaring to the people, with great energy and success, the love of the Saviour. He preached in many places where the Gospel had not been heard before, and churches still exist which were founded by this devoted man. One of these churches is at Hitchin, a town about thirty miles north of London. Three miles from this place is Wainwood, in which is a secluded dell, where Bunyan used to preach in secret to the people, who came from far and near. For, I must tell you, after what is called the Restoration, when Charles II. became king, a very wicked law was passed, which allowed none to preach unless they belonged to the Established Church and used the Book of Common Prayer. You have heard already John Bunyan was a Baptist, and had not been ordained a preacher by any church. He was only a poor man, who in the fear of God tried to do what good he could; and as he possessed the power to preach he felt

bound to do so, whether contrary to the law or not. So, in this quiet secret place, hidden away among the woods, his friends came together in the moonlight, often when the nights were frosty and cold, to hear the truth from Bunyan's lips. Sometimes, as this devoted man preached, the clouds would gather, and showers of hail and snow would fall; and some of the company, anxious to give their teacher what shelter they could, would hold a shawl by its four corners over him while he prayed, with his head uncovered, to that God who was the only Refuge of them all. They cared not what risk they ran or what discomforts they endured, if only they might be fed with that pure bread of life which made them giants in spiritual strength.

Not only the poor and ignorant, but sometimes the rich and learned, got good from his preaching. One day, before the persecutions began, he was announced to preach in the church of a certain village in Cambridgeshire; for, during the time of the Commonwealth, this was sometimes allowed. As the people were crowding into the churchyard a scholarly gentleman of Cambridge came riding past on horseback. As it was week-day, he wondered to see a crowd going to church, so asked the reason, and was told one Bunyan, a tinker, was going to preach there. He gave a boy twopence to hold his horse, and went into the church, saying "he would go and hear the tinker prate." God spoke to him through his servant—he listened seriously, was led to pray earnestly, and then to believe in the blessed Jesus. For a long time after he would hear none but the tinker preach, and he himself became at last an eminent minister of Christ in that same county. J. C. S.



TOM BROWN ON PROVERBS.—V.

I THINK I cannot do better this month than treat of a few more of the same class of proverbs that occupied our attention in my last two papers; for they are of such every-day application that their consideration can scarcely fail to be profitable.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." Perhaps some of my young friends may ask why a stone should want any moss; and the question is by no means a foolish one. But to those who are at all familiar with the sight of moss-covered stones, as they are to be seen on the margin of bubbling brooks, or on wild moorlands, will quite understand me when I say that moss is a great ornament to a stone. The stone may be a part of the ruined remains of some feudal castle or abbey, and speak to us out of the remote past with all the charm of ancient legend or historic record. Or, it may be a stone in some secluded village churchyard, keeping watch over the dust of those who are now quite forgotten except by the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of—," which Time has almost effaced, and which the gentle moss is gradually creeping over, as if hiding it from the unsympathetic glance of those who never knew the departed. Or again, it may be a huge boulder, which, in ages past, became dislodged from the mountain crag, and settling by the side of some little mountain stream, has ever since kept watch over it as it winds on and widens to a mighty river; it has for ages listened to the music of the ripple and murmur of that stream, as it playfully danced and frolicked amid summer's heat and sunshine; and also to the deep thundering roar of the splashing torrent, as, swelled by winter's snows and rains, it has leaped and bounded wildly down the glen, lashing itself into a fury of foam and spray. But whatever the stone may be, or wherever it may be, however charming its associations, its attractions are rendered doubly interesting by its mantle of moss.

What a beautiful thing moss is! Like nearly all little things in Nature, it seems as if God had taken a pleasure in making it elaborately beautiful. It is beautiful to the naked eye; but when seen with a microscope, how wonderfully beautiful! The soft velvety carpet then becomes a thick forest of perfectly-formed plants of graceful proportions and of beautiful colours. Surely, if God so elaborated the smallest work of his hands, that we cannot see their full beauty with our unaided vision, we may learn that nothing is so small as to be treated lightly or carelessly. As the proverb puts it, "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well."

But not only is moss beautiful in itself, but it hides the ugliness of the stones it covers. It makes the sharp angles and corners nicely round, fills up the ugly seams, and smooths over the jagged surface. And here an idea occurs to me, which, perhaps, will not be thought too far out of place, although it is wide of our subject,

and that is, the great likeness there is between the moss-covering of a stone and the refinement, elegance, and good manners which are not associated with heart goodness. They all hide the defects and distortions of what they cover, but just as the stone covered with the beautiful soft moss is, nevertheless, really just as hard, cold, and ugly as it was before, so our natures may be hard, cold, and revengeful, although to the world we present the most elegant manners and the most amiable dispositions.

But to return to the proverb. If moss is to cover a stone, several conditions must be fulfilled. Moss will not grow anywhere. It requires certain peculiarities of temperature and position. But the most important consideration is that the stone remains unmoved for a great length of time: and hence the proverb. If a stone gets shifted or rolled about every few months, it will never get moss-covered, but will remain in all its hideous shapelessness. And it is just so with men and women, boys and girls; if they are to make anything out in any position, they must allow themselves time. They must not be skipping from one study to another, from one school to another, or from one situation to another. I have known boys who have just commenced some branch of learning—say arithmetic—and for a while they have worked really hard, and have enjoyed the success they have achieved. Then the novelty has begun to wear off, and they have got tired. Next, perhaps, they have fallen in love with geography, and have almost dreamt of maps and globes, so intense has been their application for a few months, until that, in its turn, has given way to the novelty of drawing or grammar. Thus roving from one study to another, they do not willingly stop long enough at any one of them to gain a thorough mastery of the subject. And then the girls, too—are not they sometimes inclined to be like “rolling stones?” Do not they sometimes exhibit a passion for plain sewing before they fully comprehend the mystery of knitting socks? Cannot they plead guilty to throwing aside a half-made counterpane for the newer charms of crochet or tatting? Then, again, I have known boys who would not stay at the same school longer than six months, if they could help it. They persuade their parents that at one school the teacher is too severe; that at another he is not so clever as he should be; that at a third they are called ugly nicknames; and that at a fourth they are flogged by the bigger boys. If their parents are weak, they keep removing them from one school after another, so that they learn nothing substantial at any of them. It is a matter for great thankfulness in after life for children to have parents and masters who, while respecting all reasonable scruples and complaints, firmly insist on a thorough course of training, and thus lay the foundation of all future attainments.

But grown-up folks are quite as fond of being “rolling stones” as are children. Some people are continually changing their friends; ranging round their whole circle of acquaintance, and

now favouring one with a confidence and now another; disclosing their bosom secrets to this man now, and in a few months entrusting them to another. Of course, they never know the happiness derived from those devoted ardent friendships which can only be kept up with one or two, and which require time to mature and strengthen. Others are frequently changing their place of residence; first from the town to the suburbs, then from one part of the kingdom to another, and sometimes from one country to another. These certainly see a greater variety of scenery, and form a very wide circle of acquaintance; but they have the annoyance of forming new friendships in each place, whereas those who remain in one locality have the satisfaction of knowing all their neighbours, and of being known and rightly esteemed by all of them. I could never understand the motive which prompts some people to move from house to house in the same neighbourhood without gaining any apparent advantage thereby. Perhaps they are not sentimental, and do not feel their loss; but they certainly miss the charm and attractions which are always associated with an old house, in which every room and every wall has its own agreeable memories. Then there are still others who are never settled in their political or religious opinions. The apostle James says of the latter, "They are like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." Such people often go through the whole list of Christian beliefs, and never settle to any one of them. It is not to be wondered at that such are almost universally despised, and are rarely trusted by any of those whom they may for the time being agree with. Let us all do our best not to merit being called "rolling stones."

"He who runs after two hares will catch neither." This proverb resembles the former one sufficiently to account for its following it here. It teaches us the necessity of having some definite aim before us, and of following it without wavering. Have not some of my readers, when chasing their playfellows at some boyish sport, known what a difficult thing it was to decide which of two boys to follow, and has not the time lost in first running after the one and then after the other, sometimes lost the game? In time of war, it is a common stratagem to draw away the enemy from attacking some weak part of the defences, by charging upon them from another point; thus dividing their attention and gaining time to repair any damage done. "He who runs after two hares will catch neither." So he who has two or three objects in view is almost sure to miss them all, since the energy and perseverance necessary for success is rendered almost powerless by being scattered over several objects. In this sense it is rarely possible for us to "kill two birds with one stone."

"Jack at all trades, and master of none." How often have we heard this said of people as they have passed us in the street, or as their names have turned up in conversation. It is the common designation of those who throughout their lives have been

only "rolling stones"—of those who have ever been chasing two or more hares. Now let us try to see how it is that folks become "Jacks at all trades." When a boy leaves school it is always an important consideration to provide him with employment which shall suit his tastes and inclinations, and also be an upright and respectable means of getting a livelihood. Most boys are anxious to begin to earn something towards their support. Perhaps it is because they wish to feel that they are not altogether dependent, or perhaps it is because they are burning to distinguish themselves, and to realize the dreams of their childhood. Some children early show in which direction their tastes lie. Some exhibit unmistakable evidence of mechanical genius, or the ability to build and construct; others show artistic skill; and still others, by their fondness for learning, their powers of application, or their skill in argument, indicate their fitness for literary or professional pursuits. But these, I think, are the exceptions, not the rule. The great majority of boys cannot lay claim to a great stock of genius, and, as a consequence, do not show any decided inclination to any particular occupation; and it is with such lads that the difficulty of choosing employment is found.

Let us suppose one of these lads, with no great industry about him, has just left school, and has a month in which to decide what trade he shall learn. Perhaps he prefers some handicraft, and in order that he may be better able to choose, his friends take him to various workshops. Probably he goes first to a carpenter's shop, and he sees the skilful workmen planing and sawing and fitting. The wood smells nice, the clean curly shavings look delicate and pretty, the work is tasteful and cleanly, and so he is at once decided to be a carpenter; and although he visits other shops, his preference remains in favour of the carpenter's trade. He gets a situation, and commences at once his cherished work of turning rough planks into every conceivable form of usefulness and elegance. But alas! he finds the sharp tools which moved so deftly in other hands are ungainly and even dangerous in his; he cuts himself very often, and finds that he frequently stains the wood in a fashion anything but ornamental. His heart fails him. He merely works out his engagement, and then goes to something else. And so he goes on, from one employment to another, just stopping at each long enough to learn "Jack's" part of the business. If he turns house-painter, he stops long enough to learn how to grind paint and clean brushes; if a mechanic, he learns how to use the sledge-hammer or the file; if a grocer, he learns how to wrap up parcels; if a draper, how to measure goods. And then, when he has gone through five or six different occupations, he is a "Jack at all" and "master of none." One-half the people who come begging to our doors, and those who seek shelter in our tramp-wards, are "Jacks at all trades and masters of none." They have tried nearly everything, and have taken to begging at

last, and it seems to suit them best. The great secret of their character is want of perseverance and a large share of native idleness. There is a great difference between these sort of folks and those we usually call "handy men"—those who can turn their hand to almost anything. These generally, while good at some special calling, have kept their eyes open in other departments of labour, and seem to have a natural gift of cleverness in handling any sort of tools.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

This department has to be postponed till next month, for want of time to attend to it.—EDITOR.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, RIFON.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—On Good Friday last, March 29, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Anniversary. The annual sale of ladies' work and useful and ornamental articles, was opened in the morning in the school-room attached to the chapel, by our esteemed minister, the Rev. G. Hallat, with singing and prayer. In the evening of the same day we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting, an event which is looked forward to with considerable interest by our Ripon friends, the meeting being entirely sustained by the young people of our Sunday-school; and this meeting was by no means behind its predecessors, as the chapel was crowded in every part, and the enthusiasm of the meeting was constantly shown by the manner in which the recitations were received. The chair was admirably filled on the occasion by the esteemed superintendent of our Sunday-school, Mr. Thomas Precious. On the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday of Easter week the sale of ladies' work, &c., was continued, and brought to a most successful issue at eleven o'clock on Thursday evening, by the Doxology being sung, and prayer being offered by Mr. Hallett. The committee look back with considerable joy and satisfaction at the successful termination of their several efforts, and feel thankful that the whole has been carried out with perfect harmony and good-will. Below we give you particulars of this year's effort. By collection at meeting, £4 17s. 3d.; by the following books and box—Miss Elizabeth Moss, 10s.; Miss Elizabeth Young, 7s.; Miss E. Greenwood, 4s. 1d.; A Friend, 2s. 8d.; Miss Mary Charlton, 2s. 2d.; Miss Annie Akers, 2s.; A Friend, 2s.; Master A. J. Thwaites, £1 13s. 1½d.; Masters T. Horner and J. Gill, £1 8s. 8½d.; Masters J. Taylor and J. Beckwith, £1 3s. 4d.; Master F. W. Gricewood, 7s. 9d.; Master J. Briscoomb, 5s. 9d.; Master J. A. Chatwin, 4s. 9d.; Master R. Gill, 3s. 9½d.; Master Walter Scott, 3s.; Master J. Winter-

burn, 2s. 10½d.; Master F. Lickley, 2s. 6d.; Master C. Horner, 1s. 10d.; Master R. Bell, 1s. 2d.; Master A. Booth, 1s.; Master E. Akers, 1s.; Sunday-school box, 15s. 8½d.; by sale of ladies' work, &c., £29 13s. 2d. Total—£42 16s. 7½d.—less expenses, £2 2s. 6d. Total—£40 14s. 1½d. We remain, dear Mr. Editor, yours truly,

THOS. HARGRAVE, } *Secretaries.*
THOS. EDEN, }

Ripon, 11th May, 1872.

HULL CIRCUIT.—On Sunday afternoon, June 16th, 1872, a most interesting meeting was held in Sykes Street School-room, Hull. Mr. W. F. Newsam, who has been in connection with this Sunday-school for some years, first as a scholar and then as a teacher, being about to leave Hull to enter into a more extended sphere of labour as a minister in our church, it was determined that some token of loving remembrance and respect should be presented to him. Accordingly, at the conclusion of the afternoon's teaching, the superintendent, Mr. T. R. Runtun, on behalf of the teachers, placed in Mr. Newsam's hands a beautiful copy of Dr. Kitto's Bible, expressing an earnest desire that he might be permitted by his Divine Master to work long and successfully in his vineyard. The members of the young men's class also presented to him, through Mr. Chas. Bray, an excellent copy of Dr. Duncan's "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons." Mr. Newsam, who laboured under deep emotion—the presentation having come most unexpectedly upon him—thanked the friends for these expressions of their good feeling towards him, and, addressing the young men, told them how God had guided him to the school, and there blessed him by converting his soul; and earnestly besought such as had found Jesus to remain steadfast to the end. The feeling of the meeting will be long remembered by those present as one of much pleasure, and yet one of sadness—pleasure that our young friend has the heart to work for Jesus, sadness because he must part from us. May we all meet in heaven! R.

BETHEL CHAPEL, HULL CIRCUIT.—Our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held on Sunday afternoon, May 5th, and presided over by our esteemed superintendent, Mr. T. R. Runtun. The report showed that the collectors have done their work admirably during the past year, having gathered together the sum of £12 9s. 9d., which is a good advance on the last report, and shows their practical sympathy with the mission cause. Interesting addresses were delivered by Revs. T. Guttridge and E. Alty, and Messrs. W. F. Newsam and R. Dick; and at the close of the meeting a collection was made, amounting to £1 16s. 6d. F. R.

PRINCE'S END, OLDBURY AND TIPTON CIRCUIT.—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday evening, May 26th, when our earnest school superintendent, Mr. John Smith, presided. In his opening remarks, the chairman dwelt forcibly on the importance of mission enterprise, and the duty of supporting and encouraging such an institution. The Secretary gave a general view of our mission operations, and read the financial report of the juvenile society, as given below. Mr. E. Allsopp, of Darlaston, and Rev. M. Bartram, of Tipton, then addressed the meeting, and urged the

claims of missions with great power. The following recitations were given:—"The Pretty Story," by Amelia Wheale; "Mercy," by Jemima Reeves; "Conversation on Missions," from the JUVENILE, by Rachel Millward and Mary Bradley; "Lines on the Death of a Missionary," by Alfred J. Genner; "On Small Sums," by Elizabeth Alford; and an original address in rhyme, by Edward Eades, Jun. There was a large and appreciative audience, and a very pleasant evening was spent. The total money result of this year's effort is about 12s. in advance of last year's. The following is the report:—By boxes: Young men's box, 13s. 1½d.; young women's box, 4s. 9½d.; first class boys' box, 4s. 2d.; boys' school box, 14s. 6½d.; girls' school box, 5s. 2½d.; Mary Pinnock's box, £1 6s.—total by boxes, £3 7s. 10½d. By cards: Emma James, 10s.; Daniel James, 10s.; Josiah Partridge, 7s.; Annie Onions, 5s. 6d.; Elizabeth Gallear, 5s. 1d.; Alfred J. Genner, 5s.; Abel Beardsmore, 4s.; Charlotte Stanway, 2s. 9d.; Mary Stevens, 2s. 3d.; Amy Hutton, 2s. 2d.; Hannah Holden, 1s. 6d.; Ellen Owen, 1s.; William H. Round, 1s.; Mary Skidmore, 2d.—total by cards, £2 17s. 5d. Public collection, £3 14s. 3½d. Making a total of £9 19s. 6½d., as against £9 7s. 3d. last year.

THOMAS PINNOCK, *Secretary*.

GATESHEAD.—Last week we finished our year's work in our Bethesda Sabbath-school, and as the report for the year is very encouraging, we send a summary of it for the INSTRUCTOR. The past year with us has been very eventful—full of work, and, we are thankful to add, as full of success as of work. We commenced with small attendance of scholars and school in debt. The first thing thought necessary by us was the cleaning and painting of the school-room—this was done, and its appearance greatly improved. On Christmas-day we had our usual Christmas-tree, with unusual success, realising £13 8s. 7d., a sum considerably above the previous year; but as it was felt that the Christmas-tree effort would not be nearly sufficient to pay our debts, we conceived the idea of having a children's service of song, and on Wednesday, December 27th, with the aid of the circuit choirs and schools, gave the "Sayings of Jesus." In this effort, too, our success was very gratifying, as, although the expenses were very heavy, the nett proceeds came quite up to our expectations, and added £6 13s. 9d. to our funds. Some of our junior teachers, also, at great trouble to themselves, got up an amateur concert on January 9th, and handed the proceeds, £4 5s., to our treasurer. We were thus enabled to free ourselves from debt, and having still a surplus in hand, resolved first to replenish our library: it was in very bad condition, and numbers of the books had disappeared altogether; but, having laid our case before the Tract Society, they, with their usual generosity, for £5 sent us 132 volumes, valued at £10. Our next aim was to improve the singing, and to do this it was found essential to have an instrument. We therefore bought a harmonium, at a cost of £8; and we are glad to say it has completely answered the end we had in view. On Sunday, June 2nd, we had our anniversary services, conducted, morning and night, by Rev. F. Jewell, and in the afternoon by Mr. Thomas Halliday,

of Leeds, and Mr. E. Smith, of Felling Shore. Both congregations and collections were an improvement upon last year, the collections reaching £11 11s. The day following (June 3rd) we concluded our year's work with a tea, the tables for which were given by the ladies of the congregation. After tea we had a dialogue, composed by the Rev. F. Jewell, entitled, "The Gospel Ship." Our school was full, and the nett proceeds, including tea, will be about £6 10s. We can truly apply Solomon's words to our past year, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning." We are happy to state that the average attendance of both teachers and scholars has greatly risen; and are happier still to think that the spiritual tone of the school has improved. During the year we have had an addition of twenty-one to the church from our ranks—thirteen teachers and eight scholars—and hope soon to add many more from our select classes. Reviewing our labours, we can only "thank God and take courage," feeling that "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name be the glory." The present year, we trust, will see us "in labours more abundant," for we believe that the more we labour for the glory of God, the more success we shall have. WM. BOURNE, *Secretary*.

Memoir.

EMMA SMITH, STALYBRIDGE.

OUR dear young sister, Emma Smith, of whom we are about to give a brief sketch, was born at Mottram, October 3, 1853. In March of the following year the family removed to Stalybridge. At a very early age Emma began to attend our Chapel Street school, and continued to do so until prevented by sickness. She was much attached to the school, and delighted to be there. In this respect she presented an example that was much to her credit, and that was worthy of imitation. She was well-conducted in the school, and ever attentive to the wishes of her teachers. As she grew in years and in stature she was thoughtful and steady, and evidently seriously disposed. She not only loved the school, but the chapel; and though she did not say very much on the subject of religion, yet it was tolerably clear

from her conduct that it was taking root in her heart. She became a member of a select class that was conducted by a young female friend, who has since gone to her reward, and subsequently she met in class with Brother R. Street. She seemed naturally reserved in speaking about religion; but her conduct was good, and we believe she loved the Saviour.

The affliction which resulted in her death was a protracted one. She became unwell in the spring of 1871, and symptoms indicating a consumptive tendency exhibited themselves. It was fondly hoped that these unfavourable symptoms would soon pass away; but, alas! the hope was not to be realized. Medical aid was procured, but in spite of what medicine could do the disease made stealthy but sure progress. Sometimes, as is not unusual in

such cases, there appeared to be some improvement in the state of her health, but the improvement proved short-lived and delusive. As time wore on, it became evident to Emma's friends, and she had many, that death had marked her as his prey. During her long affliction she was often visited by the teachers. She always received these visits with gladness, and evinced the same lively interest in all that pertained to the school as she had been wont to do while in health. She was also visited by the minister and other friends; and these visits, like those previously mentioned, were always welcome. Emma spent no inconsiderable portion of her time in reading good and pious books that were lent to her, and we cannot doubt that she derived much spiritual good therefrom.

In the latter portion of her affliction she was very happy. Before the Lord took her to himself he revealed himself very blessedly to her soul. She felt that to her there was no condemnation, and she rejoiced in Christ Jesus as her Saviour with exceed-

ing joy. All reserve was now thrown off, and she joyfully declared to all around what great things the Lord had done for her soul. Her joy was unspeakable and full of glory. Before her departure, she gave, with the utmost calmness, certain directions as to her funeral, and affectionately and earnestly charged her parents and other members of the family to give heed to religious things, and to prepare to meet her in heaven. We hope what took place in that solemn hour—the words spoken, the influence felt, the impressions made—will not soon be forgotten. She died happy in the Lord, May 3, 1872, in the nineteenth year of her age. She was cut down in the bloom of youth, to the disappointment of many relatives and friends; but she has gone to "be with Christ, which is far better." Her funeral was attended by a large number of teachers, scholars, and friends connected with the school and chapel, which showed the respect entertained for her.

L. S.

Stalybridge.

Our Children's Portion.

CHINESE WALL.

THE great Chinese Wall is fifteen hundred miles long, and nearly two thousand years old. It is said to contain material sufficient to rear all the dwelling-houses in England, Wales, and Scotland, and its very towers would erect a city as large as London. It runs round the north and west of the empire of China for a distance of fifteen hundred miles—from near Souchow to near Peking,

and was erected about two hundred and thirteen years before Christ, two thousand and eighty-three years ago, in the reign of Emperor Tsinshi-huang, 50,000 workmen being employed upon it.

The Chinese now speak of the world as a whole, and say it is "one family, all brethren." These are new words for the Chinese to use, who have hitherto called all nations the "outside barbarians." All hail to our new

brothers, who, in themselves, form one third of the great human family! And what gift have we sent them as a token of our acknowledgement of the relationship? A million copies of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

They are deeply in want of this precious gift. They do not possess at present the best translation; let us, therefore, give them the best we possess, and teach those to read who cannot do so; and this is the noble idea that will break down eventually the great wall of China.

BE HAPPY NOW.

How old are you? Twenty-five? Thirty? Are you happy to-day? Were you happy yesterday? Are you generally happy? If so, you have reason to judge that you will be happy by-and-by. Are you so busy that you have no time to be happy? and are you going to be happy when you are old, and you have not so much to do? No, you will not. You now have a specimen of what you will be when you are old. Look in the face of to-day. That is about the average. That will tell you what you are going to be. What you are carrying along with you is what you will have by-and-by. If you are so conducting yourself that you have peace with God, and with your fellow-men, and with your faculties; if every day you insist that duty shall make you happy, and you take as much time as is needful for the culture of your social faculties, you will not be exhausting life, and it will be continually replenished. But if you are saving everything up till you get to be an old man, habit will stand like a tyrant, and

say: "You would not enjoy yourself before, and you shall not now." How many men there are who have ground and ground to make money, that they might be happy by-and-by, but who, when they get to be fifty or sixty years old, had used up all the enjoyable nerve that was in them! During their early life they carried toil and economy and frugality to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them.—*Beecher.*

THE DULL BOY.

You have in your class a lad who seems to be stupid. He comes regularly to school. He is in time. He is respectful in his deportment. But he is so provokingly dull! There he sits before you, with his hair over his forehead, his hands crossed, his eyes languid, and every now and then he gapes or yawns. You find it hard to interest him. Indeed, at times, you doubt whether he comprehends the simplest truths which you utter for his benefit. You are discouraged, and think he is only a stick.

But, my friend, you must be hopeful. It was said that Daniel Webster was just such a boy. In the Empire State there is now living a clergyman, who draws immense crowds by his eloquence, but who in college was at the foot of his class. The lad before you may be gathering up strength for the future. Perhaps that dreamy, listless look indicates thoughtfulness instead of stupidity. At any rate, he is not a fool. He has some mind. And you, as an educator, must draw out his powers. Never give up. There is some sap in the stick,

and if you plant it, and cultivate it, the stick will grow into a tree. If that youth never becomes a Bacon or a Chalmers, he has at least one talent which he may use for the glory of God.

LITTLE CROSSES.

CHRIST comes to us morning by morning to present to us, for the day then opening, divers little crosses, thwartings of our own will, interferences with our plans, disappointments of our little pleasures. Do we kiss them, and take them up, and follow in his rear, like Simon the Cyrenian, or do we toss them from us scornfully because they are so little, and wait for some great affliction to approve our patience and our resignation to his will? Ah, how might we accommodate to the small matters of religion generally those words of the Lord respecting the children, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." Despise not little sins, they have ruined many a soul. Despise not little duties, they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humility. Despise not little temptations, rightly met, they have often nerved the character to some fiery trial. And despise not little crosses; for when taken up, and lovingly accepted at the Lord's hand, they have made men meet for a great crown, even the crown of righteousness and life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

THE JOY OF THE ANGELS.

SUPPOSE one of your little brothers should fall into the river, and

there sink down under the deep waters, and before he could be got out he should grow cold and pale, and seem to be dead. Your father takes the little boy in his arms, and carries him home, and then they wrap him up in warm flannels and lay him on the bed. The doctor comes, and goes into the room with your father and mother to see if it is possible to save the little boy's life. The doctor says that nobody may go into the room but the parents. They go in and shut the door; in a few minutes it is to be decided whether or no the child can live. Oh, then how would you go to the door, and walk round with a step soft as velvet, and hearken to know whether the dear boy lives! And after you have listened for some time, treading softly and speaking in whispers, and breathing short, the door opens, and your mother comes out, and there are tears in her eyes. "Is he dead?" says one in a faint, sinking whisper; "is he dead?" "Oh no, no; your little brother lives, and will be well again!" Oh, what a thrill of joy do you all feel! What leaping up in gladness! Now there is such a joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. The sinner has been sick, but the gospel has been received as the remedy, and he is to live for ever. Do you wonder that the angels rejoice at it?

THE LITTLE STRANGER BOY.

THE celebrated John Falk was well known for his love to the children under his care. Several beautiful incidents are connected with his history. Once, when they were sitting as usual at supper, one of the boys said the usual

grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what Thou hast provided." A little fellow looked up and said, "Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes. We ask Him every day to sit with us, and he never comes." "Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure He will come, for He does not despise our invitation." "I shall set Him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome; the chair stood empty for him; every child wanted him to have his plate, and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched by such uncommon attentions. The little one had been thinking hard all this time, "Jesus could not come, and so he sent this poor dear boy in his place; is that it?" "Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and drink of water that we give to the poor, or sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to Him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'" The children sang a hymn of the love of God to their guest before they parted for the night, and neither they nor he were likely to forget this simple Bible comment.—*Illustrative Gatherings.*

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.

It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one of the most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreason-

able expectations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy-book written by me when a boy. The thick up-strokes, the crooked down-strokes, the awkward joinings of letters, and the blots in the book, made me quite ashamed of myself, and I could, at that moment, have burned the book in the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars; I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving their youthful errors endeavour to call to mind your own.—*Selected.*

WANTS.

ON a tradesman's table I noticed a book labelled "Want Book." What a practical suggestion for a man of prayer! He should put down all his needs on the tablets of his heart, and then present his *want book* to his God. If we knew all our need, what a large *want book* we would require! How comforting to know that Jesus has a supply book, which exactly meets our *want book*! Promises, providences, and divine visitations, combine to meet the necessities of all the faithful.

YOU HAVE KILLED THAT SERMON.

THE preacher laboured faithfully this morning. Many were affected under the sermon. Among the rest were some of your chil-

dren. Now is a good time for you to come in and help your pastor in the work upon your own family. But alas! instead of this, you have destroyed the impressions on the hearts of those affected.

"How?" you ask in astonishment.

Why, when returned from the church, instead of talking with those serious children, you began to criticise the preacher in their hearing! During the sermon you

were half asleep part of the time, and reading a hymn book another part; and now your work must be finished up in a criticism of the discourse. It was too cold, or rather boisterous. The hymns were inappropriate; the prayers too common-place. All this you have to talk before these children, but a little while ago so thoughtful. When you are done they are thoughtful no longer; your words have driven off their good impressions.

Poetry.

WHERE EARTH AND HEAVEN MEET."

WHETHER between lie meadows green,
Where sun and shadow play;
Or silent snow-fields intervene,
With trees of leafless grey;
Or stately hills send down supplies
To blue lakes at their feet—
Beyond them all, I seek the line
Where earth and heaven meet.

'Tis there the fleecy clouds come forth
To sail upon the sky;
And there the summer showers arise
When all the fields are dry;
And thence into my thirsty heart
Come thoughts both sad and sweet,
When gazing on that distant line
Where earth and heaven meet.

Sometimes remote it seems, and dim,
Through earthly mists that rise;
Again distinct and clear it stands
Before my longing eyes.
O face beloved I cannot see!
O lips I may not greet!
Till life's horizon line I reach,
Where earth and heaven meet.

E. S. P.—*Old and New.*

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.



JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE MORNING AFTER.

WHAT a blessed thing sleep is! How many heart-breaking sorrows have been forgotten while those who have had to bear them have been wrapped in "balmey slumbers!" It has helped the criminal, who had but one night more to spend on earth, to dream, perhaps, of that happy childhood ere crime had been committed, or the conscience burdened with guilt. It has enabled him to go back to that quiet village home where a father's and a mother's love combined to make him happy; where the pet lamb was reared, the faithful house-dog caressed; where with brothers and sisters equally innocent with himself, he romped and played as the setting sun shed its glory on the landscape, and the lowing cattle and the bleating flock gathered to the homestead, as if to share the quiet and the joy of the evening pastime. To-morrow there would be the gallows, the masked executioner, the hooting crowd, and the stern officials round him to vindicate the majesty of the law; but for one blessed night the prisoner has slept soundly, the more needful this to help him on the last journey he would ever take in this life—the journey from his cell to the drop.

Sleep comes to the relief of the "naughty boy" whose evening rations have been cut short, and who has been sent supperless to bed, to wait the developments of papa's anger in the morning; and the birch rod has been banished by the child's sleep from the visions of the night. Oh, blessed sleep, that ever it should be broken by sobs of grief, by heart-ache and anxiety, by the fever that burns the brain, or the wasting consumption that eats away manly or womanly vigour, is a consummation most devoutly not to be wished.

James slept; his moistened pillow did not prevent him. His sobs and self-reproach for the indiscretion he had committed did not prevent him; and he awoke in the morning, as we commonly all do, with a sweet feeling of happiness, for it is with sleep as it is with velvet, the soft feel of it does not wear away all at once, and James was for some time after his night's repose forgetful of the painful experiences which must crowd themselves into the day which

had just dawned upon him. His toilet was rather hurried, and his breakfast was taken with a nervous haste which warred greatly with the swallowing faculty—in short, his breakfast nearly choked him.

His landlady looked at him in her motherly way, spoke to him kindly, and advised him, whatever happened at the office that morning, when he encountered "Spicer and Co.," to tell the truth, keep his temper, and not answer again. Excellent advice this, which older folk than James sometimes need in the affairs of life, and which we reeerd for their advantage, if any of them should by chance read this story. To the office he went, and settled down to his work as usual, as if nothing had happened. Frank was not there, in fact the limbs of the law had laid hold of him, and he was where I hope none of my young readers will ever be—in the lock-up at the police station.

His employers came at the usual time—about one hour after James had gone to his work—to whom the head clerk reported Frank's absence. But as he knew nothing of the cause of this, for James had said nothing, Mr. Spicer summoned James into the inner room to ask about Frank.

"James," said Mr. Spicer, "do you know anything about Frank?"

For a moment James hesitated; but remembering the advice of his landlady to tell the truth, he related all that had happened on the previous evening, and the part which he had taken in the transaction. It is hardly possible to describe the feelings of Mr. Spicer when he heard what James had to say. He was evidently angry, and his first words expressed that anger in no very measured terms.

"So, then, James," he said, "you are a companion of thieves. By your own account you have consorted with them in their disreputable proceedings, and perhaps you are as guilty as any of them."

James's face flushed with passion at this taunt, and he was about to reply in a tone which, if it might indicate somewhat of a manly temper, would only add fuel to the fire, and remembering again the advice of his landlady "to keep his temper, and not answer again," he calmly but firmly said, "No, sir, I am not a companion of thieves. I never was, and I never will be; and I do not deserve such an imputation. I have acted imprudently in complying with the request of a young man whom I found in this office, and who I supposed had your confidence, and who I had no reason to suppose would lead me into anything that was wrong; but beyond that I have nothing to reproach myself with; and I hope you will not judge of me more unfavourably than the circumstances warrant."

Mr. Spicer felt that the appeal to his better feeling—that is, his sense of justice—was not unreasonable, and he merely added, "Well, it may be as you say, but the affair must be looked into."

You can go to your work, and I shall speak to you again in the course of the day." Thus the first burst of the storm blew over, and there was a lifting of the dark cloud which hung upon James's mind. He had told the truth, he had kept his temper, and he had not answered again, except in that respectful way which nobody could complain of. He could not be sure that his master would look over his indiscretion, but he felt that he had unburdened his mind, and that the worst, as far as he was concerned, was known to Mr. Spicer.

Scarcely had he resumed his place at his desk when an officer of the police (I call him an officer of the police for convenience, but in fact there was no police in our modern sense at that time) came into the office and inquired for Mr. Spicer. He was at once shown into Mr. Spicer's room, and as the result of a few words of conversation with him, the head clerk and James were also summoned to take part in the interview.

The officer was talking rather loudly to Mr. Spicer when James entered, and the purport of his remarks was this: "I am afraid, sir, you have a parcel of young scamps here who need looking after. I arrested one of your clerks last night, and I should not be surprised (looking aside at James) if there is not more to come of this affair than some people expect. Sad times, sir, are these; so many young people doing wrong that one is almost run off one's legs in looking after them."

"Well," said Mr. Spicer, "and what have you done with Frank? and what has he done that you have arrested him?"

"Done with him!" said the officer, "why he is in the lock-up, and he is accused along with the other young man, the one with stealing—some people call it embezzling—ever so much silk goods, French gloves, and valuable lace, from a shop in the Borough, and as far as I can see it will go pretty hardly with them both; but that is not what I came here for. Duplicates of a pawnshop where the stolen goods are disposed of have been found upon the person of Frank and the other young man; but there is one duplicate wanting, and it is suspected that this young man, James Faithful I think he is called, can tell something about it, and I came here to inquire."

Mr. Spicer said to James, "Do you know anything about this?"

James replied, "Certainly not. I have seen no duplicate of the kind, and know nothing about it. I have had no connection whatever with the affair further than I have explained to you."

"Then," said the officer, "I am afraid I must arrest you also, and you must go with me before the magistrate. Here is my authority for so doing," pulling out a summons from his pocket.

James felt, and so did Mr. Spicer, that the business was now becoming serious. Mr. Spicer was at first disposed to throw James overboard—to dismiss him at once from his situation, and let him

sink or swim as he could. But he felt an interest in James; he had seen nothing in his conduct so far to complain of, but much to commend, and as James was far from home and from his friends, more generous sentiments prevailed; and he determined to go with James to the magistrate's office and see the end of the business.

Reader, did you ever study the art of how to make or mar a man or a boy for ever? Are you acquainted with human nature, and have you studied how it works? There is a great deal of this throwing a boy or a man "overboard," and letting him sink or swim as he best can. We none of us like to be bothered, and so to avoid trouble, and not always from malignant dispositions, we readily assent to this process of throwing people overboard. It is a convenient process for the time, but it is not recommended by Christianity or by common sense. Thousands have been made haters of mankind and rebels against all social proprieties, by being thrown overboard at a time when a little kindness and sympathy would have stimulated better instincts and led to happier results. One of the accusations which ruined souls will cast in the teeth of some who will stand with them at the judgment bar will be, "You threw me overboard, when a kindly word and a generous, manly plea in my behalf would have saved me; and here we are, I who erred, and you who could have cured my error, but refused to do so from pride, from cowardice, from a callous disposition, or from malignity—here we are, and if I go down to perdition, you also will go with me to expiate guilt, less heinous than mine, and more respectable in its outer garb, but not less disastrous in its results." Yes, this comes of throwing people overboard, shutting up our bowels of compassion, and "caring nothing" for other men's souls.

Mr. Spicer was not one of those who readily throw men, and especially boys, overboard. He had a human heart in his breast, and he let its generous instincts prevail on this occasion. He went with James, the suspected but honest lad, and resolved to stand by him.

CHAPTER XV.

ABOUT A HAT.

THE business of appearing before the magistrate, as far as James and Mr. Spicer were concerned, was soon settled, but it was settled according to the usual formalities. James was taken into a room and searched for the missing duplicate, but none was to be found.

Tarrant and Company deposed that the goods produced in court were theirs, and the pawnbroker deposed that they had been pledged by George Underwood—Frank's companion, and one of the hopeful young gentlemen who formed "our club"—a shopman in the employ of Tarrant and Co. The duplicates had been found on the

person of Frank, except one which was missing, and which it was believed was in the possession of James Faithful.

As to Underwood the case was clear. He had embezzled these goods, part of them at one time and part at another, and he had raised money on them at the pawnbroker's, which, of course, had been spent at "our club." Frank, knowing that the goods had been stolen, had bought the duplicates found upon him from Underwood for a consideration, hoping to make a little profit out of the business, and so he became entangled in the transaction. But as to James nothing could be brought home to him. He had no duplicates, and no one could trace any connection between him and the stolen property.

The magistrate decided as to Underwood and Frank that they should be committed to the Old Bailey for trial at the next sessions. As to James, he said there was no evidence whatever to connect him with the robbery, and he must be discharged.

But just at this moment the officer stepped forward and said, "I have found the duplicate in James Faithful's hat, it was concealed under the leather lining."

If a thunderbolt had descended into the room at the moment it could not have produced greater consternation to James Faithful and Mr. Spicer than this declaration! As to Mr. Spicer, he began to doubt whether, after all, James was not deceiving him. He had taken up his hat, and was about to leave the room, when James said, "Mr. Spicer, do not go; I once more declare that I have told you the truth about this affair. I am utterly unconscious how that duplicate came into my hat, but I know this, I never placed it there, for I am entirely innocent in this business."

Now hats and umbrellas are very dangerous things. Your umbrella, especially if a very good one, is almost sure to go unless you look sharp after it. It goes even if you are at "meeting," where it is almost certain none but honest people are to be found, and the curious part of the thing is that you never get a better in its place; if you did, one might suppose that the change was accidental, or that some benevolent soul had made the change out of pure kindness: but invariably the better is taken and the worse left.

And so with hats. This present writer confesses that he has been wearing a hat for the last twelve months that is not his own. Some one took his, and left him the one he has been wearing; this, too, happened at "meeting," a very respectable meeting indeed, where it would be highly culpable to suppose there was any one present who was not honest. But in this case, as in the umbrella case, the better hat was taken, and the worse left, a thing for which he is sorry, because it leads to unpleasant reflections. No doubt it was a pure mistake, but the mistake resulted as has been stated. Therefore, in the interest of good morals, and good friendship, have your name legibly written in your hat, and your initials at least, on your umbrella.

In this instance James Faithful's destiny was in his hat. The magistrate directed that the hats of the accused should be brought before him, and all the three were examined.

James was asked to select his own, and on looking at them he took up the one in which the duplicate had been found, saying, "This is my hat." Underwood took up another, and said, "This is mine," and so for poor James it might be said—

"The darkness deepens."

He stood confounded before Mr. Spicer and the magistrate. He had owned the hat which contained the duplicate, and therefore it was inferred that he was as guilty as Frank, perhaps as guilty as Underwood.

But this was not to be the end of it. While they were engaged—not in this *phrenological*, but *hatological* study—a tall woman, with a peculiar look, sprung into the room, agitated and perspiring, and at once confronted the magistrate and James, who, if he was confounded before, now lost his self-command altogether, and burst into a flood of tears. "Oh, Miss Middleton!" said he, "that you should find me here; that I should stand before a magistrate accused of a crime and in *your* presence, next to my mother and my aunt, my best friend on earth. But I am innocent, Miss Middleton, and sooner or later my innocence will be shown."

It was Miss Middleton! She had come to London once again to see her brother, had called at Mr. Spicer's office, and heard there what had happened to James. She did not hesitate one moment as to what she should do. She hastened to the police-office, and arrived as has been stated.

Addressing the magistrate, she said, "I do not know, sir, the particulars of this case, but I know this, that this boy,"—pointing to James, whom she still called a boy, though now he was a young man—"has done nothing seriously wrong. I know he cannot be guilty of a mean, untruthful, or dishonest action; I have seen too much of him to have any doubt on that point."

"Who are you?" said the magistrate, "and where do you come from?"

Miss Middleton told the magistrate her name, and where she came from, explaining how she happened to be in London at the time, and how she happened to come to the office that day.

"But, James," she said, "you used to have a label inside your hat with your name and residence on it; have you none now?"

James at once seized the hat which was said to belong to Underwood, and turning the leather lining up, discovered the label to which Miss Middleton had called his attention, and which he had entirely forgotten. This decided the question. The truth was that in the hurry and confusion when the officers came to the club on the night already referred to, either Underwood had snatched up

James's hat, or James had taken Underwood's, at all events there had been a change, and as they were lined alike, and were exactly of the same size, the mistake had not been discovered by either of them.

James's fortunes brightened from this moment. Miss Middleton had come at the right moment, and spoken the right word. The magistrate said he was perfectly satisfied, Mr. Spicer himself smiled at the satisfaction he felt, Miss Middleton threw her arms round James's neck and kissed him, exclaiming, "My boy—my good and beloved boy! how glad I am that I happened to come to this place at this time, to help and to witness your deliverance!" And forgetting herself in her gladness, and almost relapsing into her old craze, she began her old song, "I'm the Lady of Grimside," which song may be seen in the first chapter of this story; but James instantly checked her and besought her to be silent.

The magistrate looked at her in amazement, and said, "Surely this woman is crazy, but whether or not, I feel it my duty to say to you, Mr. Spicer, that your clerk goes from this court without a stain on his character. I believe his story about his connection with this affair is true, and I wish every young man in this city were as conscientious and straightforward as he has shown himself to be this day. James, you are discharged; the other two young men must go to trial, as I have said."

The march homeward, or rather office-ward, was somewhat triumphal. Miss Middleton was unable to keep steady, and some boys who had heard the trial followed James down a part of the street, and their last words were, "Good luck to your hat, James! and don't put the wrong one on next time."

Miss Middleton parted with him at the office door, extorting from him the promise to come to see her at her brother's house after office hours, and tell the whole of these transactions, which had nearly ruined him for life.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE SCENES.

IV.—THE BRAVE PROPHET.

1 Kings xvii. 1—7.

I WISH to have a little talk with you now about the prophet Elijah. Who was Elijah? If you look at the first verse of this chapter you will see he is called "Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead." Gilead was an eastern province of Canaan, and belonged to the tribe of Gad. Tishbech, we are told, was a city in that part of the country, and this is really all that is known about the origin of this strange and wonderful man. If you ask—Who was his father?—which was his tribe? there is no answer. If you ask how he had been employed before he became

a prophet, and why he was specially chosen for the office, none can tell. Because we know so little of the origin of this good man some have even supposed that he had no human origin—that, indeed, he was an angel sent from heaven, and that he only assumed for a time the form of a man. But we do not suppose so, for God often fetches his servant from among the poor and unknown. There is, however, something singular about this prophet's name. Elijah means, "He is my God," so that you see his very name was in harmony with his mission. It was a witness for the true God. Suddenly appearing before the king and the people at a time when all alike had turned unto idols, and were shamefully serving them, Elijah by his name alone became a standing protest against the sins of the nation. He seems to have said to all, "You may choose what gods you please, but I will not follow you: there is only one God who should be worshipped, the real God and King of Israel, and *He* is my God!"

The first duty of Elijah as a prophet must have been a very painful one, for it was to condemn his own country to a long season of drought and famine. Before the children of Israel entered the land of promise, Moses warned them in the following words: "Take heed to yourselves, that your heart be not deceived, and ye turn aside, and serve other gods, and worship them, and then the Lord's wrath be kindled against you, and he shut up the heaven that there be no rain, and that the land yield not her fruit, and lest ye perish quickly from off the good land which the Lord giveth you." Had this warning been regarded, Elijah's sad mission would not have been required. What Moses had said was forgotten. The people had turned aside to other gods, and, which made things still worse, the men who should have been the first to have persuaded them from such an evil course, were really the first to lead them into it. However, as yet the punishment had not come. The rains came at the proper times, the flowers bloomed, the vineyards and oliveyards flourished, and the fields were full of corn. And some of the most wicked among the people said—"See how false the words of old Moses were! We have turned to other gods—gods whom it is easier for us to serve, and we are nothing the worse for it, the rains fall as regularly, and the crops are gathered as plentifully as before!" Oh, it is a fearful thing when men come to boast in their wickedness. But the Lord had not forgotten his threatening, he had only been waiting to see if they would repent. At last, when there was no hope left of such improvement, the Lord sent word to Elijah that he was to go direct to the king and tell him what was about to come; and so one day there might have been seen entering the city where the king's palace was, a stern, determined-looking man, in a very plain dress, dusty with travel, and having a stout staff in his hand, for he had come all the way from Gilead. As he enters the city no one takes any notice of him until he asks the way to

the king's palace, and then no doubt they wonder what he wants there. Soon Elijah comes to the gates of the palace and asks for the king.

"What do you want with the king?" is very likely the first question put to him. Perhaps at first he is denied admission. This plain, earnest man is not long, however, to be refused. He tells them his mission is urgent, and at last he is brought into the king's presence. He loses no time in making known his message. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word."

We cannot but feel very sorry for Elijah, that he should have to be the bearer of such bad news. We all like to carry good news, but we had rather leave the bad to tell itself. Elijah loved his country, and did not wish to see it suffer, and that he did not run away from his duty when it was so serious and difficult, showed what a faithful man he was. Elijah saw that, after all, the best thing to make his countrymen think of God was suffering. And therefore he tried to be obedient.

We are not told how King Ahab and his wicked counsellors received the prophet's message. It is very likely at first they only laughed at it. Perhaps they would say, "We have been worshipping idols a long time now, and yet the dew and rain have come as usual; we do not believe either in your God or yourself." But their boasting would not save them; it would only hasten the coming calamity. First, the dew is withheld. That copious supply of moisture which commonly falls at night does not come. The grass quickly loses its fresh green colour and becomes dry, brown, and shrivelled. The leaves hang sickly upon the trees and then wither away. The heat of the day, always great, is now much greater still, because there is no moisture to temper the atmosphere. The people already complain, but some say the heavy rains are due, and when they come all will be right again. But they do not come; both the dew and the rain are missing now, and the whole people and produce of the land are consumed by a burning thirst. Where is Elijah all this time? He is safe in the keeping of his God. Directed by his Master, he has left the busy city and found out a retired, secret spot, past which there flows a little brook, called Cherith.

As soon as the scarcity of water began to be felt, Ahab began to curse Elijah for it, as though he were the cause of all the country's misfortune. The king ordered that the prophet should be sought for, and when found, put to death. But Elijah had been serving God; God, therefore, took care of Elijah. You know how wonderfully this was done.

As long as the stream flowed he drank of that, and as for meat, the Lord said—"I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." What strange providers! And yet as surely as morning and evening come, they come too, bringing a sufficient supply for the good man's meal.

Elijah did his duty bravely. He dared to stand alone on the Lord's side, and hence, though he was obliged to leave his friends and go into a hiding-place, God blessed him there, and made him to see his goodness in a more striking manner than he had ever seen it before.

My reader, this little narrative teaches us that we must not shrink from duty when it is hard and painful. If the doing of this duty causes us to have to stand alone, we must still dare to do God's will. Not the body only of Elijah was fed and strengthened while he dwelt by the brook, but his spirit also. Indeed, this must have been the greatest benefit which came to him in his solitude. And if it be ever required of us to be singular in our witness for truth and goodness, let us not fear, for then we shall be specially fed with heavenly influence, and be made braver and better than ever we were before. J. C. S.

MONEY.

V.—ANCIENT ENGLISH COINS.

OUR last remarks on the coinage of this country referred to the time of Edward VI. It may interest some of our readers to know that during the reign of this king mention is first found of half-shillings or sixpences and of threepenny pieces. Silver crown pieces also were introduced about the same time, but they did not become common till the reign of Queen Mary. Previous to her marriage, Mary's coins bore her own bust on the obverse; but when she was married to Philip of Spain, he was complimented with the title of king, and the shillings and sixpences appeared with both their busts on, hers with the dress up to her chin, his with a stiff ruffle about his neck. They are face to face, and so close to each other that you are almost compelled to think they are about to kiss together. The position of the faces suggested to Butler the two lines—

“Still amorous and fond and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.”

Of Elizabeth's coins we will say no more than that during her reign a few copper and pewter coins appeared, but they were principally patterns. James I., being King of Scotland, had a thistle on each side of his coins to represent Scotland, and on the reverse the arms of England France, Scotland, and Ireland. The coinage of Charles I. was a very beautiful one. Those coins which were issued from the Oxford mint are the best, and they are the rarest; in 1824 a specimen of Charles's Oxford crown sold for £69, and a specimen of the penny for £9 15s. The high price of the crowns is accounted for by their scarcity and beauty; not more than three are known. They represent the king crowned, on horseback, in armour, a drawn sword in

his right hand, and a sash over the right shoulder, coming under his left arm, and with the ends flying behind. Beneath the horse, on the field of the coin, is a view of the city of Oxford with the word OXON above it. Some of the halfpennies of this king have a figure of St. Patrick in full robes, holding a shamrock leaf. Many coins called "siege pieces" were struck also to furnish funds for carrying on the wars in which Charles I. was engaged; he applied to his followers to let him have the use of their plate, and having received it, he gave orders for it to be broken into small pieces, and impressed with various stamps. The legend of the Order of the Garter appears on one of Charles's coins with the date 1645. Of Cromwell's coins you may form an opinion from the very distinct representation given here.



SHILLING OF THE PROTECTOR'S.

On the obverse may be observed a bust of the Protector, having on a Roman mantle, and the head adorned with laurel. On the reverse is a shield surmounted by a crown; in the first quarter is a St. George's cross, and again in the fourth, to represent England; in the second quarter is a St. Andrew's cross for Scotland, and a harp in the third for Ireland; the centre bears a lion rampant. In coming to the time of Charles II. we find the name guinea applied to twenty-shilling pieces. They were so called because made of gold brought from Guinea by the African Company. We meet also with the figure of Britannia which appears on his halfpennies and farthings. There was nothing remarkable in the coins of James II., while he was reigning in England, but after he came over from France to Ireland, for the purpose of regaining his power, his want of money with which to pay his Popish soldiers reduced him to the necessity of coining large quantities of brass and pewter. He gathered up all the old brass cannons, bells, kettles, pots, and pans, that he could find, and made them into coins which were passed for sixpences, shillings, and halfcrowns. The people received them because he promised that after a short time they should be recalled and full value allowed. Nearly four thousand pounds of this metal were coined into pieces made to represent more than a million and a half of money; but after the battle of the Boyne, in 1690, William III. issued a proclamation reducing these coins to

their real worth—the result was that persons who had in hand large sums of money, had to suffer a great loss, for the shillings and sixpences were valued at not more than a farthing each. The price of a horse at this time was £5 10s., an ox £3 6s., and a sheep 11s.

During the reign of William and Mary tin halfpence and farthings were struck with a piece of copper in the middle. Clipping the gold and silver money was carried on to an alarming extent, and many coins were made of base metal, and passed for pure silver. After the restoration of the coinage, a sermon was written on the subject by some person whose name is not known. He had for text Jer. vi. 30, "Reprobate silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them." The following extract may serve both to show the character of the sermon, and to suggest profitable thoughts. "See that you have the image of God instamped and



QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.

renewed upon your souls. When the coin was debased they melted down the money that had the right stamp, they corrupted it with the baser metals of brass and iron, and placed a counterfeit stamp upon it; this was our ruin at first. By the fall the image of God was lost and defaced, and a contrary image stamped upon the soul. There must be a restoring the king's image again; the debased coin must be broken with the hammer, melted with the fire, and made susceptible of a new stamp. How admirably doth this set forth the work of grace upon the heart! Thou must be broken by the hammer of the law, and melted down by the Gospel, and the Lord's image must be renewed on thy soul.*

Queen Anne's coinage was very neatly executed. Dean Swift made some proposals relative to the money in use which would have improved it much more if they had been carried out, but they were adopted no further than that a few pattern farthings and halfpence were struck. One of her halfpennies had a rose and thistle on the same stalk to signify the union of Scotland with England. When the union was effected, it was decided that the coin should be of the same standard and value throughout all the United Kingdom as it was at that time in England. Many people are in error about Queen Anne's farthings by supposing that there are only

* Ruding's Annals.

three in existence. So far from this there are six varieties; the most common kind being valued at from 6s to 14s. each, and the rarest from £5 to £12, just according to their state of preservation.

George I. placed on his coins the title of Defender of the Faith which had been conferred on Henry VIII., and added also his own German titles. Some of his copper coins are very small but thick, and are sometimes called by the comical name of "dumps." Towards the close of his reign great inconvenience was felt in Ireland owing to the scarcity of copper coins of small value, for the people were unable to buy ordinary articles of food for want of change. In order to meet this want, his successor, George II., ordered fifty tons of fine copper to be coined for Ireland, one-sixth in farthings, and five-sixths in halfpennies. The words *Dei Gratia* (by the Grace of God) were not impressed on these coins, so there appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1737, an epigram beginning:—

" No Christian kings that I can find,
However match'd, or odd,
Excepting ours, have ever coined
Without the *Grace of God*."

The standard of the coinage was much reduced when George III. ascended the throne, and various means were adopted for improving it. Much of the gold was diminished in weight, so it was decided that if a light gold coin should be tendered to any person in payment, he might break it in two and return it, so that the loss would be sustained by the one who offered it. This is the law at the present day, and if a light sovereign is taken to the Bank of England they just break it and return the pieces to the person who offers it. In the year 1797 a large recoinage of copper took place, and continued in use till 1860. Next month we shall have a little to say about the coins of the present century.

YORK IN OLD TIMES.—I.

THE England of to-day is very much what our fathers have made it. If we ask, for instance, "Why is it that we have so much more freedom than other nations?" many would say, "Because of our own conduct and policy;" but there is another answer, just as true: "Because there were others who loved freedom, fought, toiled, and bled for it, long before we were born. They laboured, and we enjoy the fruits of their labours." It is only natural that we should wish to know something about those to whom we owe so much. Viewed in this light, the history of our English towns is very interesting, and there are very few so rich as York in old remains and old associations: some of these I shall proceed to notice, taking good care to pass by various little matters interesting only to those who live in the place. Well might M. Taine think that there was a sort of Flemish quaintness about it. An old cathedral and a few old

churches are thought enough to set up an ordinary county town, in the way of antiquities; but York has very much more to boast of; in fact, a glance at its old remains might serve to convince the visitor that it has an important history of its own. When I add that for a long time it was the capital of northern England, and an important centre in the border wars; that it has passed through two great sieges; that in its neighbourhood were fought four of the greatest battles in English history; that in it courts and parliaments were held, kings crowned and married; that it gave birth to Guy Fawkes, and has made its influence felt even in modern times—we shall see at once how very much there is to be said about it. For the sake of easy reading and easy reference, I shall divide my remarks into sections, the first of which relates to

YORK UNDER THE ROMANS.

Is it not a strange thought that the ground on which many of our large towns stand was once covered with forests, as dense and wild as those of Canada and the United States, and that even in the Middle Ages forests were still found on the skirts of these towns, though many of the wild beasts may have been destroyed? We have reason to think that York was no exception to the general rule. About thirty years ago, when the workmen were digging the foundations of Centenary Chapel, in the heart of the city, they came across a number of old bones and stags' horns, showing that these animals had found shelter there at one time; while in the Middle Ages York was bordered by the forest of Galtres, so large, that the bells of one of the churches were tolled every evening, and a lantern lit in the tower of another, to prevent the traveller from losing his way. This was only a needful precaution, for woods really were woods in those days. Some tell us that the Britons cut down the trees and founded a settlement of their own: this is very likely, for, as Mr. Britton remarks, "the Romans seldom, if ever, chose for their place of residence or of government situations not previously occupied by the people of the country.*" However, as the British houses would be mere huts, we need not dwell very long on this point. The fact is, England has no cities whose age at all comes near that of some we read of in the Bible; and one reason was that its early inhabitants were so rude that they could not build anything worth calling a city.

We must come down to the times of the Romans, in order to find the first distinct traces of York as a city. They built one here, and christened it Eboracum. The exact date it is impossible to fix; but Mr. Britton* states that we do not read of Eboracum until nearly the end of the third century. As towns do not get written about until time enough has elapsed for them to grow into importance, we may assume that Eboracum was in existence by 250 A.D., and perhaps earlier. Very flourishing was the new city under the

* See his "History of York Minster."

sway of the Romans—this we should have known, even if historians had never written a line on the subject. The remains of Roman York are very considerable. In the Museum Gardens there is a ten-sided stone tower, which we know to be Roman, because of the legionary inscriptions on its walls. This tower formed the angle of the wall with which they surrounded the city, and whose course can, to a great extent, be still traced. Indeed, a great part of the existing walls are built on Roman foundations. Is it not a strange thought that when the York citizens resort to the ramparts as a favourite promenade they are treading on the very same spot where Roman sentinels once paced? Among the Roman antiquities dug up in York are jet ornaments, proving that this beautiful stone was in use even then.

Very few of us understand the great value of York to the Romans as a military station. Strange to say, the list of troops employed to garrison the great frontier wall of Adrian and Severus still exists: its date is about 403, towards the close of the Roman occupation. This list "illustrates some of the principles of their policy. Not a single native Italian was to be found on the fortifications. Europe, North and South Africa, and Asia were commissioned on this service. Elements that might have been in revolt at home, were here rejoicing in the Imperial name, and occupying the advanced post of danger, while the 6th Legion (Italian) lay in comparative security at York. The Roman sagacity prevented uniting, by not allowing contiguous stations" [along the wall] "to be occupied by the same nation. The legion at York was near enough to repulse an enemy, or to overawe would-be mutineers, should such precautions not avail. It has been calculated that the garrison of the wall would consist of about 12,000 men. These, however, would be supported, on an emergency, by about 6,000 men (the complement of a legion) from York, with whom some sort of telegraphic communication could be instantly obtained."* Dr. Stukeley well observes that by their wall the Romans only wished to guard against a surprise: of fighting in the open field they were never afraid. If it took 18,000 men, constantly on the watch, and these Roman soldiers, to keep down the Scotch tribes, they were not the contemptible foes many think; and hence some allowance must be made for the poor Britons after the Romans left.

Some say that York was the Roman capital of England; others, that London held this post of honour, and the latter urge that London was made the residence of the vicars-general of Britain under the emperors, and that no less than seven out of the fifteen roads made by the conquerors either began or ended there.† Be this as it may, it is certain that York then held a most important position, and was visited by many Roman emperors, who, whether for good or for evil, were all remarkable men. One of them was Adrian, who passed thirteen years in the visitation of his vast

* *Leisure Hour*, September, 1871.

† Routledge's "Guide to London."

empire, and in the course of it came over to Britain. He was followed by Severus, who felt that a second wall was needed along the frontier, and stayed in York while his soldiers built it. There he died, in 214 A.D., worn out with work, and grief at the unnatural conduct of his son and colleague Caracalla; and in the same city the latter first assumed the Imperial purple. Happily for mankind, he wore it only five years: "bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." Constantius died in York, 306 A.D., and here his legions, setting aside the laws of the Empire, proclaimed his son, Constantine, Emperor. This Constantine made Christianity the state religion, and yet was only baptized just before his death: probably he belonged to that large class of persons who approve of Christianity for others, and so far, will take pains to promote it, yet will not themselves submit to its restraints. Possibly, however, he had one excuse, which none of us can plead—a want of light. In his day truth was struggling with error, and light with darkness: men felt it hard to say which system was the better—the old heathenism or the new Christianity; and it is quite possible that Constantine did not accept the latter as altogether true, but only as far truer than its rival. If so, he would naturally shrink from the responsibility of baptism, and put it off as long as he could.

The Romans were idolators when they came to York. This is proved, not only by the altars which have been dug up, but by the fact that the remains of one heathen temple have been found on the site of the Minster, and those of another very near it. In time, however, heathenism gave place to Christianity, and in 314 the Bishop of York was one of the three English bishops who attended the Council of Arles, held for the purpose of condemning the errors of Arianism.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS IN YORK.

When the Romans left the island, the Britons were fairly advanced in civilization, and were generally Christians; but, unhappily, their Christianity seems to have been of a very low type,* and certainly shows to great disadvantage in their dealings with the Anglo-Saxons. They must have known their spiritual needs, yet I believe there is not a jot of evidence to show that they preached the Gospel to them, either on their arrival, or during the scores of years that elapsed before they completed the conquest of the country. The Anglo-Saxons had faith enough to preach Christ to the Danish invaders; and their efforts were not all in vain. Before long the Britons suffered fearfully for neglecting the claims of their neighbours. The war which the Anglo-Saxons waged against them was, as Mr. Freeman assures us, as nearly a war of extermination as any war can be.† As might have been expected from their position, the Britons in the north of England were among the first to feel the

* "Lives of Eminent Anglo-Saxons," Vol. I.

† See his Lecture at York.

blow. In a great battle fought near York, they were utterly overthrown, and York became the capital of the new pagan kingdom.

To a great extent the work of the missionary had to be done all over again, and Paulinus of Canterbury came to York on this errand. Romish writers ascribe his success to miracles; but there was really no miracle in the case: King Edwin had a Christian wife, who would naturally use her influence on the right side. Savage tribes are usually prone to follow their rulers in these matters, so we need not be surprised to hear that after Paulinus had won over Edwin and his sons, the rest of his work was easy. On one occasion he stopped at a place thirty-six days to baptize and teach the crowds of votaries who flocked to him for that purpose. This is said to have happened at the river Bowent; but many others were baptized in the Swale.* Really this reads like the doings of Xavier, the Jesuit missionary, in India.

Edwin and Christianity were, together, overthrown in Northumbria by the pagan King of Mercia, and for years York was left without a bishop. When next she received the Gospel it was from the hands, not of Romish missionaries, but of the Culdees, who were not of the Romish communion, and rejected many of its dogmas. The career of their founder, Columba, finely illustrates the truth of the couplet—

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!"

After a stormy youth, he gave his heart to God, served him well, and died in harness; and the spark of grace lit up in his heart was very far from dying with him. Retiring to Iona, he founded a famous monastery. This again sent forth many offshoots—Lindisfarne among the number; and, what was better still, his followers were simple, pious men, who proved themselves useful missionaries, both in Great Britain and on the Continent. In time, Culdee missionaries from Lindisfarne found their way to Northumbria, among them Chad, or Ceadaa, who in due time became Bishop of York, and discharged his duties in a most exemplary way. He was succeeded by the celebrated Wilfred, who, though educated at Lindisfarne, became the foremost supporter of the Papal authority in England: in fact, no one can fully understand the history of the Papacy who has not Wilfred's doings at his finger-ends. When he was raised to the see of York, King Egfrid, with the sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, proposed to carve out of it new sees. Wilfred resented this, and went to Rome to lay his appeal before the Pope. As may be easily imagined, the latter was not slow to espouse the cause of his dutiful disciple; but it was all in vain: that was not an age when Englishmen could be frightened out of their wits by the sight of a Bull from Rome. Wilfred tried again and again to enforce the Papal authority in England, but was stoutly resisted. He was thrown into prison on his return, deprived of his

* Britton's History of the Minster.

see for many years, and forced, in the end, to give up his opposition. Yet he had many redeeming qualities—one of which was a love for the fine arts. He found York Minster in a ruinous state, and repaired it at great cost. Among other things, he gloried in having so whitewashed it as to make it "whiter than snow." The reader may smile if he will at the idea of a costly stone building being thus treated; but Wilfred, after all, only followed the fashion of his age.*

York, during the Anglo-Saxon period, gave birth to at least one great man—the learned Alcuin. Though it was often in the hands of the Danes, and must have suffered greatly from their ravages, "it has been estimated, from materials in the Doomsday Book, that its population at the Norman conquest would amount to 10,000." Drake supposes that the suburbs contained an equal number of persons, and thus reckons the whole population at 20,000.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR BESIEGES YORK.

The pleasant village of Stamford Bridge lies seven miles from York, and has plenty of land around it, level enough for the movements of a great army. Here, in September, 1066, Harold defeated the Norwegian invaders, and by so doing raised the siege of York. As he lay there, wounded, he heard of the unexpected landing of William the Conqueror. By forced marches, he brought his troops to the south coast, fought the Normans at Hastings, and lost the day, owing very much to his own impetuosity.† Since York, so soon after, took a leading part against the Conqueror, it may seem strange that he should be crowned by its Saxon Archbishop; but Aldred certainly could not have foreseen what a cruel tyrant William would prove; and many of my readers know that after Edgar Atheling had shown himself incapable, a strong party among the Anglo-Saxons was willing to submit to William, if only he would swear to govern according to the Anglo-Saxon laws. He gave the promise required, and broke it at the first convenient opportunity—only too common a practice with our Norman kings.

Very soon the Norman yoke became so galling that the Anglo-Saxons resolved to shake it off; and then the same thing happened to them which had before happened to the Britons. By making a united effort, they might probably have driven the invader out of England; but they contented themselves with a series of local efforts, and so were crushed in detail. York was kept in subjection by two strong castles; but in 1069 a Danish army coming to the relief of the inhabitants, they fell together on the Norman garrison, wrested the city from their hands, and slew 3,000 of them. Boiling with rage, the Conqueror marched in hot haste northward, resolved to wreak his vengeance on York, which he deemed the greatest nest of rebellion in the country.‡ When he reached it, he

* *Builder*, Feb. 20, 1868.

† See the Religious Tract Society's History of England, and Messrs. Chambers's Tract on "The Norman Conquest."

‡ William of Malmesbury.

bought off the Danes, and at once laid siege to the city. He reduced it by famine, and then proceeded to treat it with great severity. He spared the lives of the leading men, on the payment of ruinous fines; but the city he razed to the ground, and laid waste all the country between it and Durham. For nine years neither plough nor spade was put into it. No wonder that Archbishop Aldred should curse William and his followers for their cruelty to the natives. Though the archbishop had hitherto been a friend to the Normans, the Governor of York, apparently by way of insolent bravado, seized on his provision wagons as they were passing through the gates, well knowing whose they were. If the second Church dignitary in the realm could be thus maltreated, what justice could Saxons of meaner rank expect from their conquerors?

It says much for the vitality of York that she should soon have recovered her prosperity. William of Malmesbury, in the twelfth century, attests her greatness and importance, in his time, and other facts point to the same conclusion. The large number of Jews who lived in the city in Richard I.'s time is perhaps one of the best proofs that she then enjoyed a thriving trade. The chroniclers of Richard II.'s reign state that no less than 11,000 of the inhabitants were destroyed in 1370 by the pestilence. Such statements are noteworthy, though they must be received with caution. The large number of churches then existing in the city also well deserves notice. The contest between York and Canterbury for ecclesiastical supremacy had begun in Saxon times, but seems to have been carried on, under the Normans, with more spirit than ever. Both parties appealed to the Pope, who in 1072 decided against York. She gave in at last, though with a very bad grace: indeed, just after the decision was given, two successive archbishops of York refused to submit to either Rome or Canterbury, until they were forced to do so.*

(To be concluded.)

JULIUS.

Editor's Table.

June 22nd, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please favour me with your opinion of the state of our bodies after death. Do we go to heaven or the other place immediately we die; or do we continue in a state of sleep until the judgment day? Your opinion in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige

A. C.

ANSWER.—Our Saviour said to the dying thief, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise," and this settles the question. We do not sleep till the resurrection; but if we die in the Lord, we are with him in paradise, a state of bliss, but not that fulness of

† Britton's "History of York Minster."

bliss which we shall enjoy when our glorified bodies are united with our spirits in the resurrection. And so with the wicked. The parable of the rich man and Lazarus teaches us that in hell the rich man lifted up his eyes, being in torments. In the one case we see an enjoyment of happiness, and in the other an experience of misery, while as yet the resurrection had not happened.

Newtownards, *June 19th, 1872.*

DEAR SIR,—I read in Proverbs xxxi. 6 and 7, "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." Sir, your opinion on the above will much oblige, yours truly,

J. C. U.

ANSWER.—Well, what opinion does our correspondent want us to give? Our opinion is that this is no *command* for us to "give strong drink to those that be of heavy hearts," but it simply means that this practice of taking strong drink was a vulgar practice. It was not fit for kings nor princes (see verses 4 and 5), but if it was excusable at all it could only be in a lower grade of life, or where there was sickness, or where a man was ready to perish. Many eminent physicians have affirmed that "strong drink" is not necessary for even these as a stimulant; but, certainly, very few of us are ready to perish, and if we were, a good mutton chop would be likely to do us more good than strong drink.

May 27th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—In St. John's Gospel v. 37, we read (speaking of the Father), "Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape." And in Luke iii. 22 we read, "And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved Son; in Thee I am well pleased." By explaining the above, you will oblige, yours truly,

J. D.

ANSWER.—It is true that those to whom the words of our Saviour, as recorded in John v. 37, were addressed had not seen the Father or heard his voice. But who were they? Jews; malignant persecuting Jews, who sought to slay the Saviour, and some of whom, or the like of them, did eventually crucify him. These are not the kind of persons to whom God shows himself or speaks. But the fact mentioned in Luke iii. 22 was a fact applicable to another class of persons, believing souls, who with Jesus were baptised, and on that occasion there was the manifestation referred to. Therefore, both passages are true and consistent with each other.

Burslem, *May 13th, 1872.*

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to inform me, through our JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, how I am to understand the fourth verse of the second chapter of Isaiah, which says, "And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn

war any, more?" And in Joel iii. 9,10 we read, "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles, Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near: let them come up: beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong." W. H.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to inform me whether the disciples were converted before the day of Pentecost. If not, what am I to understand by Luke x. 20?—"Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." An answer in your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—Our correspondent is to understand Isaiah ii. 4 as a prophecy or promise of what would happen when all people do as they are told to do in the 3rd and 5th verses of the same chapter. And he is to understand the 9th verse of the 3rd chapter of Joel as a command from God to rise up against the wicked ones, Tyre and Zidon, and all the coast of Palestine, who had taken God's silver and gold, and his goodly pleasant things, and had carried them into their heathen temples. There is no antagonism whatever between the two passages. They are both right and true, but of a very different class of circumstances. Read the whole verses in connection with each, and you will see that we have rightly interpreted them.

As to whether the disciples were converted before the Day of Pentecost, we answer that they were partly converted and partly not. On the day of Pentecost they received fuller manifestations of grace and knowledge than they ever had done before, and in that sense their conversion was more perfect and thorough than it was before.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

CANAL STREET, TIPTON.—On Sunday evening, Jan. 23rd, we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the chapel. Our esteemed brother, Wm. Hessey, presided. The report was read by Mr. James Evans. After which, addresses were given by our esteemed minister, the Rev. M. Barham, Messrs. Job Bissell, and Joseph Evans, all of which were very stirring. Pieces were given by Miss Hennings, and Masters George Halford, John and George Necklin, W. Foster, Samuel Hennings, H. Williams. The pieces were well recited, and the meeting throughout was very profitable and interesting. Collection in advance of last year.—Yours faithfully, W. F., Secretary.

SALEM SUNDAY-SCHOOL, BERRY BLOW, HUDDERSFIELD CIRCUIT.—DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in informing you that we held our first Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 14th, 1872. The attendance was very good, and the meeting was in every

way a complete success. The meeting was presided over by our young friend Joshua Heeley, and suitable addresses were delivered by our minister, the Rev. W. G. White, Messrs. Hamer Berry, Joe Heeley, Enoch Crossley, and Sam Pinder, all teachers in the school. A few pieces were also recited by the following scholars:—Haigh Littlewood, Tom Woodhouse, Willie Stocks, Ellen Crow, Emma Heeley, Sarah H. Ramsden, Lora Jessop, and Helena Brooke. Both the addresses and pieces were well rendered, and gave much satisfaction to the meeting. The collection at the close amounted to £1 10s. This is the first meeting of the kind ever held here, but we hope not the last. We intend to hold one every year, and we hope the collection next year will be double the amount. I trust this meeting has caused our friends to bring the Missionary cause more to their heart, and that next year, by God's blessing, we may have a more successful meeting.—I remain, yours affectionately, HENRY GLEDHILL, *Secretary*.

ST. DOMINGO SUNDAY-SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL CIRCUIT.—DEAR SIR,—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the school-room on Sunday afternoon, 5th May last. The meeting, which was largely attended, was presided over by our firm friend, Mr. H. Cuff. The report showed that £12 2s. 4d. had been raised, being a sum which compares favourably with the amount collected in the previous missionary year, when we take into consideration the fact that a portion of the time and energy of our young friends was temporarily absorbed in collecting towards the expense of erecting our new chapel. The meeting was addressed by our esteemed superintendent minister, Rev. John Hudston, and by Messrs. C. F. Lea and Stevens; and poetical pieces were recited by J. Stevens, S. Green, J. Bennett, and E. Helson. In the course of the afternoon appropriate hymns were sung by the scholars, with the assistance of the choir, under their able conductor, Mr. Broadbent. The meeting throughout was most interesting and instructive. The collection was larger than any of the previous collections made during the year. Our collectors are recommencing with renewed ardour, and are determined that the result of the next year's work shall surpass its predecessors'.

WM. APPLETON, *Secretary*.

MOUNT GILEAD SUNDAY-SCHOOL, ROCHDALE CIRCUIT.—DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in informing you that we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday, May 19th, 1872, in the above school, when one of our teachers, Mr. James Rhodes, occupied the chair. Interesting addresses were delivered by our esteemed superintendent, the Rev. T. W. Ridley, and Messrs. George Bolton, Thomas Parker, Thomas Holt, Stansfield Fletcher, John Howarth, William Hesford; and appropriate pieces were recited by Mathias Law, Thomas Welcome Cryer, Fanny Kershaw, Martha Parker, Ester Greenhalgh. The attendance was very good, better than for some years past, and the collection in excess of last year. May the God of Missions baptize us with his Spirit and fill our souls, both teachers and scholars, with a more earnest desire to help on his cause and establish his kingdom, is the prayer, of yours truly,

GEORGE BOLTON, *School Secretary*.

MOUNT PLEASANT SUNDAY-SCHOOL, GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—**DEAR SIR,**—I have much pleasure in informing you that we held our Juvenile Missionary Meeting on the afternoon of Sunday, March 24th, 1872. We had some very interesting addresses by our worthy superintendent (chairman), and Messrs. G. Hepple and J. Benwick. The subscriptions by cards and collection amounted to £2 18s. 10d.—Yours truly,
W. H. WOOD, *Secretary.*

BOSTON STREET (MANCHESTER SOUTH CIRCUIT).—We held our Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 7th, Mr. George Tetley in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. H. O. Crofts, D.D., Messrs. H. Southward and J. H. Redfern. We have raised during the past year £17 5s.—as follows:—In the Classes, £8 11s. 8d.; by the Scholars—Elizabeth Redfern, £1; Green Whitfield, 17s. 9d.; William Eaton, 17s. 7½d.; E. A. Tomlins, 13s. 5d.; Mary Jane Porter, 12s. 5d.; William Porter, 12s. 1d.; Henry Ogden, 7s. 6½d.; Alice Wright M'Dowell, 6s.; Thomas Edward Thornton, 5s. 7d.; W. H. Shaw, 4s. 2½d.; M. H. Higginbottom, 3s.; Mary E. Norbury, 2s. 9d.; Frederick Higginbottom, 1s. 10d.; Small Sum, 2s. 6½d.; Mr. Hawe's Box, 8s.; A Friend, 4s.; Collection, £1 15s.; being £2 5s. more than last year. JOHN JAMES MOSS, *Secretary.*

BLYTH.—We held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday afternoon, June 9th, 1872. Our resident minister presided, and gave the report. In the place of recitations and addresses, we had the "Sunday Scholars' Service of Sacred Song, illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress, with adapted connective Readings." The singing portion of the service was rendered by the Juvenile Choir, with the organ, and the aid of our respected leader, Mr. Cummings. The readings were given by boys belonging to the school, and so efficiently was the whole service rendered, that it was received with peculiar satisfaction. All present enjoyed it as a rare treat. The collection, and subscriptions, obtained by the young people, by their cards, amounted to more than double the sum obtained the year before.
J. O.

BRANDON COLLIERY, DURHAM CIRCUIT.—In the report of this society in the May number, the balance handed to the treasurer was stated to be £3 14s. 6d. It should have been £4 14s. 6d.

LOBBIMORE JUVENILE MISSIONS, LONDON FIRST CIRCUIT.—**DEAR SIR,**—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that we held our Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Monday, May 13th. The meeting was presided over by our esteemed friend, Mr. W. Gresham. After the reading of the report the elder scholars gave some very good recitations and dialogues, and our highly-esteemed minister, Rev. J. Hughes, gave a short address. It had been raining all day, yet the chapel was almost full, and altogether we had a very good meeting. The following is the financial statement for the year. Collected by Girls, 7s.; Boys, 5s. 11½d. Collected in School Classes—Infants' Class, 4s. 4½d.; Miss Jeary, 4s. 1½d.; Miss Jervis, 2s. 2½d.; Miss Seulsby, 3s. 1d.; Miss Jervis, 1s. 0½d.; Mr. Heaton, 10s. 8½d.; Mr. Craddock, 1s. 6d.; Mr. Stradling, 2s. 0½d.; Mr. Lane, 5s. 4½d.; Mr. Jenking, 3s. 6d.; Mr. Dunlop, 2s. 0½d.; Mr. Thrupp, 17s. 6½d.:

Mr. Sleman, £1 6s. 3d. Collected by Friends in Chapel, 17s. 10d.; Mr. Robinson's instalment, 2s. 9d.; Collection in School, 6s. 5½d.; Collection at Annual Meeting, 17s. 1½d.; Profit of programmes, 1s.; total, £7 18s. 9½d.; expenses, 7s.; total of year, £7 11s. 9½d., being an increase of £1 3s. 3½d. over last year. We hope by the help of God to double this next year.—I am, yours truly,

SAMUEL LANE, *Secretary*

BETHESDA SABBATH-SCHOOL, MELBOURNE ST., GATESHEAD.—I am happy to inform the friends of our Connexion that we held a Special Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Sunday, Nov. 26th, 1871, in the chapel. The chair was occupied by our esteemed friend, Mr. W. Rowland. Interesting and encouraging addresses were delivered by our respected and much-beloved minister, the Rev. Francis Jewell, and two of our senior teachers, Messrs. W. Gilles and J. Watson. During the meeting we had several hymns on the subject of Missions. At the close the collection was made, from which we realized the sum of 18s. 1d.—On Sunday, April 14th, 1872, we held our Juvenile Missionary Anniversary in the chapel likewise, which resulted in a great and grand success. It was so interesting that we cannot recollect having any like it in past years. The chair was nobly occupied by Joseph Bilton, Esq. After the chairman's remarks, the secretary's report was read, which showed an increase of 12s. 9d. by the scholars' collecting cards. Addresses were delivered by Mr. G. G. Davidson and Mr. G. Rule, two of our junior teachers, who made their first attempt in public, and interested us exceedingly; also by Mr. Gilles, one of our senior teachers, Mr. Thomas Wilson, our esteemed superintendent of the school, the Rev. Francis Jewell, superintendent of the circuit, and Mr. Matthew Geldard, one of our local brethren. The meeting was enlivened by several beautiful hymns practised for the occasion. Great credit is due to Mr. Robert J. Porteus, who took every care in training the children. Four of our junior female teachers and one of our male scholars favoured us with the following recitations:—"There is Room Enough for All," by Miss M. Bainbridge; "Seed Sowing," by Miss H. Bates; "The Coming Messiah," by Miss M. Watson; "An Appeal," by Miss F. Cornett; "Action," by Master Thomas Billcliffe. We had an anthem by the choir, entitled "Daughter of Zion." The collection was made, which amounted to £2 10s., an increase of £2 2s. above last year. On Wednesday evening, April 17th, 1872, in connection with the above, a dialogue, entitled "The Gospel Ship," composed by the Rev. F. Jewell, was given by three local preachers and six Sabbath-school teachers in the school-room, which was crowded to excess. At the conclusion, a collection was made—£3 4s. 5½d. Last year's proceeds Christmas-tree, £5; by Cards, 15s. 6d.; Collection, 9s.;—£6 4s. 6d. This year's proceeds, Special Collection, Nov. 26th, 1871, 18s. 1d.; by Cards, £1 18s. 3d.; Collection, £2 11s.; Gospel Ship Dialogue, £3 4s. 5½d.—£8 1s. 9½d.; expenses, 19s. 6d.; total amount, £7 2s. 3½d., an increase of 17s. 9½d. over last year. May the blessing of the Triune God rest upon us in this glorious work.—I remain, your faithful servant in Christ,

JOHN WATSON.

Memoir.

JAMES HENRY CLAYTON, OF BLACKBURN.

As very frequently the loveliest flowers fade the soonest, so often the loveliest child in a family is the first to sicken and die. This fact has had a striking illustration recently in the death of one of our Sabbath scholars, James Henry, the beloved and youngest child of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Clayton. Our young friend was born at Blackburn, August 27, 1866. As early as he could walk he was sent to our Sabbath-school, where he was soon noticed as possessing remarkable intelligence and aptitude for the acquirement of knowledge. He loved his school, and evinced it by the constancy and punctuality of his attendance, he being there every Sabbath (without illness prevented at the time of opening. His behaviour at school was most exemplary, and would have done credit to those much older than himself. He listened with deep attention to the instructions of his teacher, and frequently when he came home from school he would tell his parents a great deal of what his teacher had been saying to him. Though so young he wished to be doing something to promote the welfare of God's cause, for on several occasions he recited, to the pleasure of all who heard him, Scripture and other pieces, and was also very active and successful in collecting for our Juvenile Missionary Society. A few months prior to his death he recited that beautiful hymn commencing—

“ I am a little soldier,
Only six years old;
I mean to fight for Jesus,
And wear a crown of gold.”

Little did any of us think, when we heard him, that he would so soon stand as a little soldier among the army of heaven, and wear a crown of gold. It is somewhat remarkable that James Henry, a week or two before his death, talked a great deal about heaven, although at that time he was in perfect health. Especially on the Sabbath previous did he converse about spiritual things. After returning from chapel in the morning, he expressed himself as being much pleased with the anecdotes with which Mr. Franks' sermon was illustrated (Mr. Franks being our preacher that day). One anecdote in particular took his attention, and riveted itself upon his mind. It was respecting a little girl, who was a Christian, but who had such an ungodly father, that he turned her away from home on account of her attachment to Christ. He told it to his father and mother with that simplicity which only a child can, how the little child told her father of her trust in Christ, and said, “When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.” In the afternoon of the same day Mr. Franks took tea at Mr. Clayton's, and in the course of a conversation he had with him asked him if he knew Jesus, and he replied, “Yes, I do.” Mr. Franks also inquired of him if he would like to go to heaven; he said, “Oh yes; because around the throne of God in heaven thousands of children

stand." On the following morning he was rather unwell, but his parents thought it was but a slight cold. On the Tuesday, being much worse, it was deemed advisable to call in medical aid. The doctor, on seeing him, announced that he was suffering from a dreadful attack of croup, and that there were very faint hopes of his recovery. He rapidly became worse, and after three days of great suffering, which he bore with the greatest patience, no murmur escaping his lips, his happy spirit passed away, on Thursday morning, October 26, 1871, to that clime where the inhabitants never say they are sick, and where all sorrow and crying and death are for ever done away. He had not only no fear of death, but was anxious to depart and be with Christ. We have no doubt but that the instructions of the Sabbath-school had affected his young and tender heart and led him to the Saviour. The writer preached a sermon, by way of improving his death, to a large and deeply attentive con-

gregation, on Sabbath evening, November 5, 1871. May his sorrowing parents be so comforted under their bereavement as to be able to say, in the language of the poet,—

"I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?"

I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;—

"Where Love has put off in the land of its birth
The storms it has gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdens the earth,
Lies asleep in the bosom of bliss.

"I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul;
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor the heart be flung back from its goal.

"I know thou dost drink of the river that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That gives unto memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret."

W. M.

BLACKBURN, July, 1872.

Our Children's Portion.

GOD'S WAY BEST.

"Dare not set thy God a time;
Murmur not at His delay;
Calmly for His coming wait;
Leave, oh! leave it all to Him."

A YOUNG lady a few years ago met with a great trouble; she had, as it were, marked out for herself her own future. God, in his all-wise Providence, had seen fit to interpose, and by his own hand had turned the whole current of her life. The blow fell suddenly. For a time she felt as one in a dream. Only a few

short weeks before she was the gayest of the gay; everything around her seemed so bright and fair; now the poor girl's earthly hopes appeared blighted—all was dark, desolate, and dreary; not one ray of light or hope penetrated the poor torn, broken heart, for in this trouble she could not recognise her Father's loving hand. In this frame of mind one Sabbath morn she wended her way to the house of God, little caring either for God or his house, wishing only that

she could lay down her heavy load and rest. As she approached the sanctuary sweet notes of music fell upon her ear. Just as she opened the door the minister (a sincere, earnest man of God) gave out, in deep, thrilling tones, the following verse:—

“Dare not set thy God a time;
Murmur not at His delay;
Calmly for His coming wait;
Leave, oh! leave it all to Him.”

The congregation knelt down to pray, and amid that throng of worshippers one poor broken heart sought with tears the help of Him who has promised never to leave nor forsake us. She saw herself a poor helpless worm; but not beneath her Father's notice. She saw that she had mourned because the God who loved her so well had changed, for his own wise purpose, the

future of her life. Oh! how earnestly she prayed for strength to leave it all with him. The prayer was heard and answered—she left that house of God changed; oh, so changed! She now looked forward with hope, full of trust in her heavenly Friend; she knew that all must be well since she had a Father's arm to lean upon. Since then some years have passed away. The young lady still lives. She often looks back upon that time of trial, but never without a feeling of thankfulness and gratitude to her Saviour for guiding and leading her when she was too helpless and too weak to guide herself. That dark cloud proved her greatest blessing; she now sees that God was too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.

T. E. T.

Poetry.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SUNFLOWER.

FROM AN ITALIAN POET.

To the sunflower one day
A shepherd the following words did say:—
“Why dost thou, O sunflower—tell me, I pray—
Always turn thy face to the bearer of day?”

To the shepherd the flower this answer then gave:
“When I look to the sun,
But my duty I've done,
For through him alone I sprung from the grave
Of the soil, and through him my growth I have won.
He gave me of leaves my nice green dress;
He painted so gloriously my flower;
In abort, I owe, I have to confess,
Life and beauty to his enlivening power.

“And thou, O shepherd, from me canst learn
Thy duty towards the Lord thy God:
*Do thou always turn
Thy heart toward God,
And always to Him thy thoughts uplift,
From whom thou hast life and every good gift.*”

J. B.



RETURN OF THE ARK.

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XVI.

GOING ABROAD.

THE trouble into which James was plunged by the occurrences mentioned in the last chapters of this story had passed away. The culprits, Frank and Underwood, had been dealt with "according to law." Underwood was committed for two years, with hard labour; but Frank, as the lesser criminal, escaped with a slighter doom. He was, however, not restored to his place at Spicer and Co.'s. James had lost for the moment the confidence, or at least had excited the suspicions of his employers, but his candour and truthfulness triumphed in the end, and the dark cloud which at one time seemed likely to settle on his prospects for life was dissipated in the way stated, and the result was that he rose rather than fell in the estimation of Spicer and Co., and was promoted in the office for his integrity. Three years had passed, and now James was a man—he had ceased to be a boy—and was called upon to perform the duties of a man in his situation.

One morning Mr. Spicer called him into his office and said, "James, I want you to go to Jamaica, to look after our business there, and you will probably have to stay for some years. Your salary will be raised and your expenses paid, and I hope the situation will suit you and you it. Would you like to go?"

James answered, as any one would who loved England and his friends, that he would rather stay where he was; but if his mother and friends would consent he would go and try it, with the understanding that if the climate and other circumstances did not suit, his situation at home should be open to him on his return.

Now "three removes are as bad as a fire," and one remove from home to cross the ocean, to break up all existing arrangements, to stay away some years and then to come back to resume a place which it requires you to elbow somebody out that you may get into, is as bad as nine removes, and therefore of three fires. It is most mortifying to know how soon people learn to do without us; how easily things go on, even when we are not there; and how difficult it is to regain a place and position once abandoned, though

from never such commendable motives. It is all very well to see strange countries, and get our minds thus enlarged; all very well to go and colonize in the lands of the sugar-cane and banana-tree; all very well to zoologize where snakes are as thick as a stove-pipe and a dozen feet long; but it should be all done in a month, so that you may be home again before any one has time to become warm in your seat. You should eat your pine-apples, your sweet potatoes, and your melons, so as not to destroy your taste for your roast beef or plum pudding, or it may turn out that you will have to eat these things all the days of your life, which may or may not be a pleasant and profitable operation, according to circumstances. "Going abroad" is a serious business, and requires consideration.

But when we have to go, and have decided to go, the best plan is to go with as little fuss as possible and no more crying than can be helped, for the conditions of human life are not so varied but we may live and be happy anywhere. No place on earth is heaven, and none is purgatory; and it is fortunate that mankind can adapt themselves to any class of circumstances better than any other creature. He can be a tailor, a shoemaker, and a cook, and with these three qualifications he can go anywhere and be reasonably happy.

Now James had to go, and he had to prepare for going. He had to visit Grimside, to take leave of his mother, his aunt, and his other friends. Miss Middleton vowed he should not go; his mother and aunt objected, but thought it might be for the best; and as for James himself he was in that passive state which assents to what is not exactly agreeable, but seems to come up in the way of duty, and must on that account be submitted to. Ann Selby spoke to him on his spiritual concerns, reminding him that it was now time to become a decided Christian, and arm himself against those insidious temptations which he would be sure to meet with in the country to which he was going; all which advice James thankfully and respectfully received, assuring his kind monitor that he had already thought much on this subject, and that from the time of his trouble at "our club" he saw that it was necessary at once to take a decided course in reference to religion, if he meant to escape the snares of sin, and that he had done so in the fear of God, and hoped ever to abide by his resolution.

Concluding his visits to his friends he returned to London, and on the appointed day took ship for Jamaica. How he fared on the ocean I need not tell. It is the old story over again—sickness and suffering for a while, and then exuberant health and appetite and a keen sense of enjoyment. But scarcely any one in those times, ere steamers were invented, was otherwise than glad when the voyage was over. At least so it was with James, for when he set his foot on the landing-place at Kingston he felt that a tedious journey was ended, which after the first two weeks had become monotonous and uninteresting.

So there he is now in a new world!—in the West Indies, where Nature is so bountiful, the climate so mild; no snow, no frost; intense heat, and abundant moisture; where growth is rapid, and the productions of the earth so abundant that comparatively little labour is needed to raise a subsistence; but where also there are yellow fever, and fever of every kind; tremendous hurricanes, and thunder and lightning enough to shake the foundations of the island; and where there is that interesting creature—the negro—without whom, black as he is, the world would not have been filled up, or some of its labours performed. No doubt he is a man, and has affections, and powers of mind, but why so black? Surely it is not pretty, and one could wish it had been otherwise. Is it the mark of Cain, or the punishment for the sin of Ham? Is it climate, is it food, or both together? At all events, there he was—the negro!—hundreds of them, thousands of them, among whom James was destined to spend some years of his future life.

“Massa, be you Mr. Faithful?” said a son of Africa, almost as soon as James had set his foot upon the landing-place, “’cause if you be, I am sent to carry your luggage and show you our place.”

“Yes,” said James, “my name is Faithful, and I am come on the business of Spicer and Co. Are you one of their people?”

“Yes, massa, I be one,” said the negro boy, “and Aunt Augusta, she be another. We live at the house up yonder,” pointing to a nice cottage, with a veranda almost hiding the cottage from view, like most of the villas on the rising ground above Kingston. “Aunt A.,” said Jako, for that was the negro boy’s name, “has put everything in nice order for you at the house, and I am to take you to your new home. And massa,” said Jako, “you be good to Aunt A. and me, won’t you, and not beat us as massa Peter did, who came before you and died of the yellow fever because he was bad man.”

“Died of the yellow fever, did he?” said James; “is that complaint common about here, and do you think I shall have it? Have you had it, or Aunt A., as you call her?”

“No, massa, me never had it, nor Aunt A., but you see we lives too high up for it; it only comes to the low parts of the city, and then ’spectable people flees to the hills out of the way, and they don’t have it, or soon get cured of it if they have it. But, massa, most all who have it bad, drink rum, and I believe that is the cause of many bad cases. Do you drink rum, massa? Bad thing, massa; bad thing. Me drink coffee, massa; berry good thing coffee, and we grows plenty of it, besides sugar, on massa Spicer’s place. You will see ever so many nigger people at the plantation, all as black as I am.”

Such was the conversation with which Jako entertained his new master, while showing him the way, and carrying his portmanteau to the house he was to inhabit. Everything, as he climbed

the rising ground to the house, was striking. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, and even the grass were all different from what he had left behind him in England. Everything was tropical. Everything showed what heat and moisture could do with vegetation; beautiful after its fashion everything was; but the warm, moist atmosphere was relaxing, and the smell from stagnant water wherever found, too clearly indicated that there was "death in the pot" for all who were not strong and mindful of the precautions which white men had been taught by experience to practise against the nuisance almost everywhere to be found.

But now the two had arrived at the house. It was as like an Eastern bungalow as might be. The house proper was inclosed in a veranda projecting eight or ten feet from the house-walls all round, and this veranda was supported by posts resting on a platform raised about three feet from the ground, and one roof covered both the house and the veranda. A row of steps faced the front door by which the top of the veranda platform and also the level of the house-floor was reached; the whole building was shaded by trees and small shrubs commonly planted round the dwellings of the better class, and the lawn and garden showed care and taste, and also, to a great extent, that "money was no object" with those who had built the house and planned its surroundings. The house was attached to the plantation or sugar farm owned by Spicer and Co. Slave labour was employed all over the island, and on this particular estate as well. So that James Faithful became a "slave-driver," or manager of a sugar and coffee plantation—an odious office as it was generally exercised and regarded, but capable, as we shall see, of amelioration by humane and Christian management.

Aunt Augusta stood at the door to receive her new master on his arrival. She had all the self-importance, the bustling activity, the cheerfulness, kindliness, and talkativeness which so many other "aunts" of her race have shown when exalted to a position of command. She was a slave like the rest, but she held a confidential position, and assumed a few airs which were very natural and pardonable in her position.

"Welcome, massa," she said to James on first seeing him; "sure you must be tired and wearied with such a tossing as you have had upon the sea; but come in, and everything shall be done to make you comfortable; whereupon she showed him the house, took him to his bed-room, introduced him even to the kitchen, and to her dark-coloured maidens who were assisting her in her domestic duties, all the while filling up the time with a volubility which allowed him no chance of remark, and evincing so complete and overflowing a degree of happiness and self-complacency as was amusing enough to James to see.

Some people are happy at all times, and if a negro has little light outside there is seldom lacking a light and joyousness within.

Perhaps there is no happier race in the world, or one on whom sorrow makes so slight an impression. The red man is seldom seen to laugh. He seems always meditating, generally he is moody, seldom excited, except in the war-dance. He walks softly, and never with the firm step of the European. His voice is shrill—that of the women has the tone of a girl. When they sing it is always in the plaintive tone, as if some hidden sorrow oppressed them, and they were afraid or unwilling to speak out. Not so with the negro. He is deep-voiced, can sing well, and ring out the tone of his voice so that thousands can hear him when he is disposed to declaim. In religious duties it is doubtful whether the body or the soul is the more affected. He cannot, when under religious excitement, sit or stand still. The arms and the feet are as much moved as his inner soul, and the movement in a religious meeting is that of a waltz rather than a sober meditative service. Is it of Divine purpose that it should be so, as a compensation for the cruel wrongs which the African race has suffered during the long centuries of cruel oppression which that much-enduring race has suffered at the hands of the white man? No race has been so long and so cruelly enslaved; yet no race has brought out of its depths of suffering and degradation so much hilarity, so much humour, and such a genuine child-like capacity of enjoyment as this race has.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEW DUTIES.

On the morning after his arrival James had to attend to his new duties, the first of which was to see that his luggage was taken out of the ship and transferred to his residence. Then he had to go to the business office, to see how things were going on there. Here he met the gentleman who had been in charge since the death of Peter, whom the yellow fever had cut off, and then to ride to the plantation, to see about the field hands who were at work, and to arrange for a due oversight of their operations.

James knew what sugar was, and did not dislike it. He knew also what coffee was, and arrowroot, and pimento, and all the other products of a plantation. All these he had bought and sold for years, but his business was now to produce them. Any one can sell and buy, but to manufacture the articles sold and bought is a different matter. Moreover, it is more than most men can do, both to make and sell. The manufacturer is not always a good merchant, and, on the other hand, the merchant seldom knows how to manufacture. One thing at a time is as much as most of us can do, unless we have a disposition to become "Jack-of-all-trades," with the consequence attached to be "master of none."

Jako accompanied his master to the plantation, and when he arrived there such a sight met his eye as he had never seen before.

Fifty to one hundred field hands were at work—most of them men, but some were women and children. The overseer was there also, with the usual and, perhaps at that time, necessary qualities of the overseer, for, be it observed, slavery was not yet abolished. The African slave trade had been abolished and made piracy by an Act passed in the year 1807, but slavery was not abolished—it still existed in the West India colonies, and was in full blast on this particular plantation which James had to manage.

What did this imply? It implied that James should come into constant contact with a system which in his soul he abhorred. He had heard and read of slavery—through the agencies of the Anti-slavery Societies, but he had had no very definite idea what it was in reality until he saw it with his own eyes. He had no conception whatever of its hidden abominations till he learnt what they were in actual experience, and he had been but a few weeks in his new situation before he felt that there was but one of two courses open to him—either to harden his soul to meet the demands of the case, or to throw up his situation in sheer disgust.

There are some things which it ought not to be possible for a man to do—some things to do which no money could bribe him, and no prospects of worldly advantage could induce him to look at for a single moment. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that one-half the money that is got in the world is got through means which no Christian and no true man can sanction. It looks grand to see its fruits—in the splendour and indulgence which money can purchase—and it feels chilly when men who have it not compare their condition with that of those who have it. But let us look to the bottom of the question, and we know assuredly that much of that splendour and indulgence has been purchased by the destruction of whatsoever is true and real in human nature—by means, in fact, which no Christian and no true man could have adopted.

The money got out of slavery, black or white slavery, is of this kind. It is the fruit of robbery, of oppression, of cold-blooded cruelty, and it never can come to good. What good did slavery do the United States? Have they not paid for the monstrous wrong over and over again—in blood and treasure—in wars we are all acquainted with? What good did it ever do England or her colonies? It ruined nearly all the planters individually—besides costing the nation twenty millions of pounds. No law of God can be broken with impunity. Verily there is a God that reigneth in the earth. We have the sons of Ishmael in the earth to-day, plaguing us in many ways—the consequence of slavery. Nations strong in power, advanced in art, skilful in politics, renowned in war, and eminent in literature, have been convulsed and overthrown as the result of this diabolical institution, directly or indirectly; and thus it is that, without our knowing or seeing it, justice has been asserting its claims, and then a convulsion has come

which has astonished all men, and made them wonder that they had been so blind.

James Faithful had not been many months in his new situation before he saw and found that he must sooner or later break with this institution at any cost, and be the consequences what they might. But principle sacrifices nothing by the exercise of due patience in carrying it out. One wrong does not justify another, and as he had been sent at considerable expense to do a certain work for his employers, who had put confidence in him, and had entrusted their property and interests to his management, he resolved to do his best to answer the expectations formed of him, and how it ended will appear in our following chapters.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE SCENES.

V.—THE ARK RESTORED.

1 Samuel vi.

THE most wonderful piece of furniture in the Tabernacle was the Ark. It was made of the most costly material. No ordinary wood was to be used in its construction. It was to be made of shittim wood. This, we are told, was probably either the finest sort of cedar, or the *Acacia Nilotica*, a wood which was solid, light, and very beautiful. This wood was overlaid with gold within and without. The staves by which it was carried were of gold; so also was the lid, which was called the mercy-seat. At each end of the mercy-seat was placed the figure of an angel, and these again were made of gold. The cleverest man in the whole company of the Israelites, Bezaleel, was chosen to make the ark; so that it was not only of the best material, but of the best workmanship as well. The very best place in the Tabernacle was set apart to keep it in. It was never allowed to stand outside in the court, or to be left in the holy place. There was only one place in the whole Tabernacle fit to receive it, and that was the holiest of all.

When the children of Israel were on the march the ark was always put in the place of honour in the procession, and was carried by the Levites, who were specially chosen by God for the work. Then, again, this ark was used for a very important purpose—namely, to contain the two tables of the law, a pot of the manna with which the Israelites had been miraculously fed in the wilderness, and also Aaron's wonderful rod. The great reason, however, of the reverence which was given to the ark was the fact that over the mercy-seat there shone a miraculous light, the *shekinah*, which was the symbol of Jehovah's presence, the visible token of his invisible rule. This ark was, indeed, no other than the throne of God to the Israelites. From its mercy-seat their great God and King issued his decrees and made known his favours; there sins were confessed, and there they were forgiven.

Happy had it been for Israel if the true use of that ark had ever been remembered! But it was not. About the time that Samuel was preparing for his great work his countrymen had fallen into sad forgetfulness of the true God. Being engaged in war with their old enemies the Philistines, and finding themselves defeated, some one suggested that they should send for the ark, which had long lain neglected at Shiloh. They did send for it, and as it came into the camp "all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again." But they might have omitted that shout. In remembering the ark, they had still forgotten the God who made it his place of meeting with them. They now ascribed to it a sort of magical power; believing that in the mere wood and gold there would be a charm sufficient to enable them to conquer their enemies. They soon found out what a terrible mistake they had made. When they came into conflict again they were put to slaughter by thousands, and the ark itself fell into the hands of their enemies. How those Philistines would glory when they found themselves possessed of such a prize! They knew it to be the most sacred treasure of the Israelites, so now that it had fallen into their hands it was their turn to send up a loud triumphant huzzah! After many a battle, had they not succeeded at last in stripping Israel of her greatest glory, and in bringing her down to the very dust? Whose is the most mighty God now? Is it Jehovah, or is it Dagon? But stay, ye boasting Philistines. If God chooses to humble his children he does not, therefore, favour their enemies. The glory is taken from them for a while, but it is not given unto you. They, to their shame, have forgotten to honour the mercy-seat, but ye shall not degrade it. Ah! Listen! What is the meaning of this wail of woe from Ashdod? They have tried to profane the ark by carrying it into their idol temple. They have placed it before their idol, and perhaps have said, "See, Dagon, we have won this for you, by your help!" But, behold! Dagon falls in the presence of the ark, a shattered heap of rubbish! Moreover, the people of the city are smitten with fearful sores. At last they say, "The ark of the God of Israel shall not abide with us: for his hand is sore upon us, and upon Dagon our God." So they send it to Gath, until it is the cause of like calamities there, and then, still anxious to keep it, they send it to Ekron. Wherever it goes, however, it brings dire affliction upon the people. No, no, ye idolatrous Philistines, Israel is brought low, but ye shall not be exalted! So after detaining the ark for seven months they call together a council to see what shall be done with it. Many would very much like to keep it; besides, there are some who do not quite believe that these calamities have been caused by their possessing it. At length they decide to do this. A new cart shall be made, and two kine yoked to the cart that have never been in harness before; the ark to be put upon the cart along with some offerings of gold, and then the kine shall be sent off by themselves.

If they take the direct road to Israel, they will know it was the presence of the ark which caused their sufferings; if not, then they will decide that these sufferings came by accident, and of course they will keep the ark still for themselves. So the cart is made, and the kine are yoked. They are started off, and away they go, as though they were quite aware of the sacredness of their burden, and knew exactly where to take it. After many a dusty mile of travelling they cross the border between the Philistines' land and Israel. It is harvest-time, and Joshua's men at Bethshemesh are busy reaping the wheat in the valley. One looks up and sees the cart without a driver, and wonders as the kine come lowing along. Why, what is it? And they throw down their sickles and go and see. But the kine turn into the very field they are reaping, and the shout goes up, "It's the ark! it's the ark! Hurrah! hurrah!" Most heartily did they rejoice to see the ark again. They thought the greatest glory of the Tabernacle had gone for ever. But now, as the ark had come back, perhaps they believed God's favour would come back too. And those proud Philistines! Why, the thing they rejoiced in the most had become the means of their greatest humiliation. How they must have felt it, to have had to send back that prize again, and offerings of gold along with it! But they did what was wisest and best. They confessed their wrong and made restitution, and no doubt their afflictions ceased at once. When we have taken a wrong step the best way is to retrace it as soon as possible, no matter how humiliating such a course may be. Very likely pride said to these Philistines, "You have got the ark, Israel's greatest treasure; you keep it, however much it may cost you." But, heathen though they were, they had more wisdom than to do so. Let us learn a lesson, then, even of these poor idolators—namely, this, never for the sake of foolish pride to persevere in doing a wrong thing.

TOM BROWN ON PROVERBS.—VI.

"ALL that glitters is not gold." This is perhaps one of the oldest of English proverbs. How old we cannot exactly say, but Chaucer, the father of English poetry, who lived about five hundred years ago, quotes it as being a proverb in his time. In his curious old English style, he says—

"All thing, which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told."

About fifty years later we find it quoted thus by Lydgate, "All is not golde that outward shewith bright;" and fifty years later still, Edmund Spenser uses it in another form—"Gold all is not that doth golden seem." About three hundred years ago Shakespeare quotes it in a form but slightly different from the proverb of to-day; he says—"All that glisters is not gold;" and Middleton,

a dramatist, who lived about ten years after him, says—"All is not gold that glisteneth." Later still it was quoted by George Herbert, as "All is not gold that glisters, and by the poet Dryden, in the form at the head of this paper, "All that glitters is not gold."

Surely a proverb that has been in use for upwards of five centuries, and has been thought worthy of quotation by the great poets I have mentioned, must give expression to some broad general truth, and that too in a singularly happy manner. As it was a common proverb centuries ago, so it is to-day, for we frequently hear it quoted as a warning to those who are inclined to be too easily enchanted by false appearances of worth.

"All that glitters is not gold." It is easy to test the literal truth of this proverb. We have only to walk through the streets of our towns, and look round us for objects that glitter. Perhaps the first thing we shall notice is a golden lion, set up by some hotel-keeper as a sign. Of course, the youngest of my readers would know that, however the "lion" may shine and glitter in the sunlight, he is only a plaster image gilded over, and that there is no gold about him. Next you may see three bright shining globes, hanging over a dingy suspicious-looking shop, that is crammed with articles of almost every description, each packet having a label attached to it. Of course, every one knows that, however wealthy the pawnbroker may be—and he doubtless gets a large profit out of his wretched customers—he is far too careful of his money to hang balls of real gold over his shop door. Again, you pass a church, and on looking up to the dizzy height of its spire, you see a glittering weathercock, which shows the direction of the wind; yet, no matter how benevolent or wealthy the founder of the church may be, you never for a moment imagine that the weathercock, which reflects the sun's rays so brilliantly, is made of gold—you know it is only gilded over. Or suppose you step into a cheap jeweller's shop, and ask to be shown a variety of ornaments. Perhaps you select two articles which are of about the same size, and are beautifully modelled and engraved in a very similar way. If you inquire the price, the shopman will perhaps astonish you, by saying that he would require as many sovereigns for the one article, as he would shillings for the other. What is the reason? Just this: one is gold, while the other is a clever imitation. I have no doubt you frequently meet men, whom you know to be in anything but good circumstances, wearing splendid watch-chains which, if made of real gold, would be worth at least fifteen to twenty guineas. Of course, you know their glittering chains must be shams.

Perhaps there never was a time when there was such a demand for shams of all kinds. Common brick houses are nowadays tumbled together, and then covered over with cement so as to appear like stone; furniture is made of cheap wood, overlaid with

thin shavings of walnut, rosewood, or mahogany; almost everything is painted or varnished to look like something better. But of all shams the most common, the most vulgar, and perhaps the most contemptible, is the wearing of imitation jewellery. Thousands of people are constantly employed in the workshops of London and Birmingham, in the manufacture of these cheap trinkets. The latter town is proverbially famous for these productions, and the term "Brummagem" is known throughout the British dominions as designating clever shams and base imitations. So cunningly are these deceptions managed, that it requires a very practised eye to distinguish the true from the false. Even gold itself has various degrees of purity. Pure gold is rarely seen, except by refiners and goldsmiths. It would be far too soft to wear as ornaments, and if made into coins would only last a few years. As this is the case, various metals are mixed with it, to give it sufficient hardness to enable it to wear without serious loss. But of course these metals—which are called "alloys"—make the gold less valuable, so, in order to protect the public from fraud, articles made of gold are generally stamped with a number, to show how much "alloy" has been used in them. Pure gold is represented by the number 24; so if a brooch or ring is stamped 12, it denotes that 12 parts of it are pure gold, and the remainder "alloy;" or in other words, that it is just half pure. In the same way, if an article is stamped 18, it would be three quarters pure gold and one quarter "alloy." It is very rare that articles are made of purer gold than this, as even this quality wears away very quickly.

But the proverb must not be confined to its literal meaning, and, in order to see its wider application, we will look at some of the qualities of gold.

First, then, gold is valuable and desirable—so valuable, that only the wealthy can have much of it in their possession, and they keep it locked up in iron safes and strong rooms;—so desirable, that most people are working, struggling, and jostling each other, to get a share of it;—so prizable, that thousands have left comfortable homes and kind friends, and have endured fearful hardships at the gold-diggings in distant lands, so that they might secure some of this glittering metal. Gold has what is called an intrinsic value—that is, it is valuable in itself. Of course any material becomes valuable when labour and skill have been expended on it. Thus a bit of iron may be worked, tempered, drawn out into the mainspring of a watch, and it would then be worth several hundred times its former value. But if the spring were snapped, it would not be worth a farthing. On the other hand, if an ornament of gold were hammered into a thousand pieces, it would still be valuable, though of course not so much so as when it possessed the additional value of the workmanship spent in its adornment.

Now, taking gold as the emblem of whatever is really valuable and desirable, we shall find that just as "all that glitters is not gold," so all that appears worth striving for is not really so. There are many things which to youth appear much more valuable than they are. The young look at life through a rose-coloured mist, which gives very disproportioned ideas of the relative worth of the different objects in view. Wealth perhaps appears most valuable; and yet, whatever else it may purchase, it cannot secure either happiness or contentment—in fact, it is often a strong enemy of both, driving them from the heart. Then there are worthless things which assume the shape of what is really valuable. Love and friendship are among the most valuable things this life affords, and a true friend should be valued above rubies. But all who profess to be our friends are not really so; there are more shams than real ones. It serves their selfish purposes to seem our friends, and so they gild themselves over with compliments, fond words, and flattery, and we perhaps think what good friends we have secured. The gilt wears well for a time, but if misfortunes befall us, the joltings and roughnesses of poverty or calumny soon rub it away, and we then find out of what base material they are made. Young people have many false friends who profess a great regard for them, and offer to teach them the ways of the world, to counsel their inexperience, and to guard their interests. Very careful should the young be in whom they trust, especially if they have no parents or friends, whose affection and duty will prompt them to watch over them.

Secondly, gold is beautiful. It is always beautiful. It is beautiful when, as in the gold-fields of Australia, its shining veins are seen running through the quartz rock; beautiful, when its myriad grains are seen glistening in the sand of some dried watercourse in California; and beautiful when, amidst the mud and rubbish that is being washed, the digger knows his toil rewarded, by the gleam of a precious nugget. It is beautiful when, after being refined, it comes into the pure metallic state; and still more beautiful is it, when it has been modelled and engraved by the skilful goldsmith into forms of elegance and exquisite beauty. But "all that glitters is not gold," and so all that seems beautiful is not so, if looked at closely. And, oh! what alluring shapes does sin take in these days, in order to ensnare its victims. Look at the gigantic establishments for the sale of intoxicating drinks. What palaces of crystal they are; with their brilliant lustres, their numerous gas-jets, their gilded ornaments, and their splendid fittings. Beautiful indeed they appear, but who does not know that they are like whited sepulchres, full of all sorts of uncleanness! The young are often led by the attractions of spacious saloons, beautiful pictures, and delightful music to the gambling-house, and other dens of vice, where they learn too late the ugliness and deformities of vices which are thus gilded over.

And then gold is the emblem of purity and goodness. If we wish to designate anything as exceedingly good or pure, we say—"As good as gold" or "As pure as gold." But as "all is not gold that doth golden seem," so many things appear good which are not really so. Many people make a profession of religion, because it is respectable, and helps them in their business by inducing others to trade with them. Others are very lavish with their wealth, not out of love to their fellow-men, but because they like to hear their benevolence spoken of. Thus it may be that the receivers of such a man's bounty would laud his goodness to the skies, while his real motive was mere self-glorification. But it is no business of ours to judge the motives which influence others. It is sufficient for us to see what our own real motives are, and to guard against gilding a selfish motive so as to make it look noble and good.

Now, in conclusion, I want you to acquire a habit of looking beneath the surface of things. The world is full of shams. Every golden principle or virtue has its gilded counterfeit, and it must ever be your aim to find out the true, the pure, and the noble. But do not imagine you will find this easy to do. Do not think you will be always able to choose out the right path for yourself; for if you do, you are almost certain to be led astray by your self-confidence. Just as it needs an experienced eye to distinguish between pure gold and its imitations, so it requires some knowledge of the world to know true from false principles, and to distinguish between noble and selfish motives. Knowing that "things are not what they seem," seek counsel of older heads in all important undertakings, and you will be far less likely to be deceived by the glitter of false pretences.

A SPRING HOLIDAY IN BRITTANY.—No. III.

You have all read Washington Irving's wonderful story of Rip Van Winkle. How that worthy old American Dutchman went to sleep one day in the woods of the Kaatskill Mountains, and dreamt all manner of strange things, and woke up twenty years after, thinking he had only slept a few hours. And how he found the world about him so changed that he did not know it, nor was he known by it. When he went to sleep George III. was king, but while he slept the great American Revolution took place, and General Washington made his name a household word through the States, by breaking the last bonds that bound them to the Old World, and declaring his country free to go its own way and do its own work. And when Rip Van Winkle woke up again and found new towns, fresh people, and another state of society, he thought he was somewhere far away from home, and when he saw his own beard a foot long, he declared he was not Rip Van

Winkle at all, but somebody else. Thus the world marches on, and never asks or cares who sleeps.

So sleeps Dinan. And perhaps it is well; for if it should happen to wake up some day and stretch itself, it will straightway tumble to pieces. A quiet, dreamy, little city, well out of the glare and noise of the Babel-tongued world beyond. A city of other days, with its grey walls, turreted for sentinels, and towered for garrisons, with pointed archways from which the gates have long gone. A city of many sears and innumerable stories—

"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery."

And to-day, as for centuries past, it sleeps on, like a grim old warrior, by the sunny hillside of the winding Rance, until it shall unfold again its dark and daring history before another judgment than ours, when perhaps more shall be told on behalf of those old times of chivalry and feudal strife than human history has dreamt of. The world has been bad enough, but it was never Godless.

Meantime, we of this day wander through the quaint old streets, and enjoy glimpses of much very primitive life. Here is a long, narrow street, from the city gate right on to the river, and all the way down a goodly stream of water flows along—not the side, but the middle, where the pavement is hollow as a river bed. This is convenient in many ways. By its side women kneel down and wash their clothes, and if any good lady prefers to do her washing in her own room, four or five storeys high—well, how she may get the water up I don't know, but for the simple matter of getting it down, she has merely to open her window and pour it out. A very happy sanitary arrangement this, which we met with in many French towns—convenient enough for the lodger in the garret, but for the traveller on the pavement, why, I suppose these things are salutary in France, and serve to keep men watchful. Any way, it was to us a severe discipline of vigilance, and gave opportunity for devout thanks in various escapes from submersion. It is generally safest to keep well under the side of the houses, and carry an umbrella.

Quite in keeping with these primitive arrangements are the simple and quiet pursuits of the poorer people. Between Dinan and Manchester are about as many years of industrial progression as there are leagues of distance. It would be like going back a hundred years in time for one to leave the great factories of Lancashire, with their gigantic spinning machineries, and watch awhile the peasant women of Brittany do the same work. For here at Dinan are little groups of girls and old women, sitting in the spring sunshine at the cottage doors, with distaffs tucked under their arms, and while they dreamily gossip or sing, twist

the flaxen threads between thumb and finger, and spin them out on a wooden wheel by their side. And from some inner room of the house may be heard the click-clack of the hand-loom where the weaving is going on, and coarse cloth made for family purposes, or the distant market of Rouen.

In the centre of Dinan is a fine open street or square called the Place Duguesclin, with a statue of that famous and favourite hero. It was here the lists were measured out and fixed for the knightly tournaments of the Middle Ages, and here just five hundred years ago Duguesclin challenged and fought an English knight, Thomas of Canterbury, for treacherously violating the truce of 1359. Indeed, Brittany is full of memorials of this warrior, whose name was a watchword and battle-cry with the French in his day. Of him, Hallam the historian says—"France was restored by the policy of Charles V. and the valour of Duguesclin. This hero, a Briton gentleman without fortune or exterior graces, was the greatest ornament of France during that age." And in the church of St. Sauveur, at Dinan, we saw a black slab bearing the device of a double-headed eagle, and an inscription that the heart of Bertrand Duguesclin was buried there, and his body laid with the kings of France in the royal tombs of St. Denis.

It was with sincere regret that we passed on and left Dinan behind. For again we had mounted a Briton diligence, and set our faces eastward for Caulnes, a village some ten miles away, whence we were bound by rail to Rennes. If our way to Dinan had been through much waste and moorland, we had now a change in the better-cultivated and well-wooded country over which we travelled. It was just one of those sunny spring mornings, when the air is rich and balmy with the first warm breath of approaching summer, and the founts of life are deeply moved in all the varied forms of Nature. Already the broad meadow lands were verdant with the bright new grass and dappled with white daisy patches, like flecks of light through heavy foliage; while the always welcome spring flowers, violet and primrose and wild hyacinth, teemed in luxuriance upon the hedge sides or in the wooded coverts. And here and there to brighten the landscape were large fields of yellow-flowered colza. On the lowlands, tall elm trees stood up straight as poplars, and always planted with precision in long lines, so that it would be quite possible to drive a carriage through a large plantation, and turn which way you would without fear of any hindrance from branch or root. As yet the elms were bare, save where they were clustered with huge bunches of mistletoe, even in the topmost branches, giving each group of trees the appearance of a rookery full of great nests. In all the corn and potato fields were planted rows of apple-trees, some twenty or thirty feet apart, each tree bearing mistletoe, and at this time perfectly radiant with white and pink blossom, so that the country presented the aspect of a wide-spread orchard. Of

course all this is as profitable to the farmers as it is beautiful. The fruit is crushed in the cider mills; this mistletoe, mysteriously self-cultivated under favourable conditions, is sent to London and Paris, and used—ah, well, you all know how. Long may it grow, not to be cut with the Druids' golden knife, for worship, as of old, but to be pressed into the sunny service of Christmas tide, just as every god of darker times and lands must bow before our one blessed Lord, who maketh all things to praise Him. Well, it was a glorious morning, with its testimonies of a "happy" God, making our hearts glad, and surely recalling the teaching of the Master of all Life: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

In due time we were far from all this rural quietude and beauty, and on our way by train to Rennes. French trains are much like those at home, save that if one should be in a hurry, it might be as well to walk or hire a carriage. The journey of fifty miles was slow enough, but being, of course, most excellent company, we did not allow it to be wearisome.

Rennes at last! the capital of Brittany, with its large and bustling station, and the usual accompaniments of porters and carmen and cosmopolites. Should you like me to describe Manchester or Leeds station to you? Not by any means. Then I shall say no more of this one at Rennes. And, indeed, I cannot say very much of interest concerning the city itself. It is large, straight, and square, and well-to-do and fashionable, and generally about as like to many other cities I could mention, as one pea is like another. There is very little individuality about it. You walk down one long street with boulevards on either side, and then turn down another street, ditto. The river Ille, at its confluence with the Villaine, runs through the city, embanked with solid masonry and broad paved promenades. The first bridge is of one span, light and graceful, faultless to a fault; the second bridge is ditto; the third is like the other two; and so on. The shops are large and fine, and I felt it a great relief to find they were not all devoted to any one trade. Any way, they had each a different number or sign, for which I felt properly thankful. However, Rennes has many very fine churches and public buildings. The Cathedral, though blocked up with buildings almost all round the outside, so that it cannot be viewed to advantage, is very splendid inside. The architecture is, strangely enough, Grecian, instead of Gothic or Norman, and truly the chancel, with its altar-ornaments and paintings, is as gorgeous as we may conceive the temples of Corinth to have been when Paul preached. The altar-piece is, if I remember rightly, a painting of the Transfiguration—a marvellous conception before which we doubt not many a devotee has bent in silent adoration. Very imposing are all these paintings, and seductive to a mere sensuous worship. It

is impossible for any man reverently to enter a place like this without feelings of awe; and yet it is just here the danger lies of an enchantment by the things that are seen, while in the soul are forgotten the things unseen and eternal. It was doubtless from the knowledge of this that Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." But the French people will bear more than an incidental comparison with the men of ancient Corinth. The same passionate love of beauty and grace of form; the same buoyancy of spirit and sanguine philosophy of life; the same quick wit and sparkling genius of scholarship; the same devotion to sensual joy is seen in both. And, withal, there is the same sentimental religion hand in hand with a deeply-rooted superstition. Of them some future poet may write as Faber has done of the older race—

"The sunny wisdom of the Greeks
All o'er the earth is strowed;
On every dark and awful place,
Rude hill and haunted wood,
The beautiful, bright people left
A name of omen good."

But truly, to our Protestant eyes, the Cathedral at Rennes makes a fine picture gallery, and so far as the shrines in the side chapels are concerned, with their glass cases and wax figures, and dried-up bones and various relics, we may call it an interesting museum; otherwise it is a very splendid church. The Palais de Justice, the old Parliament House of the States of Brittany, with its great courts and famous "Salle de pas perdue," was duly visited by us, and many other "lions" of the city, which I will not attempt to describe to you. Are they not all written in the guide books, with full detail in resplendent colouring, as if they were every one to be sold by auction at once, to pay the war indemnity?

Rennes after all was a very pleasant place to us, for here we met with friends, and saw something of French home-life, and bore away with memories of such generous kindness and unselfish care for our comfort, as shall make this bright and stately Briton city ever a pleasurable memory in our minds.

And now came the time for our return. By train to St. Malo, a little seaport, with massive fortifications and considerable shipping importance on this coast, was not a very long journey. Here my time was short, for inexorable duty called me home. On the very evening of my arrival I had to leave my friends to follow at their leisure. At eight o'clock that night I was aboard a trading cutter, dropping down with the tide out of the harbour, and spreading her sails to a fair south-west wind that should bear us steadily home. As I sat on deck all through a most lovely night, it was no unpleasant meditation to retrace all the steps of my little tour, and give full way to the manifold suggestions made by new scenes and new people. I had looked on no scene fairer

than England can give in hundreds of places; had seen no face of man or woman more brave or beautiful than may be found in any English street; and saw nought to make me love my home or church the less. Yet it had been a real holiday in every good way—to make the body stronger, and exercise more pleasing; to make the heart lighter with its burdens, and broader in its sympathies; to lead the mind nearer to the Giver of all good. And now, gentle reader, may God give you many such bright days in all the spring tides to come.

T. ADDYMAN.

Guernsey, 1872.

MONEY.

VI.—MODERN ENGLISH COINS.

WE will begin with the coins of highest value, the sovereign and half-sovereign. These are not the only gold coins which are current at the present time; the five-pound and two-pound pieces are still among the lawful coins of the realm, but as there is no demand for them, they have almost ceased to circulate, and no coins of higher value than the sovereign have been struck for general use during the reign of Queen Victoria. First, then, what does the sovereign consist of? It consists of what was formerly known as "crown gold," so called because in the time of Charles II. it was the quality of gold of which crown pieces were made. It is not quite pure gold, for one-twelfth part of it consists of some other metal; it is therefore said to be twenty-two carats fine. This will need a little explanation. The purity of gold is not estimated by the weights commonly used in this country, but by an Abyssinian weight called a carat. The carat is a bean which grows on an Abyssinian tree called Kuara: it is used as a weight for gold and diamonds. When gold is quite pure it is said to be twenty-four carats fine, but when mixed with other metals, the quantity of pure gold is estimated by a reduced number of carats. In the time of Henry III. coins were made of pure gold, but Henry VIII. put into his coins one-sixth part of some common metal: this difference is expressed by saying that Henry III. issued coins that were twenty-four carats fine, and Henry VIII. issued coins that were twenty carats fine. The gold coins now issued from the Mint consist of twenty-two parts fine gold and two parts copper. This is called standard gold, and is known as twenty-two carats fine.

If a sovereign of the present reign be examined, there will be seen on the obverse the Queen's head, the date, and the words, "Victoria Dei Gratia." Just on the slope, at the lower part of the neck, there is the letter W twice, to signify the name of the designer, William Wyon. Unless you look very carefully at the coin, you will not be able to see these letters, for they are very small. On the reverse, there is a continuation of the legend by the words, "Britanniarum Regina Fid. Def." In the centre there is a shield surmounted by a crown, and bearing the arms of England, Scotland,

and Ireland, quarterly. Outside the shield is a wreath formed of two olive branches tied together at the bottom by a riband, and beneath the riband is a representation of the rose, thistle, and shamrock. During the last two years an alteration has been made in this style; the sovereigns now issued have the date on the reverse, and instead of the shield a design of St. George and the Dragon, like those coined in 1820. The amount of gold coin now circulating in the United Kingdom is estimated at about eighty millions, and it is supposed that about thirty millions of sovereigns are circulating in foreign countries. The length of time during which a sovereign retains its legal weight is found to be about eighteen years; half-sovereigns are found to fall beneath the weight in about ten years, so that if a sovereign bears a date of more than eighteen years ago, it is likely that it is a light coin. Light gold coins are purchased by the Bank of England at the rate of £3 17s. 9d. per



SHILLING OF GEORGE I.

ounce. Last year there were struck at the Royal Mint nearly nine millions of sovereigns and more than two millions of half sovereigns, but this was nearly four times as many as were struck the year before. The average is about five millions. Surely we ought to be very thankful to God for giving us such commercial prosperity that these large sums of money are required to carry on the trade of the country.

We turn now to the silver coinage. Here again the metal is not quite pure, for the present standard of fineness for silver coin is eleven ounces two pennyweights of silver, and eighteen pennyweights of some other metal. This is an old standard, and dates back to the time of the Saxons. The silver coins of highest value are the crown and half-crown. Of these none will be found bearing a later date than 1851, for since that year their issue has been suspended, and their place is now being taken by the florin or two-shilling piece, which was introduced in 1849. The name of the florin is derived from an ancient gold coin called a florence, because originally struck at Florence. The style of the two-shilling piece differs in several particulars from that of all our other coins. One variation is found in the Gothic treatment of the inscription, and another in the arrangement of the Royal coat of arms, which closely resembles that of George I.

It is worthy of remark that two different designs of florins are in circulation at present, namely, the original florins issued before the year 1852, from which the letters "D. G.," following the Queen's name, were accidentally omitted, and the later ones, on which the error is corrected.

Of the shilling and sixpence we need not say much. There are several varieties of design; the old ones, issued in the time of George IV., have on the reverse a lion crowned, and underneath you may see the rose, thistle, and shamrock. The more modern ones bear a wreath formed by branches of olive and oak tied together at bottom.

The groat, or fourpenny piece, is the oldest coin now in use, for it can be traced back to the time of Henry III. But its days are numbered, for no fourpenny pieces have been issued for ordinary use during the last sixteen years, and as they are being gradually withdrawn, we may expect soon to see the last of them. Their place is being supplied by the little threepenny pieces, from which at present we find it difficult to distinguish them. During the year 1871, there were struck at the Mint nearly three and a half million florins, nearly five million shillings, more than three and a half million sixpences, and over a million threepences. With the exception of the threepences, these numbers greatly exceed those of 1870.

Our present bronze coinage came into use just twelve years ago. It is made of mixed metal containing ninety-five per cent. of copper, four per cent. of tin, and one per cent. of zinc. You will understand this when I say that if the workmen at the Mint wished to make as many pennies as would weigh one hundred ounces, they would put into a furnace ninety-five ounces of copper, four ounces of tin, and one ounce of zinc, and melt it till it was all mixed together. The pennies, halfpennies, and farthings are all made of this mixed metal, and as the inscriptions and figures are the same in all, they differ from each other in nothing but size, weight, and name. Perhaps you have not noticed that on the drapery covering the Queen's shoulder there is a representation of the rose, thistle, and shamrock; you will find it on the half-penny and farthing as distinctly as on the penny. The bronze coinage struck at the Mint last year amounted to a million and a quarter pennies, and over a million halfpennies, which is greatly below the average. No farthings have been coined for the last two years.

Perhaps some of our readers have heard of "Maundy money," and wondered what it is. We will try to tell you. You will remember reading in the Gospel of St. John that our Saviour, on the day before his crucifixion, washed the feet of his disciples. In the early ages of the Church this was regarded as an example of humility to be strictly followed, and it became a custom for men in high positions to lay aside their dignity on the day before Good Friday, and perform acts of humility in imitation of Christ. Kings and

bishops stooped to wash the feet of poor men. After the ceremony of washing the feet was over, food was distributed in baskets or maunds, which led to the name of "*Maunday Thursday*." We read that in the year 1530, Cardinal Wolsey at Peterborough made "his maund in our Ladies' chapel, having fifty-nine poor men whose feet he washed and kissed, and after he had wiped them he gave to every of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvas to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings." The King of England used to have as many poor men brought to him as he was years old, that he might wash their feet, and give them clothing, meat, and money. When Queen Elizabeth performed the ceremony, the feet were first washed by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, then she marked them with the sign of a cross and kissed them. James II. was the last English king to go through the work, for William III. left the washing to his almoners, and this continued to be the practice for a long time. Now the washing is done away with, and instead of provisions more money is given. Each year there is a special coinage of Maunday money to be given away on Maunday Thursday; it consists of 4,158 fourpences, 4,752 twopences, and 7,920 pence, all silver, and amounting in value to £141 18s. per year. The fourpenny pieces are slightly different in design from the groats in general use, but they are rarely seen out of London, except in the cabinets of those who store them up.

Editor's Table.

Oakenshaw, by Willington, Durham, June 3rd, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly favour me, in your next issue of the *JUVENILE*, with your opinion on Judges xi. 30—40, where Jephthah is described in "vowing a vow unto the Lord," and "doing according to his vow?" Did he actually kill his daughter and offer her as a burnt offering? If so, how does this harmonise with the law as taught in Deut. xii. 30, 31; and also with the sixth commandment (Exod. xx. 13)? Your reply, sir, will oblige the members of the Oakenshaw M.I.C., and yours sincerely, J. R.

ANSWER.—We don't believe that Jephthah did kill his daughter, we don't believe he "vowed" to do anything of the kind. He vowed that "whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering." Now, suppose a dog had met him, to offer that dog a burnt offering to the Lord would have been an abomination, and the same may be said of the killing of his daughter and offering her as a burnt offering to the Lord. The vow meant that the

thing offered should be fit to be offered as a burnt offering, but if not so offered, then to be consecrated to the Lord, and this is what we believe was done; that is, Jephtha's daughter was consecrated to the Lord, or, as we should say in our day, made a nun of. See the whole of Dr. Clarke's note on this passage, with whose sentiments we agree.

Cobridge, May 22nd, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—In St. John xx. 23, I find the following passage—viz., “Whoso soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.” This was spoken by our blessed Lord to his disciples just before his ascension into heaven. Your opinion on this subject, in your next Magazine, would greatly oblige, yours very truly,
W. BAILEY.

ANSWER.—Doubtless these words were spoken by our Lord, and so were the words preceding, in the 22nd verse, “he breathed on them and saith, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.” Persons thus endowed had spiritual discernment—they could judge of character, they could decide righteously. When they judged a man guilty, the strong probabilities were that he was guilty; and when they decided that he was innocent, it was almost certain he was. But as to the absolutely forgiving sins, no one but God can forgive sins, neither bishop, cardinal, nor pope, nor even the apostles themselves. God never delegated this power to man, and it is only a Popish delusion to believe it. A good thing to make money by, as we knew, but an infamous pretension.

Pendleton, July 12th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—You would greatly oblige by trying to explain through the medium of your JUVENILE the meaning of “godly sorrow” and “repentance,” spoken of in 2 Cor. 7—10. Yours truly,

A SCHOLAR AT BETHESDA SCHOOL.

ANSWER.—We understand a godly sorrow to be a sorrow for having sinned or done wrong, which humbles the heart, and leads to repentance and amendment; but if in this we are in error, we are open to correction and conviction.

Pennett Sunday School, August 13th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—You would oblige me very much if you would answer this question. Where did the ravens have the food from to feed Elijah with? Yours truly,
HERBERT BIRD.

ANSWER.—It is not revealed, and we do not know.

These are all the questions on our list. If there are further difficulties to be explained, we are waiting to receive them. We have used up all our material.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

STAMFORD STREET, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—The annual juvenile missionary meeting in connection with the above school was held in the Mechanics' Institution, Ashton, on Sunday afternoon, May 19th. The hall was crowded, and from the commencement to the close the proceedings of the meeting were most enthusiastic. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Joseph Lipping, presided. Mr. J. A. Armitage, the secretary, read the report. Interesting addresses were given by our superintendent, the Rev. H. T. Marshall; the Rev. W. B. Hodge, from China; Mr. H. Steele, of Sheffield; and appropriate pieces were recited by Mary Fildes, Emma Stones, Arthur Mills, J. W. Peart, and George Colbeck. The proceeds of the Juvenile Society for the circuit were far in advance of previous years, being as follows:—Ashton, £38 1s. 5d.; other schools in the circuit, £20 15s. 8d.; making a total of £58 17s. 1d.

J. A. ARMITAGE, *Secretary*.

CLAY CROSS JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING, SHEFFIELD SOUTH CIRCUIT.—The scholars of the above school held their missionary meeting in our Clay Cross Chapel, on Sunday afternoon, June 2nd, 1872. There was a good attendance. The following persons took part in it—viz., Mr. Wm. Smith, one of the superintendents of the school, presided; addresses were given by George Whiteman, Arthur Johnson, W. Trueman, Emmeline Grainger, Rebecca Barton, Emma E. Guffin, Anna Guffin, Mary Brown, and Anne Trueman, scholars of the school, who had committed the addresses to memory, and recited them on this occasion; a dialogue was delivered by Hosea Marriott, Samuel Coutts, and John Knighton on "Our Missions;" a piece was recited by Philip Vardy, the choir rendered assistance, and the collection was in advance of last year. The amount collected by cards is as follows:—Mary Griffiths, 4s. 7d.; Fanny Braddon, 3s.; Mary Ann Brown, 3s. 9d.; Mary Ellen Slingsby, 3s.; Clara Key, 1s. 9d.; Emmeline Grainger, 2s. 6d.; Mary Smith, 1s. 1d.; Abraham Marriott, 2s. 7d.; John Knighton, 2s.; Fred. Riley, 1s. 9d.; John Freeman, 1s. 6d.; James Scarson, 3s.; Wm. Wright, 2s. 6d.; Wm. Wood, 1s. 9d.; John W. Slingsby, 1s. 9d.; Wm. Chapman, 1s.; small sums, 1s. 4d. Total by collection and cards, £3 9s. 3d.

W. J.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION BANDS OF HOPE.—On Thursday evening, July 25th, a farewell lecture was delivered in the Sailors' Institute, Waterhouse Lane, by Mr. W. F. Newsam, who is about to leave the town for Rammoor College, Sheffield, the subject being "A Saturday Night's Stroll through Hull." The large hall was full, and the lecture, from the frequent applause, appeared to give great satisfaction. At the close Mr. J. Stather, on behalf of the Sykes Street, Osborne Street, and Stepney Bands of Hope, presented Mr. Newsam with an elegant writing desk and twelve volumes of valuable books as a tribute of respect for his unwearied efforts in promoting the cause of temperance. The Rev. T. Guttridge occupied the chair, and pre-

sented to Mr. Newsam a chased inkstand from the senior class of girls belonging to Sykes Street Sunday school.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY REPORT, MOUNT TABOR, FENTON, LONGTON CIRCUIT.—We held our annual meeting on Sunday, April 28th. In the unavoidable absence of our respected minister, Mr. J. J. Myatt, the worthy secretary of our Sunday school, presided. Addresses were delivered by Miss J. Hughes and J. Stevenson, and pieces were sung and recitations given by the collectors. A good dialogue was well rendered by three junior teachers. Mr. F. R. Myatt presided at the harmonium. The attendance was not so good as generally, and the collection a little less than last year. During the year the following amounts have been collected:—George Robinson, £4 6s. 10d.; S. Challoner, £1 12s. 8d.; Elizabeth Stevenson, £1 10s. 7d.; Louisa Hopwood, £1 6s.; Emily Roberts, £1 8s.; Mrs. Astbury, £1 1s. 8d.; S. J. Berriaford, 17s. 9d.; M. A. Hughes, 16s. 2½d.; Albert Dean, 16s.; S. Hughes, 10s. 6½d.; A. F. Lowe, 10s.; other amounts, £2 4s. 1½d.; total, £16 15s. 5d.; collection, £2 12s. 1d. Grand total, £19 7s. 6d., which is about £2 over last year.

E. BRAIN, *Secretary*.

MILBURN PLACE.—On the 12th of May we held our juvenile missionary meeting, our worthy friend Mr. Hilliard in the chair. Interesting addresses were delivered by our esteemed superintendent, the Rev. J. M. Chicken, W. Willian, R. D. Wright, and H. Stobbs. Several of the scholars recited portions of Scripture. The meeting was one to be remembered for good. Great praise is due to our esteemed friend Mr. Sanderson for the pains bestowed in the singing department. The following sums have been collected:—Cards, £4 9s. 9½d.; collection, £1 13s. 11d. Total, £6 3s. 8½d.

Memoir.

JOSEPH HEATHCOTE.

JOSEPH HEATHCOTE, of Clay Cross, was accidentally killed by falling from a cart, of which he had the charge, on the 29th of May, 1872.* He was a faithful and consistent member of the Methodist New Connexion Society, Clay Cross, for upwards of twenty years. Quiet, unostentatious, true, he won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He took

great interest in the Sabbath-school, having been a teacher for many years, and latterly its treasurer. The church has lost a trustworthy member. Born at Elton, near Winster, on January 20, 1821, he passed away at the early age of fifty-one. His parents were not decidedly religious, but bore a good moral character. He received his early religious training in the Wesleyan Sunday-school, Elton. He followed the occupation of farm-servant until he came to Clay Cross, in 1844, when he obtained employment under the Clay Cross Company, as carter, in which occupation he

* He was in the act of unloading his cart, when, it is supposed, the horse moved and pitched him headlong upon the stone pavement beneath. He fell upon his temple, and died instantly of concussion of the brain.

lived and died. His only ambition was to be useful. Very many persons followed him to his grave. Indeed, our chapel here has seldom been so full as it was on the occasion of his burial. There was hardly an available space empty. Public notice was taken of his death on

Lord's day, June 16, 1872, when the writer preached a sermon from part of ver. 25 of Rev. xii., "For there shall be no night there," and read a memoir to a large congregation. "Many fall as sudden, not as safe."

WILLIAM JAMES.

Our Children's Portion.

BE COURTEOUS.

Of all the Scripture commands for ordering our every-day life, this injunction of St. Paul is perhaps the one most habitually disregarded by children, both boys and girls, but especially by boys.

"*Courtesy, politeness*—pooh!" I have heard even bright-looking, well-dressed boys say; "they are well enough for girls; but a boy that isn't a Miss Nancy has got to be rough."

That's just where you're mistaken, boys. Your great ambition, from the time you put on your first jacket and trousers, and take a walk with papa instead of mamma or nurse, is to be a "big man." But men, at least well-bred men, are not rough and rude in their manners. They behave politely to each other and to everybody; and the sooner you begin to do so the sooner you will take one long stride towards being *manly*.

You would be very angry, even now at ten or twelve years of age, if any one told you you were "no gentleman." But did you ever observe the literal meaning of that word—a *gentle*-man? Then why do you think it is only intended for *girls* to be gentle?

As for "Miss Nancy-ism," I suppose that is a boy's word for cowardice. But do you remember

the account St. Paul gives of all he suffered in defence of the truth? You would think a boy a perfect hero if he took one severe whipping without flinching in defence of what he believed to be right; but that noble martyr endured every kind of terrible suffering—submitted to be scourged, stoned, imprisoned, and finally put to a violent death—rather than yield the truth he had pledged himself to uphold. You would scarcely think him lacking in courage and manliness; and yet, boys, it was he who said, "*Be courteous*."

"Thank you," and "If you please," are much easier words to say than "Shall," and "Sha'nt," and "I don't care," and "You're another," if boys would only believe it.

But I started to tell you a story of how a little boy I knew once missed something which he wanted very much just by his lack of politeness.

It was little Jack Farley, the son of a friend of mine, and I was at her house, one day, when Jack was begging for a *new sled* at Christmas. But his mother was firm in her refusal. "You remember well, Jack," said she, "what I told you last winter, when you were so careless about

leaving your sled out doors in all sorts of weather, that it would be worthless this winter, and that I would not get you another. But you gave no attention, and now you must take the consequences. You must get along with the old one, unless you earn a new one for yourself in some way."

"And so I would, if I only knew any way," said Jack; "but what can a fellow do? It would take all winter to get enough by shovelling snow, and then a fellow wouldn't want a sled."

"Don't say 'a fellow' so much," said his mother; but she had nothing to suggest, and I heard no more about Jack's sled at that time.

A few weeks after, I happened to be looking out some Christmas gifts for little bright-eyed nieces and nephews of mine, in Mr. Handy's toy store, when Jack Farley came skipping by. He had a bright blue ribbon around his neck, with a large silver medal hanging from it, and his face was flushed and his eyes shining with great delight. The charm of the broad windows, stocked with all manner of beautiful and wonderful toys, caught his attention, and he stopped a moment to take a hasty glance.

Mr. Handy, who stood near the door, noticed the bright, joyous face, and the medal with its gay ribbon. "Hallo, my fine fellow," he said, merrily, "what sort of a grand decoration have you got on? What's that a reward for?"

"For being head of my class, of course," said Jack, without even looking at the gentleman who took such good-humoured notice of him.

"Well, that's a good hearing," said Mr. Handy, even more kindly than before. "I like to see boys

with medals to show that they are at the head of their class. It proves that there's good stuff in them. Here, I'd like to give something to the boy that gets the medal when he's no bigger than you. Take this, my fine fellow," holding out a new twenty-five cent stamp as he spoke; but though Jack's eyes sparkled at the sight, he did not touch it.

"I don't want any of your money," he said, rudely, and turning off with never a thought of a "thank you," ran home.

"Did you ever see such a young cub, ma'am? If he was too proud to take a bit of change from a man old enough to be his grandfather, at least he might have refused it politely. Boys didn't behave so in my young days."

"I know his mother," I said, "and I know she is very particular about their not asking for money. I suppose Jack thought she would not like to have him accept any from a stranger; but, as you say, he ought to have been respectful."

"Well, he's put himself out of my good graces," said the old gentleman. "I had taken a great fancy to that boy; he goes past here twice a day to and from school, and always looks so bright and smart that I thought there was good stuff in him. We're always so busy before Christmas, I have to employ a good deal of extra help. I meant to ask him to come in and give us a little of his smartness on Christmas eve; I thought he'd like the fun of selling toys for a while, and then I meant to give him the choice of all the sleds in the shop. But he's a little too smart for me, I find. I shouldn't dare trust such a rude chap to wait on my lady customers."

Poor Jack! A new sled—the very thing his heart craved. But he lost it just for want of a little common politeness.

Boys, believe me! While it is a poor motive to do what is right

only because it *pays*, yet for that reason, among many higher and nobler ones, it would be well for you to bear in mind St. Paul's charge, "Be courteous."—*K. J. H., in American Messenger.*

Poetry.

'NOTHING THAT IS FAIR CAN STAY.'

"NOTHING that is fair can stay."
Those fond forms we have caress'd,
Those young hearts we oft have bless'd,
Weary wanderers after rest,
They have found a purer kingdom, and
a lighter, brighter home;
Where no breast is heaved with sighing,
Where no eye is red with crying;
Where no flower is pluck'd to perish
'neath the chilling blasts of winter,
And no grief can ever come:
Friends that here we may not cherish
Now have cross'd the mystic portals
To the land of the immortals,
To the home where peace shall flourish
in undying bloom;
There they greet us, as they meet us,
With the ever joyous welcome—"There
is room!"

"Nothing that is fair can stay."
Friends below'd, like phantoms fitting,
Earth's cold, chilling scenes are quitting,
To regain a home more fitting
For their souls no longer burdened with
a covering of clay;
And as each one journeys by us,
Stretching o'er the cords which tie us
To the fleeting scenes of earth,
Freed, we leave its scenes of mirth,
And we find, with ravish'd feelings, all
our sorrows flee away;
And the while our feeble singing
Through the pearly gates is ringing,
We do hear their voices near us, as they
pass to cloudless day.

"Nothing that is fair can stay."
Flowers the loveliest and the rarest,
Friends the holiest and the fairest,
Hearts the lightest, hopes the brightest,
All must pass away for ever from this
toilsome earth;
Grief bows down our heads with sorrow—
Hope points to a glad to-morrow,
And amid the desolation which is ever
breaking forth,

Heaven reveals some blessed token
(Felt and treasured, though unspoken)
Of the land where sorrow cometh not
for aye.

Sounds a voice for ever o'er us—all is
well!
Sing the spirits gone before us—all is
well!
Like the sapling lowly bending,
Like the bird when high ascending,
Soft they whisper words to cheer us
from their paradise unending,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And wearied suffering sighs no more,
Where the tempest-stricken spirit basks
in sunshine and in love.
Home of rapture—home of glory;—
Hope of fainting ones, and sadden'd!
How the drooping soul is gladden'd
As it hears the wondrous story
Of the blessedness and peace in that
pure home above! DARLEY TERRY.

PRAYER OF A CHILD.

JESUS, let a little child
Come in prayer unto thee;
Let me know thy mercy mild,
Let me know thou savest me.
Didst thou not when here below
Bid the little ones draw near?
Didst thou not thy gift bestow,
Answering their mother's prayer?
Then to me thy peace impart,
Then, oh listen to my prayer!
Come and dwell within my heart,
And remain for ever there!
I have sinned against thee, Lord,
Often have I grieved thee sore;
But I would obey thy word,
And henceforth ne'er grieve thee more.
Jesus, help me to be good!
Jesus, help me to obey!
Jesus, wash me in thy blood!
Jesus, keep me in thy way!
Let thy love fill all my heart,
Give me now thy peace and power;
That from thee I ne'er may part,
But may love thee more and more!
R. C. T.



JOHN BUNYAN.

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RESIGNATION.

As was stated in the last chapter, James Faithful was brought into contact with slavery, by the duties which devolved upon him as the representative of Spicer & Co. in Jamaica. He had seen nothing like it in England, and his reading had furnished him with little information upon the subject, for, though the question had been much canvassed in Parliament, and the labours of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Brougham had aroused public feeling against the system, yet James, not being a reader of the "papers," had not paid much attention to the subject, and certainly had not realized the disgusting task of a slave manager till now he was brought face to face with the system.

He deliberated long and anxiously what his own duty was in his situation. He had been trusted by his employers to promote their interests as far as possible. He saw that to throw up his situation all at once, after having accepted the place, would scarcely be an honourable proceeding, and he resolved to make the best of it, at least for the present, and wait for more light and clearer indications of duty before he took any steps which would injure his employers and perhaps damage his own prospects. To some natures the duties he had to discharge would have been agreeable, or at least tolerable; for superiority over others—the right to say to this man come, and he cometh, and to that man go, and he goeth—is flattering to human vanity, whatever may be the conditions under which that right is exercised. Some men take no thought of human rights or feelings, any more than they would take thought of the feelings of a horse they were goading on to do its work as soon as possible, and the only consideration which would restrain their cruelty would be whether it paid to strain a creature beyond its strength, or whether it was not cheaper to use moderation and be merciful even to a beast. But James's nature was not one of this kind. Neither physically, morally, nor by training was he prepared to quench the nobler and tenderer aspirations of his

nature for the sake of gain or the approbation of any one. There are things in the world more precious than gold, and there are qualities of mind and heart much more desirable than the greed of gain. These qualities James had by nature, and they had been cherished by the wholesome training he had received in early life. To break with slavery was, he clearly saw, for him only a question of time, but that time he had to wait for, as we all have to wait for opportunities proper to certain actions, unless we make up our mind to act rashly, which never can be commendable even in a good cause.

"Auntie," said James to the black housekeeper, the Augusta beforementioned, "I can never stand this."

"Stand what, massa?" said Auntie; "what has happened to put you out so?"

"Why," said James, "I saw a man and woman flogged to-day, in a way that I would not have flogged a donkey, however much it had provoked me. It was not on our plantation it was done, or I would not have suffered it, but on that of our neighbour. Had the poor creatures been brutes they could not have been treated more cruelly."

"Lor, massa," said Auntie, "dat is nothing to we niggars; we be used to it, and besides, it does 'em good, the idle trash. I suppose they had been doing something they ought not to, or they would not have catched it in that way. They will be well enough in a day or two, I'se warrant you; you must not be put out about dem lettles things. What should I do with dese girls of mine, who ought to help me in de kitchen, but who would hinder more than help if I did not sometimes flog them."

"Flog them," said James, "why, do you flog the girls in the house? I was not aware of that, and I think I have a right to say something on that subject the next time you find it necessary to resort to the lash. Suppose I begin with you; how would you like it?"

"Me like it!" said Auntie. "Lor, massa, what you thinking about? You are massa, and I be missus. You do as you have a mind to on de plantation, and I regelates the house; de missus be never flogged, massa; we knows our place, and massa always supports us, or dere would be rebellion in de house, massa, and no dinner when you comes home from the plantation or the orfice."

"Ah," said James, "that is human nature all over. We all want to be a little above somebody, and are not overmuch concerned who it is that is below us so we can stand a little higher than they. Let them be flogged, not we."

"Yes, massa, that be true," said Auntie; "but merits, you see, merits; it is according to merits; we gains our place by merits. Do you not have excellent dinners, massa, and is you not attended to in ebery thing? Is not your room clean and comfortable; are not your slippers laid ready for you when you comes home ebery

day ; is not your coffee the most officious (she meant odoriferous) dat is made in dis island ; and who can fix up ebery thing nicer than I do for you, massa ? That's what I calls merits, massa, and that's how one gets place and honour and a right to flog the sarvants, if they do not mind what they are about."

"Well," said James, "it may be as you say, and I admit that you do everything to make me comfortable, and so far I grant your merit is considerable, but I tell you this whole system of slavery is accursed of God, and must come to an end ; at all events, I shall come to an end with it, whatever be the consequences. There is your abominable fetish worship, in which you make an ugly monster of a stick and a few old rags, and dance round it like furies, or kneel before it in the most abject postures, one moment beseeching it for mercy, and the next correcting it with sticks ; now caressing it like a doll, and then throwing it into the fire. Then there is your *Mumbo Jumbo*, which you seem to regard as Satan in a visible form, and shriek before it as if all the powers of the bottomless pit had come to terrify and destroy you. And the horrid midnight rites of this worship—the drunkenness, cruelty, and impurity which I have seen in such practices, are enough to make one's hair stand on end, and wonder that God does not sweep you all away in your wickedness."

"Then, massa," said Auntie, "you no believe in spirits, good or bad, I s'pose. You no believe in Satan, do you, or in the good spirits either ?"

"Yes," said James, "I believe in spirits, good and bad, but I believe in the good a great deal more than the bad ; I believe in the good spirit which God has sent into the world to purify our hearts, and I believe in Jesus Christ who died to redeem us ; but you worship nothing but the evil spirit ; you seem to have no idea of a principle of goodness governing the world ; your worship is ever the expression of fear and not love. You seem to have no notion of God as our Heavenly Father, loving us as his children, and governing the world for our happiness and welfare. You worship Satan and not God, as if he were the sovereign of the universe and had the control of all our affairs. This is not the doctrine of the Bible. The spirit of evil, which we call Satan, exists and works among bad men, but God is stronger than Satan and will deliver us from Satan's power if we ask him. Our words should be, as were the words of Jesus Christ, 'Get thee behind me, Satan ; for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.'"

"Well, massa," said Auntie, "that be what they teaches at the Methody chapel down town ; but you see we black people are so used to that colour that we cannot fancy that even our gods are any other, and so we make them all black ; and we have so few comforts in this world that it is almost natural for us to believe that some being, whether it be *Mumbo Jumbo* or some other, deals out a hard

lot to us, and so our people wants to pacify him, and they have gone in their ignorance to fetish worship and other like errors and follies. But, massa, I be a Christian, and not one of those heather niggers, who have no more sense than they had when they dwelt in Africa; so nebber mind, massa, come in to dinner, and do not distress yourself about these things."

So James went in to dinner, and after he had finished this important meal, he wrote the following letter to Spicer and Co., on the subject he had been discussing with his black housekeeper.

"To Messrs. Spicer and Co.

"Gentlemen,—I duly advised you of the shipment of the sugar, coffee, and other articles sent from this estate. I hope by this time they have duly arrived and will give you satisfaction. Everything goes on as well as can be expected on the plantation; the season has been for the most part good, and the produce of the year's operations has been remunerative. The field hands are as well as usual, and there has been no more severity used with them—and that only in a few cases—than the foreman of the gangs thinks necessary. But, gentlemen, I feel the situation to be most irksome to me, and its duties are such as to pain me deeply. I cannot feel that I am the man to deal with slavery as I see it here, and I beg leave respectfully to intimate to you my wish to retire from a situation which I cannot conscientiously fill, such is my antagonism, as a matter of principle and feeling, to many things which I have to do, or permit or require it to be done in the discharge of my duties.

"I shall not inconvenience you by leaving the situation until you have made due provision to send out a suitable person to fill my place, and if you have any other employment for me at home, I shall be happy to serve you as heretofore in any capacity for which I am suited; but I am not suited for this situation, or it to me.

"You will not, I trust, impute to me any indifference to your kindness to me in the past, or any ingratitude for the favours I have received at your hands, as my ruling motive in thus resigning my situation. I am actuated by feelings which I am well aware few will appreciate and many will ridicule; but a sense of personal obligation to principles which I have been trained in, and learnt to consider sacred, is my sole reason for taking the step I now take in writing this letter to you. I am sensible of the loss it may entail on me, in every way, but with the views I have, I cannot hesitate what course it is my duty to pursue.—I remain, gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES FAITHFUL."

In due course this letter arrived at its destination. What the result was will be told in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLOUDS ALL ROUND.

SILENTLY and secretly the destiny of individuals, families, commercial concerns, and nations is being worked out. The causes which result in prosperity or adversity, in success and failure, are not always obvious or easy to be explained. There are certain parties who are presumed to know almost everything. Some have undertaken to predict the weather a year ahead; to tell us when it will freeze and snow, when it will rain or shine, and to advise us as to all our outdoor operations at all periods of the year. Science has come to our aid and has given us barometers and thermometers, and latterly there has been a new science broached which gives us the law of storms, from certain electrical indications which the scientific observers in that department have, or think they have discovered, classified, and settled into a system.

Many of these teachers and indicators, as we have come to know from dearly-bought experience, are wise after the event. We have looked at the dial of a thermometer, and when it was hot or cold we have always perceived that the instrument said so, and we have looked at the indicator of a barometer and have perceived that it always changed when the weather changed, but never before; if it rained we have observed that the weather-glass pointed in that direction. But then we knew when it rained by actual experience, and did not need the barometer to tell us that; what we wanted, and want now, is to know when it *will* rain, so that umbrellas and waterproofs may be provided accordingly. But this information we never could get from them, and many a good wetting has been the consequence. One thing is certain, and that is, that it is always safe to carry an umbrella, whatever the weather-glass says to the contrary, for scores and hundreds of times it has been needed when the glass said the contrary.

And as to the "law of storms," when we have to sail on a certain day, or are "out on the ocean sailing," no law of storms will do us much good, for we can neither postpone our journey nor turn back if we have started.

These indicators are like many wise people who are always comforting us *after* our misfortunes, and showing their wisdom by a shake of the head, and the very safe prediction after the event of "I told you so; it is just as I said."

These remarks apply to the case before us. The company—that is, the partners of Mr. Spicer—were indignant at James for writing and sending the letter—a copy of which we have given. They could not see what business James had to trouble himself with the question how or by what means they made their money. They could not see why he should have a conscience or any feelings at all about slavery. His duty was, in their opinion, to manage

the estate, to send them home as much produce as he could make off the plantation, and beyond this to ask no questions. What was it to him how their slaves were procured, or how they lived, or what were the moral bearings of the system. Many respectable men had slaves, just as they had, and treated them no better, in fact, not nearly so well as they did theirs. Therefore they voted that James should be recalled at once, and another be sent to manage in his place; and, for his impertinence in presuming to pronounce an opinion, he should be dismissed at once and for ever from their employment.

But Spicer was a man of sense and consideration, and both for the esteem he entertained for James, and for the interest of the firm, he advised that the subject of their reply to James's letter should lie over a week or two, in order to give them time to consider what was safest and best to be done under the circumstances. Besides, if the truth must be told, Mr. Spicer felt inwardly conscious that James was at least half right in his notions, and he secretly wished that his own hands were clear of the business and that he could turn his attention to some other occupation than one which compromised him with slavery.

But dignity is dignity all the world over, and must be kept up both in Church and State, and it would never do for the great firm to be dictated to by a servant. Think how a bishop feels when opposed by a curate, or of some other great church officer, when he cannot have his own way. Think, to compare the lesser with the greater, how Spicer and Co. felt under the implied reproach of James's letter, and it will require no great amount of sagacity to divine what the answer to that letter must be. Mr. Spicer was obliged to yield somewhat of his own convictions and feelings for the sake of the dignity of the firm, and so the following letter was, after due consideration, dispatched to James:—

“Sir,—Your letter, containing the resignation of your situation as our manager in Jamaica, is duly received. We are sorry, for your own sake, that you have felt called upon to address us as you have done, and we might be justified in hinting that gratitude for past favours should have induced you to abstain from so decided a course as you have adopted, and which, if it be justifiable, implies that we are conducting a business which a humane and conscientious man cannot countenance. We accept your resignation on the terms offered, and as soon as possible a successor will be sent out to relieve you, at which time your connection with our firm in any capacity will terminate.

“We are, sir, yours, &c. &c.,

“To Mr. James Faithful.”

“SPICER & Co.

Now, James, what next? Some spirit or other will be whispering in your ear what a fool you are to throw up such a situation! And all for a point of conscience! Losing your bread for a few

negroes whom, if you had tried never so hard, would be negroes still, in spite of all you can do or protest in their favour. Oh, James, there is one virtue which nearly always pays, and that is prudence, but as for the rest you may find them sometimes unlucky company, and they will not pay after the fashion of this world. There is sure to be loss, as there always has been—temporary loss at least—if you stand up for conscience and principle, and so we have some curiosity to see whether you can stand the loss, for the sake of those higher ends and aims which a sincere and honest discharge of duty always implies. Courage, James! Go on and fear not. "These stones" can be made bread, or those ravens can bring bread and flesh morning and evening to feed you, or the cruse of oil and barrel of meal can be multiplied so that there shall be no want. The equation of this universe is going on, but there is an equation; silently it is being worked out, worked out in characters far more mysterious than any algebraic formula ever presented; but worked out it is and will be, and therefore courage to the end.

But whom are we apostrophizing? James Faithful is far away from the sound of our words, but his representatives in this matter of conscientious duty are, or ought to be, all around us. The details of that duty are various; they come up in the family circle, in the school, at business, and everywhere else where the young and impressible are to be found, and where any path we may choose to walk in is beset with difficulties. In all such cases there is but one course open to any of us—which conscience and eternity will justify, and that is, to "do the right and fear not." Loss there may be at first, loss which may be regretted, because it is so great and obvious, and might be so easily avoided by due compliances; but it is necessary to take a wider view, and estimate duty not by its consequences, but by its eternal and unchangeable laws and principles, and in this view our cross may turn out to be our crown, and our present loss an exceeding great reward.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF JOHN BUNYAN.

CHAPTER V.—HOW HE WAS PUT INTO PRISON.

FOR five years John Bunyan was able to continue in the preaching of the Gospel without interruption. The travelling tinker became quite famous for his earnestness and usefulness. This is perhaps the reason why he was among the first to be persecuted after Charles II. was made king. The clergy in the parishes in which Bunyan preached were for the most part careless and ungodly men. When, therefore, they heard this tinker preach the Gospel which they failed to preach, and saw the people in large numbers crowding to hear, they were jealous of his power, and did their utmost to put him to silence. It was not long before they suc-

ceeded. On the 12th of November, 1660, he had promised to preach to a small congregation which met in a private house, at Samsell, in Bedfordshire. He was told a warrant had been issued to have him arrested, and some of his friends tried to persuade him to run away. As he could not do so, however, without bringing disgrace upon the Gospel he preached, he resolved to conduct the service as usual. The people had come together, and the simple service had begun, when the constable entered the room and arrested the preacher. The good man does not seem to have been at all alarmed. Perhaps he thought how Jesus had been made a prisoner a long time before. Addressing the people as the constable was about to lead him away, he said, "You see we are prevented of our oppor-



OLD BEDFORD JAIL.

tunity to speak and hear the word of God, and are likely to suffer for the same. But be not discouraged. It is a mercy to suffer for so good a cause. We might have been apprehended as thieves or murderers, or for other wickedness; but blessed be God, it is not so. We suffer as Christians for well-doing, and better be the persecuted than the persecutors." He was taken before the justices, and then sent to gaol to wait till the next sessions were held at Bedford. At these sessions he was arraigned, and the charge laid against him was: "That John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, being a person of such and such conditions, he hath since such a time devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church during divine service; and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the

laws of our sovereign lord the King, &c." His enemies took care to have him convicted, and he was sentenced to imprisonment, being told that if he did not express his willingness to give up his preaching and to conform to the church within a certain time he would be sent away for life across the seas.

The prison in which Bunyan was confined is said to have been built upon the piers of the old bridge at Bedford, of which a representation is given in the engraving. This bridge was pulled down in 1811, and replaced by the present one. As the bridge was only four yards and a half wide, the prison built upon it must have been exceedingly small. Indeed, it is fitly called by Bunyan a "den." John had been in prison one year when the coronation of the king



THE OLD SWAN INN.

took place. In honour of this event a number of prisoners throughout the country were ordered to be released. John's wife, believing none were more worthy of liberty than her husband, appeared before the judges, who then sat at the Old Swan Inn, Bedford, and begged for his release. She did not succeed. The prison doors were opened to thieves, but still closed upon the servant of God. He could not promise to dishonour his Master, by giving up preaching, therefore in prison he must remain. However, in many respects the burden of this part of his life was lightened by the goodness of God. After a time both his wife and his little blind daughter were permitted to visit him, and many were the happy hours this good family spent together within these prison walls. Busy making laces, or quietly reading the Scriptures, the time passed rapidly away, so that they were often surprised when towards evening the gaoler came to remind the wife and daughter it was time for them

to go home, and for father to be left for the night in his solitary cell. And then when Bunyan had been some years in the prison (he was there twelve years altogether) God favoured him, as he did Joseph, by giving him the confidence and goodwill of his gaoler. The gaoler could not have such a good man in his charge for long without feeling the injustice of his case, and this made the man anxious to afford his prisoner some relief.

Accordingly Bunyan was now allowed to go out of the gaol and come back again very much as he pleased, so that one has said, "his freedom could hardly have been exceeded had the county gaol been his own hired house." He used to visit the little Baptist church at Bedford during these seasons of liberty, and he was actually chosen their pastor during the time of his imprisonment. How gladly he would run to his home, and into the houses of his friends, we can well imagine, and also with what a hearty welcome they would hail his coming. By and by the bishops, who, sad to say, were among his greatest enemies, heard of his unusual liberty, and sent a messenger from London to Bedford to inquire into it. He came at night, without giving any notice of his coming, thinking to take the keeper of the prison by surprise. It happened to be a night which Bunyan had received permission to spend at home with his family. He felt uneasy, though he did not know why, and said to his wife he must go back to the prison. He went back so late that the gaoler grumbled at him for returning at such an untimely hour. He had not been long in his cell before the messenger arrived. "Are all the prisoners safe?" he asked. "Yes." "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." Bunyan was called, and the messenger departed. When he was gone the gaoler told him, "Well, you may go out again just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

J. C. S.

(To be continued.)

SOUND TEETH.—Mushes, gruels, puddings, and soups may be made hygienically. But they should also be eaten hygienically. They must be chewed, not bolted. The nursing infant masticates its mother's milk, for which purpose it takes slowly, drop by drop. Mastication is for the purpose of insalivation. Unless food is properly insalivated, it cannot be well digested. The teeth are the finest, densest structure of the body, and this means that they are intended for hard work. Eat solid food at every meal; and when you take semi-liquid, or very soft food of any kind, eat very slowly and take a bit of hard bread, cracker, a green apple, or something similar, with it. Then will your stomach please and be pleased, and your teeth, like your eyes and nose, and fingers and toes, will remain to bless and comfort you to the last. If all persons, after being weaned, would only chew their food enough, we should hear very little of aching and rotting teeth, and dentists be nowhere.—*Science of Health.*

YORK IN OLD TIMES.—II.

THE MINSTER AND OTHER ANCIENT REMAINS.

THE history of York Minster is one of deep interest to fire insurance companies! Don't stare, gentle reader; a few facts will serve to place before you my real meaning. One Norman and two Saxon Minsters were destroyed by fire, and we all know that it has twice attacked the existing Minster within the present century. The damage done was repaired at a cost of about £100,000, but, for whatever reason, the new ceiling, or rather vaulting, put up was not of stone (as is usual in old cathedrals), but of wood-work plastered over, and alluding to this fact Mr. Garbett* declares that the building has been prepared for another fire. Whether he is right or not, time will show, but I have, at least, made out the point with which I started.

The Norman Minster, just spoken of, was begun about 1070, and accidentally burnt down in 1137; Professor Willis has shown that it was of vast size, but nothing now remains of it, except the crypt. Many, however, have thought, and not without reason, that some of its stained glass is preserved in existing windows of the building above. It was but natural that Archbishop Grey should wish to retain a memorial of the former Minster, and the glass referred to is not in the style of his age, but in that which marked the closing days of the Norman period; besides, the experience of the last two fires at the Minster shows that stained glass, standing far back in a very thick wall, is so far protected, that it may escape, even after the roof has fallen in. But, wherever this glass came from, it is probably the oldest in England, and is interesting, as showing us of what nature were the first attempts at stained glass made by our forefathers.†

To Archbishop Walter Grey we owe the foundation of the Minster as it now is. Indulgences were a fruitful source of wealth in those days, and with profits so gained, he began the south transept in 1227; about the time that the Choir at Salisbury and other beautiful cathedral works were taken in hand. The Jews told our Saviour, "Forty and two years was this temple in building;" this was a good deal to say. The York people can retort that their Minster took about 200 years to build. The fact is, our old English cathedrals were not the work of one man; one age began and another added to them, and thus the whole building came to be in different styles. The liberal gifts towards the building of the Minster well deserve notice, when we remember Mr. Hallam's rule that the money of the Middle Ages bore at least fifteen times its present value. Archbishop Melton gave

* "Principles of the Art of Design."

† Consult on this point the remarks of Winston and Brown.

£700, which multiplied by fifteen comes to £10,500. Archbishop Thoresby, besides giving the materials of his Palace, came down with £1,670, a very handsome sum at a time when masons earned 6d. a day, carpenters 9½d., and labourers 4½d. And great need was there for this liberality, considering the cost of the work. The mere glazing of the great west window, between the two end towers, cost in 1388, a good deal more than a thousand pounds of our money, and as the two fires in 1829 and 1840 by no means destroyed the whole, even of those parts which they ravaged, it follows that £100,000 will not nearly represent the value of those portions of the Minster alone.

M. Taine, the French traveller, thus happily describes it: "Intact without, this Gothic Colossus rears itself higher and more spacious than Notre Dame, with massive power, under the three towers which crown it." This is no mere poetic flourish; an appeal to facts will show that, whether as regards length, height, or the space it covers, the building holds a very high rank among our English cathedrals. Mr. Dennison finds that it covers a larger area than any one of the following cathedrals:—St. Paul's, Lincoln, or Winchester, the four thus compared being the largest in England, as regards area. But to make the matter still clearer to many readers, let us take the size of the largest window in York Minster, and try to infer from it, in some measure, that of the building itself. The great east window, behind the choir, is 35 feet broad inside, and above 80 feet high, including stonework. Why 80 feet would make a very good length for a church or chapel. This window, however, has better claims on our notice than its size, or the fact that it took three years to glaze: though much spoiled by unskilful repairs, it is still one of the finest windows in the world, and Mr. Britton, no mean judge, states that the heads of the figures are most beautifully drawn, and that some heads of the Virgin are like Raphael's.* The effect of the whole window, as a piece of colouring, is magnificent. Before quitting the subject of York Minster it may be well to mention a few of the relics of which it boasted before the Reformation. There were some bones of St. Peter, two thorns from the crown of our Saviour, a tooth of St. Apollonia, part of the brains of St. Stephen, and last, perhaps not least, the relics of two Archbishops of York, some hair of St. William, and an arm of St. Wilfred.

The beautiful ruins of St. Mary's Abbey add a new charm to the view of the city, as seen from the west. The little that is left of it makes us long for more, but when we consider the shameless way in which its ruins were used as a quarry, and that by royal warrant, we may well feel thankful that matters are no worse than they are. The Abbey must have been very rich in its palmy days,

* As regards the Minster my chief authorities are Mr. Britton's work, and Gwilt's "Encyclopædia of Architecture."

for at the dissolution in 1540 the gross yearly revenue was £2,091 4s. 7½d., and the net revenue £1,650. By this time, money may have fallen in value, but according to one author, a pound then represented at least ten times the value it now does. Two historic associations connected with the place may here claim our notice. Although they laid claim to higher sanctity, the monks of our large towns did not always live on the best terms with the inhabitants, hence we need not be surprised to learn that a quarrel between the monks of St. Mary's and the York citizens about a fair in Bootham led to bloodshed, and the abbot had to surround his abbey with strong walls in order to protect it. The well-known Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, had its rise in a secession from St. Mary's Abbey. In 1132 some of its monks felt dissatisfied with the lax discipline of the Abbey, and had heard with approval of the sanctity of the Cistercian monks at Rivaulx Abbey, the first which the new order had founded in Yorkshire. Their rules were rigid in the extreme. They observed silence towards each other, except during the hours of recreation or relaxation, went to prayers every four hours, and lived a life of great hardship. They confined themselves within the limits of their own monasteries and the estates surrounding them; which they cultivated themselves, and none but the hospitaller or the principal were allowed to speak to strangers.* Such were the Cistercians, when they first came into being, and if a stern monastic rule were what the discontented monks of St. Mary's wished for, why here was the very thing for them; in fact, we are told that they wished to withdraw themselves, in order to follow the stricter rules of the new order. At first, the abbot would not suffer this, but was forced to give in when the Archbishop took the complainants under his wing. They passed the winter at Fountains, enduring great hardships, and for two years fared so indifferently, that they were just on the point of emigrating to the Continent, when prosperity at last dawned on them. Hugh, Dean of York, falling sick, caused himself to be conveyed to Fountains and settled all his vast wealth on the community. From that time, it steadily progressed, until it became one of the most distinguished of its kind in the kingdom.

St. Leonard's Hospital, a stone's throw off St. Mary's Abbey, was founded by the Saxon king, Athelstan, and was burnt down and rebuilt in Stephen's reign. Canon Raine† in describing its endowments, gives us some interesting glimpses of monastic life. The receipts of the year 1369-70 are fortunately preserved. They came to £1,369 11s. 2½d., counting in the arrears of the previous year. This income was drawn from rents, sheaves of corn, sale of wool, &c. As mediæval money was worth sixteen to eighteen times our own, this income would be above £20,000 a year.

* See a lecture by Mr. Sharpe.

† I have condensed part of his lecture.

Richly endowed though it was, the hospital was, to a great extent self-supporting: the inmates baked their own bread, brewed their own beer, made their own candles, wore cloth made from the wool of their own sheep, and had a foundry, a carpenters' shop, and other little establishments. In course of time, the income of the hospital fell from £1,369 in the fourteenth century, to about £300 in the beginning of the sixteenth, although, perhaps, they then owned more land than ever. A similar decline of income overtook charitable and religious institutions everywhere, and seems to have set in on the death of Edward III. and continued to the reign of Henry VIII. Under these circumstances, it would have been well, if the inmates of St. Leonard's Hospital had lived less luxuriously, and tried to become self-supporting. In Henry the VIII.'s reign, St. Leonard's and fifteen other hospitals were closed, which must have been felt as a cruel and heartless blow by the poor, who did not deserve and could ill bear it. St. Leonard's was not a religious, but a secular establishment, in which religious services formed a large element. If the latter were wrong, why not have introduced other and better forms?" This, however, is not the only view which can be taken of the matter. The way in which this and similar establishments relieved the poor may have been faulty enough, but surely some new means of relief should have been provided, before the old ones were ruthlessly swept away. The trouble which the poorer classes gave the State in Edward VI.'s time, proves this clearly enough.

If people will build their towns of wood they must expect fires: this is the case in Canada, even now, and must have been still more the case in the England of the Middle Ages, because the streets were so narrow. Well, in 1137 a fire broke out in York, which destroyed thirty-seven parish churches besides the Minster, St. Mary's Abbey, and St. Leonard's Hospital, and that is one reason why we have fewer Norman remains here than might have been expected. As I cannot notice all the existing ones in detail, I must content myself with calling the reader's attention to two of the finest. It was an old custom to spare the entrance-porch when the rest of the church was pulled down to make room for a new one, and hence it is that we still have the fine Norman doorways at St. Dennis and St. Margaret's Churches. Who, on looking at the delicate carving, would think that our masons did not then use chisels, but only steel hatchets? * Does the reader count this too good to be true? Let him look at the beautiful carving a South Sea Islander will turn out, with the help of an old nail, and this when he is working in hard iron-wood.

For want of space I cannot describe here the old churches and other Gothic remains of York which, while they prove the mechanical skill of the artizans who reared them, prove no less their

* See Parker's "Gothic Manuals."

powers of design. Now, the architect designs every detail of a building, but it was not so then. A mason would be trusted with the designing of a fine window or doorway, and proved himself quite equal to it, which is more than can be said of masons now-a-days. I lay special stress on this, because it seems pretty well agreed among competent judges that not even strikes have done so much harm to our English industry as the want of a general artistic and scientific education for our workmen, bearing on their several callings.

More fortunate in this respect than most English towns, York still retains its picturesque mediæval walls and gates, and I would advise the visitor, by all means, to take a stroll on the top of the ramparts, only he must not think that they are in as perfect a state of defence as they once were. The broad deep moat outside is now filled in, and additional erections for the safety of the garrison which probably existed at one time have now perished. Leland tells us that in war time a strong chain was stretched across the Ouse, to prevent the passage of hostile ships.

YORK, FROM THE MIDDLE AGES TO THE YEAR 1800.

William I. understood far better than the Anglo-Saxons the value of castles for defending a country or keeping it in subjection. York itself he graced with two castles, and not without reason, for the Saxon patriots were nowhere so strong as in the north, and were able for a while to wrest the city from his grasp, even after he had captured it in 1070. Of one of his castles not a trace is left; the other still retains its Norman Keep, better known as Clifford's Tower, and though highly picturesque within and without, a story is linked with it which is enough to make one's blood run cold. On the accession of Richard I., the persecution of the Jews, which began in London, spread to other large towns, including York. Such of them as could not escape to the Castle were murdered in cold blood, but five hundred men and their families managed to get inside Clifford's Tower, where, for many days, they bravely defended themselves against the mob. When they could resist no longer they slew themselves, their wives, and children, and set fire to their treasures rather than fall alive into the hands of their cruel foes. The worst remains to be told. No punishment followed this outrage. It was not unpremeditated. England was swarming with friars, preaching up a new crusade, and urging the massacre of the Jews as a fitting prelude to it. One of these found his way to York, and, aided by the clergy, hounded on the mob. The city clergy not only promised salvation to every one who should kill a Jew, but many of them headed the attack.* What was still worse, by many at least the outrage was not repented of; old Romish chroniclers

* "History of the Jews in England;" Chambers.

gloried in it when relating it! Can we wonder that the Jews, in the Middle Ages, were slow to embrace Christianity, linked as it was with such devilry as this? Strange to say, even after this massacre a new colony of Jews settled here and grew rich.

York, from its position, would naturally form an important centre during the Border Wars, and many a time would its streets be gay with the pomp of armies, assembled to check some Scotch foray or invasion. Thrice did the Scotch ravage the country to the very gates of the city, in 1138, in 1319, and in 1346. In each case an army was raised to give them battle, and in one only did they escape defeat. The invasion of 1346 was led by the Scotch King, David Bruce, in person, he taking advantage of Edward III.'s absence in Palestine. He was overtaken, however, by an army raised by Queen Philippa, defeated at Neville's Cross, with immense slaughter, and himself made a prisoner. But, besides foreign invasions, York had also to take its share in the miseries of civil war. In John's reign the Barons laid siege to it, but were bought off by the citizens with one thousand marks. One of the greatest battles during the Wars of the Roses was fought at Towton, about ten miles from the city. About 36,000 fell, and the whole distance between the field of battle and York was strewn with dead bodies. This was in 1461. Seventy-five years later the Romish party in the north organized a formidable revolt against Henry VIII., who suppressed it partly by fraud and partly by force. This revolt led to the establishment of the Council of the North, having its headquarters at York, with a criminal jurisdiction in Yorkshire and the four northern counties, as regards riots, conspiracies, and acts of violence, and also a certain civil jurisdiction. Charles I. made the Council of the North a formidable instrument of despotism, and, as such, it was abolished by the Long Parliament in 1641, along with other institutions equally odious.*

We have many proofs of the importance of York during the Middle Ages. Several Parliaments were held in it, and in Edward I.'s reign the Courts of King's Bench and the Exchequer were transferred to it for seven years. It was long famous for its manufacture of woollen goods, and in the times of Henry II. and III., its weavers paid a considerable farm for their privileges. When Henry VII. established four staple towns in England, York was the second. Equally to our purpose is a reference to the provisions of an Act passed in Edward VI.'s reign. Finding that the undue increase of taverns was a fruitful source of drunkenness, Parliament limited their number in the various towns, allowing forty to London, three to Westminster, eight to York, six to Bristol, but to every other town only two. York was probably the first provincial town in England to have a printing press of its own. Hugo Goez, of Stonegate, published a Church Service in 1509, and

* Dr. Lee's "Condensed Argument," p. 60.

another printer had set up his press in the city before the close of the previous century. From the large number of its churches and religious houses, York must have worn a very ecclesiastical aspect in the Middle Ages. Before Henry VIII.'s time it could boast of forty-one parish churches, seventeen chapels, sixteen hospitals, and ten religious houses, including St. Mary's Abbey. Whatever the Puritan soldiers may have done to damage the ecclesiastical remains of York, we must admit in common fairness that they did not do all the work. Henry VIII., in 1541, robbed the churches of their fine sculpture and goldsmiths' work, during the only visit he seems to have paid his Yorkshire subjects. Wolsey, his favourite, was Archbishop of York, but did not discharge the duties of his diocese until a short time before his death.

During the Wars of the Commonwealth, York once more became an important military and political centre. Here, in 1640, Charles I. met to consult with the Peers during the Scotch invasion, and, by their advice, he convened the Long Parliament. Here he fled at the very beginning of the Civil War, two years afterwards,* and here also he first rallied his followers round him. At the outset he was able to crush the Roundheads in the North, but when the Scotch Covenanters again appeared on the scene, the tables were turned, and, in 1644, forty thousand Roundheads, with Fairfax at their head, sat down before York itself. The suburbs were quite destroyed during the siege, and great damage was done to the city. Three at least of the churches were injured, and so too was the noble Minster. In July of the same year, about seven miles away, the Royalists fought the battle of Marston Moor, for the very purpose of raising the siege. As is well known, they were defeated, and the issue was that York surrendered at once, and the whole north of England changed hands. Another result, equally important, was that a new power rose into notice, which did very much to shape the future destiny of the nation. It was not merely that Cromwell and his party had their share in a victory which quite compensated for the series of disasters which befel the Parliament in the south, but it was also notorious that the day which had been disgracefully lost by the Presbyterians on Marston Moor, had been retrieved by the energy of Cromwell and his warriors. His victory was not a more serious blow to the Royalists than to the Presbyterians, who hitherto had been dominant at Westminster. From henceforth the Independents steadily increased in power, both in the army and in the nation, and Cromwell, their leader, became the real head of the forces, though Fairfax was, nominally, the commander-in-chief.†

Of course the Puritan soldiers ill-treated York Minster very much in the same way as they did other cathedrals—in fact, they

* He afterwards removed his Court to Oxford.

† Macaulay's "History of England," Vol. I.

so injured and defaced it that, at the Restoration, Archbishop Frewen is said to have spent £15,000 in making good the damage.

With all their faults, the early Quakers are amongst the foremost pioneers of religious liberty. They had a meeting-house in York at least as far back as 1673; but their early history in this city must have been comparatively uneventful, since Gough, in his four-volume history of the Quakers, says very little about them. He tells us, however, that Quakers were tried and confined in the Castle for refusing to pay church dues or to take the oath of allegiance. Quakers in those days were quite willing to affirm their allegiance, either orally or in writing, but their conscience forbade them to swear an oath, and this fact often gave their persecutors a handle when everything else failed. What made the matter worse was, that King James's Act was caused by the Gunpowder Plot, and was framed not against Quakers (none existed then), but against disloyal Papists! Visitors to Clifford's Tower should remember that the walnut-tree inside was probably planted by William Dewsbury, one of the early Quaker preachers, when a prisoner in York Castle, for not taking the oaths. This was in 1661.

In course of time York gradually lost its ancient importance. When it was the metropolis of the north, where courts and parliaments were held, nobles lived in it, and even when they ceased to do so, they still flocked there during the season. A day came, however, when the distinction between the north and south of England grew far less marked, and when improved means of communication and other causes made county towns of far less moment than they had once been. York, after awhile, lost even its seasons, and became a quiet, easy-going cathedral city, with a population of 16,000 at the beginning of the present century. This is perhaps the best place for stating that the *York Mercury* started in 1718, and was one of our earliest provincial newspapers. What York lost in one way she might easily have regained in another, had she displayed a wise foresight. At one time the woollen trade showed a strong tendency to settle here, but "thanks to the special privileges conferred on the citizens by charter, which, until a few years ago, prevented any man, not being a freeman of York, from opening a shop or engaging in any manufacture within the city boundary, the trade" (in question) "was driven to Leeds." The Ouse, instead of being a great commercial highway, is far more like an ornamental piece of water than a business-man at all likes to see, and the only consolation is that it is not, like other Yorkshire rivers, defiled with the inky refuse of factories. To some extent the trade of York was revived by the success of the late Mr. Hudson, the Railway King, in making the city an important railway centre. In 1831 it became the birthplace of the British Association.

EARLY METHODISM IN YORK.

For all practical purposes the foundations of York Methodism were laid in 1747, and the honour is shared between John Wesley and the heroic John Nelson. In February of that year the former preached at Accomb, a village hard by, and which became the germ of the two existing Wesleyan circuits. Several persons came from York to hear the sermon; these he formed into a class, with Mr. Slaton, of Accomb, as their leader, and, in order to lead them, he "walked every week from Accomb to York." It speaks something for the liberality of a section of the citizens, that Mr. Wesley was allowed to preach in three of their churches and in the Friends' Meeting House. Till very lately St. Mary's, Castlegate, retained the pulpit in which he preached, but it now stands in the New Connexion school-room, in Peckitt Street. At first, however, both he and his followers were bitterly persecuted in York, and had to appeal to the law for protection.

How far Methodism was needed in the city of York I leave the reader to judge, when he has read the following remarkable anecdote. Just after Dr. Conyers, a good evangelical clergyman, had finished his sermon in the Minster, the Archbishop stepped up to him and said, "Well, Conyers, that was a fine sermon you gave us." He replied, "I am very glad it pleased your Grace." Judge of his astonishment when the Archbishop thus explained himself: "Oh, no, I didn't mean that; you were always quoting from St. Paul: if you had quoted from Plato or Seneca, that would have been something to the purpose." A fine speech truly for an Archbishop, and much fitter for a heathen temple than for a Christian cathedral!

Persecution did not destroy York Methodism, and does not seem to have hurt its spirituality. Mr. Wesley often visited the city, and nearly always speaks with pleasure of the state of the Society. In 1759 he opened Peasholme Green Chapel, the first of any importance which they possessed, and in which the males sat on one side of the building and the females on the other. In many respects Methodist circuits then were very different from what they are now. In 1749 there were only twenty-two in the Connexion, and some years afterwards the York Circuit included the towns and villages on the sea-coast from Hull to Whitby, stretched northward as far as Stockton and Hartlepool, and on the west to Richmond, Ripon, &c. So large was it that twenty-eight Wesleyan circuits had been carved out of it, when Mr. Burdekin wrote, and the increase of members in what used to be the old York Circuit, between 1766 and 1839, was twenty thousand. Yet in 1766 there were only four preachers to work it, and we know that in 1760 they regularly rode a circuit of three hundred miles, and could only preach in York once every fortnight or three weeks. Men who worked as hard as they did deserved good pay, but it was a curious feature of English Methodism at that time that it gave its preachers no fixed

salaries, but bade them rely on the unregulated, spontaneous liberality of the members. The system worked as might have been expected—popular ministers were well cared for, while those less popular were often in straits.* Mr. Burdekin has preserved a list of contributions to the York quarterly meeting of 1768, which is far too interesting to be passed over. York, £1 2s.; Easingwold, 6s.; Beverley, 10s. 6d.; Malton, 15s.; Pocklington, 10s. 6d.; Scarborough, 10s. 6d.; Tadcaster, 10s. 6d.; Hull, £1 1s.; Selby, 3s.; Burlington, 10s. 6d. Besides these were forty-seven other towns and villages, which raised £17 10s. 4d., making a total of £23 0s. 10d. brought to this board." See from what humble beginnings Methodism in this district has sprung. I refer to Methodism in all its branches.

Mr. Wesley thought the society in York a rich one, and feared the city would become the Capua of Methodist preachers. Yet there are facts which show that if the members were rich, it was only as compared with Methodists elsewhere. The whole nation was then poor, and they shared in its poverty. In 1769, when Mr. Boardman was on his way to America, he (as was his custom on his route) stopped at York to hold a missionary prayer-meeting. The collection was ten shillings, which the good people thought so fine a sum that next morning they held a thanksgiving meeting about it! Again, in 1777, a debt of £57 had been incurred by adding galleries to Peasholme Green Chapel. This debt was a matter of deep concern to them, and a petition was sent to Conference, asking leave to beg in other circuits for relief. It should, however, be added that even in 1798 there were only 180 Wesleyan members in York. Twenty-eight years after there were at least 1,000.†

The early Methodists did York good service as regards the Sunday-school movement. In April, 1791, they opened a Sunday-school, which very soon gained 230 scholars; but in 1800 it was closed for two remarkable reasons. The chapel trustees objected to the children being taught writing on the Lord's-day, and probably did not wish to compete with a Church of England Sunday-school, which had been just opened. The issue was that their own school was closed for ten years. Really some of the old York Methodists must have been very churchy indeed! The trustees of New Street Chapel refused to allow a forenoon service in it on Sundays, or the administration of the sacrament by the Wesleyan preachers; hence, in 1815, a new chapel had to be built to accommodate the petitioners. Not until 1824 was there a Sunday forenoon service at New Street, though the sacrament had been administered before then. Surely if any secession in modern times was gradual it was that of the early Methodists from the Church.

* See Dr. Smith's "History of Methodism."

† That is to say, in the city alone.

They embarked in no political agitation against her, and heartily wished her well; still they were forced to leave her, because they could not find in her the spiritual life they craved. May this fact read a lesson of warning to others besides Churchmen.*

JULIUS.

TOM BROWN ON PROVERBS.—VII.

"BIRDS of a feather flock together." Throughout the whole range of animated nature there seems to be a disposition to associate together. The countless beasts who roam the forest, the fishes that swim the sea, and the birds that cleave the air, all give evidence of this universal law. When God had created man and placed him in the garden of Eden, he said, "It is not good for man to be alone;" and from that day to the present, man has found, equally with the lower orders of creation, that his greatest happiness lay in the enjoyment of congenial society. However much poets may sing of the charms of solitude, there are none but would recant their praises, if condemned to a life of perfect lonesomeness. As an occasional relief from the noisy hum of this busy world, solitude doubtless has its charms, but even then we would plead with Cowper—

"But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

Now, though all beings are under this universal law, they do not herd together indiscriminately. We never hear of mice associating with cats, or of criminals being very fond of the company of policemen. All birds do not "flock together," but only "birds of a feather," or those which bear some resemblance to each other. And so it is with men. They are attracted to each other by various motives subordinate to the grander one which inclines to sociality. If all the different species of birds were to associate together, the sooty-feathered rook would cut a very poor figure among his brighter-coloured friends, and, as a consequence, he might be slighted and treated contemptuously. But as it is, he mingles with "birds of a feather," and where all are equally black, none will dare to call names at another. Birds and animals are thus divided into tribes and families by instinct.

Men flock together because of similarity of tastes. If you know a person who is exceedingly fond of poetry, you may be sure to find among his most intimate acquaintances others equally delighted with the poet's art. A man who studies art of any kind will have, in his friendly circle, artists in that particular branch of which he is enamoured. Literary men find their most agreeable companions among authors and other literati. Mechanics enjoy

* In this section my chief authorities are two articles on York Methodism, in the *Wesleyan Magazine* for 1827, and "Burdekin's Life of Spence."

the society of those who excel in construction and engineering; and philosophers are most at home in the company of the wise and learned. Fools and dandies keep their own set, as few people but tailors and jewellers think their society worth keeping. Just fancy what would follow if this natural law, which draws similar tastes together, were for a time disarranged. Compel a scientific, or indeed any intelligent, man to associate with a fool. They would be totally unfitted for each other. There would be no sympathy at all, unless the wiser one would be engaged in studying the symptoms of the milder forms of lunacy; in which case he might be interested in his companion as an illustration of the subject. Or suppose you compelled a poet and a mechanic to consort together. You would be going against the law by which the divisions of society are based, and as soon as you withdrew your compulsory power, they would separate to find more congenial company. They might be well-informed men, and able to assume a decent appearance of mutual interest, but as their principal tastes were widely different, they would be glad to part.

Again, people flock together because of a similarity of temper and disposition. We must wait for the millennium before we can expect that "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together." Perhaps there are few trials so great for a person of delicate, nervous, and gentle disposition, as to be in constant intercourse with a rough, boisterous, and hot-tempered individual. A person of great refinement and sensibility would have his feelings wounded times without number, by hints and coarse jokes, which his thicker-skinned tormentor would never have felt. Hence sensitive people are happiest with delicate companions; while folks not so impressible like to be in company where they can indulge their rough and ready wit, without giving offence or hurting the feelings of others.

Another thing which influences people in flocking together is a similarity of habits. And this is perhaps a more important consideration than the others, since habits, unlike tastes, do not exist apart from the actions of which they are at once the cause and result, and they are consequently more noticeable. What misery for both, if an orderly man and an untidy one have to associate much together! The orderly one would be constantly irritated by the other's want of order, and the latter would be perpetually annoyed at the precise and machine-like method of the other. And how would idle and industrious people get on together? What reproaches and contempt would be showered upon the listless portion! Their lives would be made a misery to them. When among their own sort of people, they could indulge their lazy habits without thinking of their sinfulness; but in the presence of busy industrious workers, even though the latter did not speak a word, they would feel themselves rebuked, and if they did not get roused to do some-

thing, they would at least be made too miserable to enjoy their idleness. Equally bad would be the case of two individuals, one of whom was scrupulously clean, and the other neglectful of cleanliness in person, dress, and habits. The one would feel unutterable disgust at the vile habits of his companion, and every sense would be incessantly outraged; while the other would feel his companion's cleanly habits as a constant reproach to him, and would be as a consequence wretched and resentful. How could the son of a wealthy nobleman, who had been brought up amid every luxury and refinement that money could procure, be comfortable in the family of a humble peasant, where the coarsest of furniture and food, and the rudest of manners existed. Both he and the peasant would be made uncomfortable. The nobleman's son would be utterly at a loss how to help himself, in the hundred and one little affairs of every-day life, which had previously been arranged for him by lackeys and servants; and the humble cottager would be awed, and under constraint by noticing his guest's evident embarrassment. Again, imagine the pain and disgust a temperate, sober man would feel if obliged to associate closely with a drunkard. How he would loathe his companion, as he watched him through the varied stages of his drunken revel—as he passed from sober to merry, from merry to quarrelsome, and finally lapsed into the last stage of maudlin incapacity and drunken sleep. But then the case would be equally bad for the poor drunkard. I can scarcely think a man would get drunk often if he were in the company of those who were strictly sober. However fond of his cups he may be, and however careless of his reputation when with "birds of a feather," he would, I think, be very unlikely to get intoxicated in the companionship of a temperate man. Every glance of his companion would be a warning, and would remind him of the disgust and contempt with which he would be viewed, if he indulged too much. Then again, suppose a profane swearer and a Christian to be frequently in each other's company; and just think how the one would be shocked by every blasphemy which fell from his companion's lips. How he would tremble to hear names and things, which he had been taught to reverence and love, spoken of without thought, and in the most degrading connections. And think you not the swearer would feel condemned by his companion's silence, and uncomfortable under the glance of pain and indignation that would greet his every oath?

People flock together also, because of similarity in the objects they aim at. Perhaps the chief objects sought after in life are fame, riches, pleasure, and happiness. The toilers for fame are to be found among warriors and statesmen, poets and authors. These prefer each other's society because among themselves fame is continually applauded, and its pursuit approved of as the only enterprise worthy of the strivings of an immortal mind. The devotees of wealth are fond of each other's company, not from any personal

fondness, for it is very rare that such a sentiment exists to any great degree among rivals who seek to outdo each other, but because in such company gold is talked of as the great good. So ceaseless are their praises of the metal god, that we may say their very talk is golden, and that their whole lives are jaundiced by its yellow tinge. And do not pleasure-seekers find their greatest enjoyment in each other's company? How they congregate together! It is their only way of keeping up the ardour of their pursuit of the flying good which continually eludes their grasp. If left alone, or in the company of those of different aims, they cannot help occasionally feeling the fearful hollowness of the life they lead; but when these "birds of a feather flock together," they hide their disappointment under satisfied faces, and conceal their remorse under smiling looks. And still more than all these, do the seekers of true happiness love to associate together; since, unlike most of those we have noticed, instead of being rivals in the search, they can assist each other, and at the same time help themselves. While these do not despise either fame, wealth, or pleasure, in moderation, but take them as the gifts of a good and wise Father, they do not look upon them as their "chief good," and therefore they are ever striving after that supreme good which gives peace and satisfaction, even when these smaller blessings are withdrawn.

We have not far to seek for the reason why "birds of a feather flock together," or why people associate with those of similar tastes and habits. The good consort with the good for mutual benefit, and because the presence of evil is painful to them. They certainly may, and frequently do, visit scenes of sin and misery, but it is out of love to their degraded fellow-creatures; and the painful emotions they experience when on these missions of mercy are not the least part of their self-sacrifice.

Perhaps the motive which prompts the wicked and degraded to associate together may be traced to self-respect—a principle which many would think such characters destitute of. But however low and sensual they may be, they do not like it to be known except to those who are as bad themselves, and who are therefore disqualified from reproaching them. And besides this, they do not like to be constantly reminded of the striking contrasts between drunkenness and sobriety, order and disorder, cleanliness and filth. Then, again, many men cordially despise the aims and pursuits of others, and therefore have no pleasure in their companionships. The mechanic will perhaps sneer at the poet, as a dreamer who weaves a fair tissue of falsehoods; while the poet will scorn the genius of the mechanic, as unable to rise above the sordid cares and contrivances of a business life. The pleasure-seeker laughs at the man who is toiling after wealth. The gold-worshipper scorns the ambition which prompts a man to strive for an immortal name. The Christian has little sympathy with the hopes and fears of either of these, but looks forward to a reward hereafter.

In closing, let me just point out that birds have no power to choose their feathers, and thus cannot help the society in which they find themselves. On the contrary, the characteristics which determine with whom *we* shall associate, are nearly all within our power to alter. Hence it is our own fault, if we remain flocking together with the sinful and degraded.

CONNEXIONAL TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. W. COOKE, D.D.

To the Superintendents, Teachers, and Scholars of the Sunday Schools of the Methodist New Connexion.

Hanley, October 1st, 1872.

DEAR BRETHREN,—It is our duty and pleasure to ask your co-operation in a movement which will, we are sure, commend itself to the approval of all. Our late Conference, held at Manchester, passed a resolution (see Minutes, Resolution 100) affirming the desirability of presenting a connexional testimonial to the Rev. W. Cooke, D.D., in recognition of his long, faithful, and eminent services to our denomination.

We are fully persuaded that the resolution of Conference is in accord with the wish of the Connexion. All would like to do honour to one whom we all love and revere as an "able minister of the New Testament," and who is justly regarded as an ornament to our community. His pulpit abilities and his valuable contributions to theological literature have won for him great respect both within and beyond the pale of Methodism, and claim special and high appreciation from us. And now that Dr. Cooke has been compelled, through failing health, to relinquish (nearly two years ago) the editorship of our Magazines, which post he had filled so efficiently for twenty-two years, we think the time has fully come for our gratitude and respect to assume a practical form.

Joseph Love, Esq., of Durham, has given a glorious start to our effort by promising £250; other brethren are following with handsome subscriptions; and now, *what will our Sunday Schools do?*

The able expositions of Scripture which Dr. Cooke gave for so many years in *THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, merit the gratitude of all the readers of that excellent periodical, and we feel sure that every scholar in the Connexion will say, "I should like to give my *penny* towards this testimonial in honour of an old and dear friend." Now, if our larger schools would send a £5 note, and our smaller ones would contribute £1 each, we should raise a Testimonial Fund alike honourable to ourselves and to Dr. Cooke. Cannot this be done? We are sure it *can*, and we believe that our schools will say, it *shall* be done!

Most respectfully, then, beloved brethren, do we lay the matter before you. Will the esteemed superintendents promptly bring it before the School Committees? Will the teachers and scholars lovingly and generously co-operate? And as it is strongly desired to close the effort before Christmas, so as not to come into collision

with juvenile missionary efforts, &c. &c., will the school secretaries kindly notify the decision in each case, by letter, addressed to J. C. WATTS, 30, Mollart Street, Hanley?—We are, beloved brethren, yours very sincerely,

S. HULME,	J. LOVE,
A. McCURDY,	J. G. HEAPS,
C. D. WARD,	F. JACKSON,
J. C. WATTS (<i>Secretary</i>),	J. WHITWORTH,
H. ATHERTON (<i>Treasurer</i>).	

Memoir.

EMILY ROBERTS, FENTON.

ON Wednesday, the 12th June last, Emily Roberts, aged seventeen years, after a brief illness of less than three days, was called away to her eternal reward. On the Sabbath afternoon previous she had formed one of a company of about 70 scholars, who, as is customary with us, had been singing in sweet and melodious strains the children's hymns at our Sabbath-school anniversary. They had just finished singing their last hymn, and the minister, the Rev. J. K. Jackson, was about to announce the collection, when she was suddenly taken ill, and had to be carried away, never more to return. During nearly the whole of her life she had been connected with our beloved Sunday-school at Mount Tabor, and had at all times evinced a warm and loving interest in its pleasurable duties and delights—as an instance of which we may mention that, as a juvenile missionary collector, her name for several years has stood high up on the list of those who have been engaged in that department of youthful Christian labour; and in her Sabbath-school class she was highly esteemed, both by her teachers and fellow-scholars, for her kindly disposition and conduct.

Early in the present year we held a series of revival services,

which were blessed of God in the conversion of many sinners, and she, along with a number of others about her own age, came forward at one of the Sabbath evening prayer meetings, and after much earnest supplication for the Divine blessing, yielded to the influence of the Saviour's love, and gave her heart to God. This appears to have been the starting point in her spiritual history, and although she did not afterwards display very strong religious feeling and emotion, yet her altered demeanour betokened that her heart had been deeply impressed with religious convictions. During the short illness which terminated in her death there were few opportunities of holding familiar conversation with her, but she nevertheless, in her calm moments, so expressed herself as to leave behind some sweet and comforting thoughts for her sorrowing relatives and friends. At the funeral, which took place on the following Sabbath, a large number of scholars, teachers, and friends joined in the procession to the grave; thus terminating in one short week this most solemn incident in the arrangements of Divine providence, teaching us all, in a very forcible manner, the importance of youthful preparation for death and eternity.

J. I. M.

Our Children's Portion.

WHAT THE BOOK SAYS.

TOM and Willie are brothers. Willie is lame, and cannot play about so actively as some boys can, so his elder brother, Tom, often stays in the house and tries to amuse him. One day they were playing on the hearth-rug when something happened which displeased Willie, and without thinking what he was doing he raised his hand to strike his brother. Tom did not like that, so there was a scuffle. Happily their kind grandmother was sitting close by, and the noise they made drew her attention. "Nay, come," she said, "that is not the way in which you should treat each other, to be scratching each other's eyes." "No," said Tom, "it isn't, let's see what the book says." So Tom went to the table where our school hymn-book was lying; he opened the book and read aloud the whole of the 294th hymn:—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

"But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;

Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

Now we hope that both Tom and Willie will remember the lesson which that hymn teaches, and that when they grow older they will not forget what another book, the best of books, says, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." "Be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love."

WANT OF EDUCATION.

THERE are 5,660,000 persons in the United States who can neither read nor write—four fifths of whom are in the Southern States. Of the Northern States, Ohio has the largest number of minor illiterates, the figure being 47,654. The total number of illiterates, in the leading Western States, are as follows:—Ohio, 173,149; Indiana, 147,015; Illinois, 135,573; Michigan, 51,304; Wisconsin, 55,265; Iowa, 45,669; Missouri, 222,385; of which 60,622 are coloured. Pennsylvania has 222,351 illiterates, and New York 241,152.

Poetry.

HYMN OF A CHILD.

I BELIEVE in Jesus,
Jesus died for me,
And the chief of sinners,
On the rugged tree.

Though I have been wicked,
He forgives my sin,
And His arms He opens
Now to take me in.

He's the only Saviour,
And I know He's mine—
Whispering words most precious,
Breathing peace divine.

Oh, how sweet to see Him,
And to taste His love!
Now to sing His praises,
Soon to meet above!

There my eyes shall see Him
In His glory bright;
And my heart adore Him
In the glorious light.

Blessed Jesus, save me!
Keep me evermore!
Then at last receive me,
Ne'er to leave thee more!

E. C. T.



THE CONSECRATION OF AARON.

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XX.

ACCOMMODATING.

WE left James in the last chapter doing as greater men than he have to do sometimes, namely, holding office till his successor was appointed. That was only fair and wise on his part, for if we part company in Church or State, in commercial or other affairs, there is no need to do it in a pet, or to show small spite in the business. It made no difference to James, as to his "diligence in business," or as to his care and integrity respecting the interests confided to his charge, that he had resigned his situation. He felt that he had done all that his conscience demanded to clear himself of all complicity with slavery, and he was therefore at rest and prepared to do his duty till he was relieved.

Although people do sometimes part, it is clear enough that there are many reasons why they should not part. There is a "fitness of things," a congeniality and sympathy between persons sometimes, which make it desirable that they should be friends all their lives; for they seem to have the qualities requisite to enable them to contribute largely to each other's happiness.

And, strange as it may appear, there had sprung up a mutual attachment between James and some of the people around him which would render their parting painful whenever it might occur. Jako cried when he heard that James intended to leave the plantation, and Aunt Augusta felt it something of an insult to herself and her race that he should think of going. She was a person in authority after a fashion, and she considered she had a right to say something about James's resolve to go. Besides, she had her notions of what was right, and she could see no right that James had to be troubled about the question of slavery at all.

"Massa," she said to James, one day, "I hear you be going to leave us."

"Yes," said James; "I have resigned my situation, and I only continue here till some one is sent out to take the place."

"Well," said auntie, "you must be out ob your mind. Why

dis is de pleasantest place to lib in all de world. I hab studied geometry" (she meant geography)—"and I know something about de world. Why dis bery week I was hearing de schoolmaster read de newspaper, and it said that de milk in England was made of plaster ob Paris and water, and that de water was full ob animalaculus" (animalculæ)—"those be young crocodiles, be they not, massa?—that de sugar was mixed with sand; that de wines was made of log-wood chips well boiled, and de oatmeal was mixed with sawdust, and ever so many things was adulterated till de people were being poisoned by scores ebry week. And it said that de fogs choked people, and de cold winds and frosts in the winter killed thousands ob de people. Now it is not so here, massa. What a blessed sun we hab, and what nice fruit we can grow, and no frost or cold, but always a fine summer about us; and dere is no smoke nor fog like what they hab in England. I wonder, massa, you want to go back to that cold and wretched country."

"Well, auntie," said James, "I have told you my reasons for returning to England, and I need not repeat them. I cannot live in the midst of slavery; at any rate, I cannot administer it."

"Slavery!" said auntie; "why, what is slavery to you, massa? Are not we all one family here? I am sure de girls in de kitchen will not slave themselves, for I hab the greatest trouble in de world to make dem do dere work. And as to Jako, he no slave either. Look at his fat cheeks, and you will see dere has not been much slavery in him. Besides, massa, you did not make slavery, nor I either, and we are not 'sponsable. It is de great people in London who are 'sponsable, and if I was in your place, I should care no more about it, but to do your best and let it go."

"It cannot be," said James. "What I have done is right, and I shall abide by it."

"Ah, massa," said auntie, "I'se affraid you no converted; for de preacher tell us down at de chapel yonder, dat if we are converted we submit to de Lord, and do our duty in dat situation ob life in which we are placed. Now I done my duty in my situation, and I do not see why I should trouble myself about other people's duty. You see you study philosogy, and it puts you into a fret about ebrything."

"Do you mean philosophy?" said James.

"Yes," said auntie, "dat what I mean, but you see I spelt it wrong. I do not like philosophy. It makes people so nice and particular in their notions and words dat they don't dare hardly to speak at all, lest they should use wrong words; and so you be bothered about slavery because you put it into philosophy. Now, how can you put Jako here into philosophy? Look at him, how he grins, and how his face shines, as if he had buttered it all over. He no philosophy animal, but a simple happy nigger. But he knows the philosophy of eating and doing nothing; dat is all de philosophy him hab. But, massa, they say we be going to be

'mancipated, and what will you do with us then? Shall we be carried back to Africa, or drowned, or what will become of us?"

"Yes," said James, "I believe you will be emancipated, and that before long. The Parliament of England have taken the matter in hand, and I expect before six months are over all the negroes in the British Empire will be free. You will be free, auntie, and Jako here, and then what will you do?"

"Me," said auntie, "me free? Well, massa, merits, you know, will carry me through. I shall get a situation, massa, nebber fear, for people will want their dinners all the same, free or no free. And, massa, you know I can cook a good dinner. Cooks are always wanted, and I nebber heard that 'mancipation would stop eating; so I am right any way. And as to Jako, boots will want cleaning and horses taking care of, I s'pose, after we be emancipated, just the same as now, so he can live and prosper if he is made free."

Such is a specimen of the conversation which took place between James and his domestics in view of his departure from his situation; but, in truth, events were fast ripening into such a character that no one, not James himself or his employers, had any adequate notion of what they would do or be on the morrow. For months he remained where he was. Every mail he expected to receive tidings of the appointment of his successor, but none came. The routine of the business continued as usual to be fulfilled. Shipments were made to London as usual, and the commercial results of James's management were in the highest degree satisfactory; but perplexity reigned among the firm of Spicer and Co., for the debates in Parliament had waxed warm and furious on this question of slavery in the British West Indian Islands, and Spicer and Co. were doubtful what policy it was best to pursue—whether to close their connection with the business, or to resolve to carry it on under the new conditions which were sure to be created in a short time. At last the die was cast; the Act of Parliament which emancipated the slaves was passed. Twenty millions of pounds were appropriated from the British Exchequer to indemnify the planters for the loss which it was expected would result from the change in the value of their property and the altered mode of conducting it; and a great crash came on the islands and all who were interested in slave-holding. Many of the planters failed. There was no possibility of disposing of property which, for anything that could be foreseen, would shortly become worthless, and people held on to it because they could not part with it.

It was resolved at length that the head of the firm should go out to the island to see for himself what was best to be done, and of course to supersede James in the management of the estate. This was done, and James was next seen packing up for home. It was not without sincere regret that Mr. Spicer brought his mind to severing James's connection with the firm, nor was it very clear how they could do without him. He had risked and in fact lost his all for

the assertion of a principle. Of his integrity, diligence, and worth there could be no doubt; and Mr. Spicer knew that in these respects it might be difficult to find another like him: but the firm could not see that he should be allowed to dictate to them on the question in hand, and so he had to go.

And go where? "Back to Grimside? Back to London?" He could not answer these questions. Providence had not yet answered them. All he knew was that there was no way open to him to remain where he was; at least he saw none, and therefore he prepared to go. All his things were packed up ready to leave, but he resolved to have an "out" in the adjoining islands before returning to England, and in this pleasant occupation he spent the next three months. Looking at nature in that wonderful region of the earth in all the gorgeous beauty which the Creator has lavished upon it, in its landscapes, its vegetation, its insects, birds, and animals; a sight which we might all covet if we had time and means to see it; a sight the thought of which, Mr. Kingsley says, in his recently published book, "At Last, a Christmas in the West Indies," had been the dream of forty years to him; and a sight which the author of "Tom Cringle's Log" has so strikingly realised to his readers in that popular book. James might well desire to witness what so many had wished to see, and especially as he was, so to speak, on the spot; and we leave him there to enjoy himself for a few months before he returns to his native land, to which after all he did not return at that time, as we shall see in the two concluding chapters of this story, both of which, for mechanical reasons in making up the JUVENILE for this month and arranging for the next, when a large space will be needed for "Title, Index, and Preface," and the consequent necessity of posting up our "Editor's Table" section, this month, as it can have no place in the next number, we leave over till the December number shall appear.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE SCENES.

VI.—THE HIGH PRIEST.

Exod. xxviii.; Lev. xvi.

You cannot have read your Bibles with any care without noticing how frequently the person and the office of the high priest is mentioned. Who was the high priest? He was the principal minister in the Jewish Church; the position he held was the most solemn as well as the most honourable position in the land. The first to hold this exalted post was Aaron, the brother of Moses; and God directed that the office should be confined to his descendants. This command was observed for hundreds of years. Aaron was succeeded by his son, Eleazar, and to his family the high

priesthood was confined till the time of Eli. Then it passed to the family of Ithamar, Aaron's fourth son. Again, during Solomon's reign, it returned to the family of Eleazar, remaining with it until the Captivity. Soon after this the nation became very corrupt; the succession was entirely lost, and the office bought and sold, often being held by very wicked men.

The dress of the high priest was of a very costly and beautiful sort; indeed this was expressly commanded—"And thou shalt make holy garments for Aaron thy brother, for glory and for beauty" (Exod. xxviii. 2). In a few words let me state what this dress was. There was first a robe of fine linen which reached down to the feet. Over this came another rich blue robe, having little golden bells on its lower border, with golden pomegranates between, the bells giving out a sweet tinkling sound as the high priest moved from place to place. Then over this blue robe came the ephod, a short garment without sleeves, made of fine linen, and purple, blue, and scarlet threads, with threads of gold also twisted in. This garment was fastened at the shoulders with a pair of golden clasps set with precious stones, on which were engraved the names of the twelve tribes. At the waist it was bound with a beautiful girdle. On the breast was worn, suspended by golden chains from the shoulders, that rich array of gems called the breastplate. There were twelve jewels, each of a different sort from the rest, and each engraved with the names of one of the tribes. And then on the head was worn the mitre, in the front of which was fastened a plate of gold with the words "Holiness unto the Lord" written upon it.

What an imposing appearance must Aaron have presented when first he stood in this splendid attire! In reference to the jewels used so freely in the high priest's dress, we are told the people of the East retain to this day their knowledge of precious stones and their love for them. Dr. Thompson says a poor donkey-boy in Syria is likely to know more about the names, appearances, and relative value of the precious stones mentioned in the Word of God than nine-tenths of Bible readers among ourselves. When God commanded that the high priest should be so clothed, and adorned with such costly gems, as well as that the tabernacle should be fitted in such an elaborate manner, he wished to teach the people that their best and richest services could alone be acceptable to him.

The duties of the high priest were very various and very onerous. He was the chief judge or magistrate, as well as the chief minister of religion. In our own country, and in these times, religious and civil matters are kept apart, or nearly so. The minister of religion does not interfere with the work of the magistrate. With the Jews it was not so. The nation was the church, and the church the nation; the rulers being the same in both. Hence the high priest was constantly engaged in the administration of the law, and in the general government of the land. But his chief duties were in connection with the sanctuary services. Let me tell you of

those he had to perform on the great day of atonement. Once a year, on the tenth day of the month of October, according to our reckoning of time, the people were to give up their work, observe a solemn fast, and come together to confess their sins before God. Let us try to picture to ourselves the scene.

While it is yet early morning the people may be seen in families hastening to the tabernacle. Soon we see a vast and orderly multitude gathered together. Presently the high priest appears before all the people, clad in his beautiful robes. So great is the hush throughout that great multitude that you may almost hear the golden bells on his dress as he comes along. A bullock is brought and slain; and the high priest takes of the blood, and is seen to pass within the holy place, and on to the holiest of all. On one day in the year only must he enter here. And the people still stand without, hushed and reverent, for they know that their representative now stands in the very presence of God for them, and sprinkles the atoning blood upon the mercy-seat. So the people wait. After a time the high priest comes in sight again. Two goats are brought to him, one for a sin offering, the other for the scapegoat. Still the people solemnly look on. Every person there knows that what the high priest is doing he is doing for him. And now lots are cast, and we see that one of the goats is slain, while the other is kept alive. The high priest takes of the blood of this new victim, as he had done of the previous one, and passes again within the sanctuary, once more sprinkling the mercy-seat. There is another solemn pause. The people will not speak, they will scarcely move, only devoutly bow the head and try to pray along with him who is now pleading in the presence of their King and God. Then the high priest comes forth again, and standing with both hands upon the head of the goat that was kept alive, he confesses over it "all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat." When this is done the goat is sent away into a land not inhabited, figuratively bearing away all the sins of all the people.

Perhaps my reader will ask why have we not such a high priest now? Why not one with the same gorgeous apparel, offering the same sacrifices, in the same solemn way? We answer, "Because we have a better. 'We have a *great* high priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God.'" Those of whom I have been telling you were only intended to prepare the way for the better one. Now Jesus has become not the Jews' high priest only, but the world's, and the world's sacrifice as well. Yes, he is the Priest, and the Sacrifice, and the Scapegoat too, for all our sins are laid upon him. My dear reader, do you feel that Jesus is your atonement? Then I am sure you will want your whole life to be one long hymn of praise, one long act of worship, one long day of service rendered to him.

And now my reader will allow me a word in bringing these

Scripture scenes to a conclusion. From time to time I have tried to picture to you some scene from the good old Book, chosen at random out of hundreds of similar ones having an equal claim upon your attention. Constantly study this good Book for yourself. Do not say "I have so many lessons to learn, or so many other books to read, I have no time for the Bible." Other books I know are very instructive, and interesting too, but they contain not that truth which will make you "wise unto salvation." They give you only the thought of man; in the Bible you have the thoughts of God. Oh, read these, believe them, treasure them in your heart, they are your life! David said, "Thy testimonies are wonderful!" And assuredly they are; wonderful above all in what they shall do for thee, if thou wilt but be guided by them.

J. C. S.

UP THE RHINE;

OR, THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

No. I.

OUR rendezvous—no matter; meet me did. Whether by accident or design, who cares? Three of us in all, off for an "out." Everybody travels nowadays, that is, if everybody has the chance. And so we three separate everybodies having the chance, think the bird we have in the hand worth the two which we have *not* in the bush. We scarcely expected an ovation if we *should* happen to be recognised—men of too small importance for that—still we thought it best to travel *incog.*, and pay our way like three honest-hearted private gentlemen of limited means. So we did, wandering at our own sweet will, no man daring to make us afraid except one at fair Brussels. As we rested our weary limbs on the pedestal of a monument, in a demonstrative fashion he ordered us to "move on." But we have our revenge in consigning him to the oblivion he so richly deserves, as a mild way of expressing our contempt.

You know Lord Bacon's advice to travellers of the "younger sort?" "Keep a diary," says the great man; so we did, and to what purpose these papers shall say. Let us proceed.

On the line. He was a tall, long, lanky-looking man, clad in uniform, but not very prepossessing or well-favoured to the eye; perhaps the reverse, occasioned by his sottish habits. Still, he was a soldier, setting himself forth as a specimen of British pluck. So, having nothing better to do, we played barrister awhile, and cross-examined him on "matters and things" for ourselves and you. And here, minus sundry inelegant expressions and verbiage, is his confession. "My name is T— D—; I am a native of Manchester, where I have been visiting my friends. I am a private in the 4th Hussar regiment. I am over in England from India on sick leave; but am now returning from Manchester to Canterbury. I hope to

return to India soon. I have seen no active service as yet, but would have volunteered in the Abyssinian expedition, if I had been allowed." "Rehearse the articles of thy belief." "I believe in whisky; and when it is within reach have no control over myself, but go on drinking as fast as I can." "Hope you are not a sample of the British soldier?" "All tarred with the same brush; but I mean to be better after to-night." "Why wait till to-night is past? It will be more difficult to give up then." "When my comrades say, 'Come on, Tom, and have a glass,' I can't resist." We point out how that teetotalism would be best for him; and that statistics show that even in India the abstainers can best stand the intense heat by day and cold by night. Still he was set for the defence of the "spree to-night." Seeing this, we reminded him of the good Book's saying, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." "Change here for Canterbury!" so Private T—— D—— goes out into the tremendous storm that rages, leaving us to hope that he has either misrepresented or exaggerated the case; which the good order and sobriety manifested by the soldiers during the late autumn manoeuvres incline us to think he has.

Providing ourselves with suitable change at the "Bureau de Change," near the Charing Cross Railway Station, London—stivers and guilders for Holland, groschen and thalers for Germany, and cents and francs for Belgium—and keeping a sharp look-out as to these strange moneys, for they are wont to play foreigners tricks, and slip back too soon into native pockets, we find our way to Bishopsgate Station, and book to Harwich for Rotterdam. Arrived at Harwich, anxious to see "which way the wind blows," we look out of the carriage window, when the words spring to the lips, "What a fine night!" Sky clear, wind soft and gentle, the moon walking in her brightness; all quiet and still, and every prospect of a splendid voyage, if —. What? That horrible destroyer of the sea-tripper's pleasure—sea-sickness—can only be bribed. But we doubt.

On board the *Avalon*, Captain N——. "Steward, find us a berth, please." "Have you bespoke?" "No." "Stand aside, please; must serve those who have—first come, first served." Patiently we wait; and at last find ourselves booked all for the same compartment; so good sometimes comes of waiting. You see that short, stout, jolly-looking little fellow, who seems as if, whether anybody cares for him or not, he cares for nobody? Well, I overheard him say for supper he demolished half a loaf, five eggs and a half, and three bottles of porter. One thinks he may well look bloated and puffy. And so one chimes in with the appropriate question, "Is that all?" And we wonder how much will fall to the fishes' share. But we must to bed; so after a short promenade on the deck we retire, to be—

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

On attempting to rise in the morning, we found that out of the

question, the gentle oscillatory motion of the ship produced a queer sensation about the region of the stomach. We beheld the face of our natural man in the glass, but did not straightway forget what manner of man we were—so pale, sallow, and sickly. So, feeling poorly, we were fain, however unwilling, to lie down again, hoping thereby to keep the monster at bay. But to no purpose; so we prepared for the worst, and under protest submitted to our fate, casting up our accounts. We try to persuade ourselves "all's for the best;" but scarcely *feeling* that such is the case, we march on deck to catch the sea-breeze, thinking that we must be nearing our port. 'Cause why? Rotterdam is only about 200 miles from London, whilst the ferry across the "silver streak" in decent weather is only about twelve hours. Here we are, then.

On deck. See, right away yonder is Holland. Now look to the right, away in the distance. What are those two tower-looking structures on the coast, some few miles apart? Lighthouses, the farthest on the Belgian frontier, the other on the southern frontier of Holland. But we are now steaming up the river Maas. As we ascend, on the right stands the celebrated town of Briel, with its tall church tower, which forms an excellent landmark to the sailor, and can be seen a long way out at sea. Here the famous and determined Dutch admiral, Martin Van Tromp, was born. In 1639 he beat the Spanish hollow, and was the victor in some thirty or forty engagements during his career. But he found his match in 1652, when he fought us Britishers. You remember, at first he seemed as if he would serve us as he had served others; and so, in a spirit of bravado, ran up a broom at his mainmast head, indicating his intention to sweep the seas of the English. However, he reckoned without his host on this occasion, for our Admiral Blake gave him a sound thrashing, and made the Dutch pay dearly for their presumption and aggression.

How low and flat the land lies! There is not a single hill or anything of the kind to be seen anywhere; they may well call it the Netherlands, for it is certainly "nether" enough. Flat on the right, left, &c.—everywhere flat. Stakes, threaded by willows—which are grown here in large quantities—supported by artificial embankments, dam out the sea which comes rolling in, and lapping with its tongue the land as if, like a great wild beast, it thought it would be very nice to swallow up this little tid-bit of territory. But the Dutch are a brave people, and very properly object to be thus summarily dealt with. And so with Andernach cement and other materials combined, applied with engineering and hydrostatical skill, they say to the sea, "Thus far shalt thou come—no farther."

Now for the Customs, which occasion a little commotion. But we sustain the ordeal with credit, having nothing amongst our impedimenta contraband, arriving safe at the landing-stage opposite the Boompjes.

Rotterdam. What a din! a complete Babel; everybody, it would seem, shouting and bawling at everybody else; whilst some are vociferating, as loud as lungs will allow, the particular merits of the respective hotels which they represent. But that is not all; they gather round and crowd upon you, like a swarm of bees, just as if you were nothing else but a number of flowers from which they felt it to be their imperative duty to extract as much honey—I'd like to have said money—as possible. But we will have none of these self-appointed "commissionaires," and so say, "Hands off, gentlemen," and straightway march to our quarters at the New Bath Hotel. But as we go, we reflect that Mr. Gendarme—who is half a soldier and half policeman—yonder, with his dirty white unmentionables, and dark green tunic, with cutlass dangling at his side, must have plenty to do to keep the peace, and wish him success.

As we sit patiently waiting for our first meal in a foreign land, we felt some little amusement at an ingenious construction which the *garçon* brought in as a preliminary. Its exterior resembled a moderate-sized coal-scuttle, but within a tiny grate, fire, and kettle, which last was steaming away like a young locomotive, quite unconscious of the gaze of curious eyes. A capital contrivance, thought we, to save us from *hot* steaks and *cold* tea. Yes, courteous readers, we were our own tea-makers for once in awhile.

Having satisfied our natural man, we perambulate the town and see the "sights." We soon observe the queer brass spiral ornaments which many of the women wear, which protrude from the head in an unsightly fashion, like spiral springs for flies to dance on: the nice white caps we rather did admire, but we cannot say we admired the former. Affixed to iron holders outside the respectable-looking houses, are looking-glasses of various sizes. They are so placed that the inmates of the house can see people coming up or down the street without the inconvenience of exposing themselves to view; though the writer did just catch sight of one old lady playing at that game. After wandering about in various places, and observing different things which need find no mention here, we wound round by the Museum, in front of which stands a bronze monument to Gysbert Karel, 1813, and afterwards found our way to the public market-place, where stands the statue of Erasmus. Here he is, with the market-women in front of and round about him. Rotterdam boasts of having given birth to this the great one in the year 1467. There stands the trenchant satirist, erect, with flowing robes, holding an open book, which is probably the Bible, which he appears to be studiously perusing. You know the part he played in the Reformation? When a lad, Erasmus appears to have been wonderfully clever. In Germany he had for schoolmate one who became known to the world in after times as Pope Adrian VI. He was of an active turn of mind, but too timid and faint-hearted. He was very observant, and saw much of the follies and

licentiousness of the Roman Church, and especially of the priesthood. Feeling scandalised, he wrote a book about the extravagances, sins, &c., of the above, and called it the "Praise of Folly," in which he lashed the priests most unmercifully, and held them up to the ridicule and contempt which they so richly deserved. In fact, the book is generally thought to have exerted a mighty influence on the public mind, and prepared the way for the great Reformation of the sixteenth century. But he was too timid for the work itself; so God raised up another, equal to the times and the deed. Erasmus passed away in 1536.

But forward. At the north-east end of the town is an arboretum, which affords a pleasant shade from the hot summer's sun to the weary or the lazy one. Here singing birds do congregate and hold concert; though the quiet and charm of the place are somewhat disturbed by the clinking of workmen's hammers in a neighbouring manufactory. The town is intersected by canals, which cross each other at various angles; while the trees of various sorts which line the sides, together with the tall masts of the vessels that there ride in smooth water, seen in the distance, remind a stranger of a young forest. The presence of the shipping, however, is accounted for by the large trade done with foreign countries. Other purposes are served by these canals. Here the good housewives wash much of their linen, and certainly we should be loth to prefer a complaint against its colour, for it seemed almost faultlessly white. The canals afford a convenient mode of transit, too, whilst at the same time they drain the land of its superfluous water. Speaking of water and washing, you might fancy "washing taken in" here from the whole kingdom. The streets of the town are old-fashioned and narrow; the houses old, and built some of small red bricks, others of light brown. We notice here an absence of "poor Neddy," but instead a frequent use of dogs to run little carts. Look, there's a curious "turn-out!"—a goat, drawing a four-wheel carriage, containing three girls, with a lad in charge. If these Dutch don't believe in practical utilitarianism, pray what do they believe in?

Here's the "Groote Kerk," the tower door of which being open, we take the liberty of entering without permission, and before anybody finds it out, mount nearly four hundred steps to the top. We have a magnificent view in the sunshine of the town below and the adjacent country. It is simply superb, and we think of being up what is familiarly called "Boston Stump." Another look from this glorious height, and having fed the fellow in charge of the clock, we descend to the ground floor. Looking about in search of curiosities, a most sickening and disgusting sight revolts our feelings beneath the staircase. A sensation of horror steals over us at the very remembrance, whilst we experience a revulsion of feeling which such a scene alone can cause. What is it? A heap of human bones, cast carelessly and pell-mell together, forming a

ghastly heap. Arm and shin bones, skulls, with tiny patches of hair still clinging to them, and protruding brains, and teeth grinning fiercely at you, as if in revenge for obtruding ourselves into their presence, together with the abominable stench that filled the place, made an impression upon us which, if not indelible, will take a long time to efface. So, sick at heart, we turn from the loathsome sight, quoting Parnel's appropriate couplet :—

“ And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.”

One of the most prominent objects in the church is the poor-box, for both the organ and the tablet to Admiral de Witt are under cover. So we remember the poor, pay our fee, and depart.

One other long last look. What a number of windmills! Now, if you know anybody of Quixotic temperament and disposition, who thinks windmills a nuisance and scandal, we can promise him plenty of work in Holland, if he seeks a reform in this direction. If we were to count them, we might use up our arithmetic. Everywhere windmills; and yet these wind-powers are powers for good. Some grind corn, some pump water and drain the land, and some cut up the timber that comes down the Rhine in rafts, &c. The town stand on the small river Rotte—hence the name Rotterdam—which empties itself into the Maas; and wears an air of some business importance, as large merchantmen, by means of the canals of which we have spoken, unload their cargoes at the very doors of the warehouses. And so we leave this rather interesting place, with the reflection that, after all, the Dutch are a practical lot of fellows.

TOM BROWN ON PROVERBS.—VIII.

“EVIL communications corrupt good manners.” So far as we know, this proverb was first written by Menander, a Greek comic poet, who lived more than three hundred years before Christ. He is said to have written over one hundred comedies, but of all these only a few fragments have been handed down to us; and it is very probable that this sentence might have been lost with the rest of his sayings if it had not been quoted by the Apostle Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians. However that might be, it is certain that it would never have become such a familiar expression but for its appearance in the sacred writings. As a part of Paul's Epistles, it has become the common property of all classes of society, and has been translated into nearly every language and dialect. Thus the Apostle, by merely quoting this saying of Menander's, has conferred on it an immortality and a universality of use such as its author could scarcely have hoped for, even in his most ambitious dreams.

“Evil communications corrupt good manners.” We have another

proverb, and a very homely one, to pretty much the same effect: "Those who sleep with dogs will rise up with fleas." Burkhardt, the great Eastern traveller, gives a very quaint Arabian proverb, which somewhat resembles this: "He who introduces himself between the onion and the peel goes not forth without its strong smell."

But so fully is the truth of our proverb accepted in every-day life, that people do not wait for the good manners to be corrupted, but at once judge those who keep evil company to be as bad the rest. Hence we have a proverb which says, "Tell me with whom thou goest, and I will tell thee what thou doest." The Spaniards say, "Associate with the good, and thou shalt be esteemed one of them;" and of course the same result would follow association with the wicked. And how often is this the case? How frequently do we hear it said, when some name turns up in conversation, "I haven't much hope for him, I saw him arm-in-arm with that wild young Jones the other night." And of a young woman it may be said, "I am quite deceived in her, I thought she was a very modest retiring girl; but only last week I met her with that bold Miss Forward."

There is hardly anything more certain than that we should get corrupted by associating with evil companions. We are naturally more inclined to evil than to good, and therefore the close companionship of wicked persons is highly dangerous, and especially so to the young and inexperienced. It is dangerous, because of the direct efforts of the wicked to induce others to do as they do. They feel rebuked as long as they are in the company of those who are not prepared to go so far into sin as themselves, and therefore they try their utmost to corrupt their less sinful companions. They do not always openly attempt this, as they are shrewd enough to see that, if their purpose was known, they would be thwarted. So they go artfully to work: restrain themselves at first, so as not to shock their victim before he is properly snared, and pretend to admire his principles and pay respect to his scruples. But gradually they draw him on, from one slight departure from truth and virtue to another, until at last he is as bad as they, and as anxious to seduce others.

And then "evil communications corrupt good manners," because of the debasing influences of the words and actions of the wicked. Constant acquaintance with sin blunts our sense of its deformity, and in that way corrupts our moral sensibility. Pope says very truthfully:—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The first oath we hear from an acquaintance quite startles us, but, if frequently repeated, we soon forget to notice it, and it gets familiar to our ears. One of the greatest evils that falls on the

children of the poorer classes of this country, and especially on those who live in the slums and alleys of our large towns, is that their childhood is passed in circumstances in which they are perfectly familiar with almost every vice and wickedness. The corrupting influences of such associations is hardly ever overcome in after life. From such classes rise the hordes of criminals who infest society, and in their turn exert a similar baneful influence.

Now, since the consequences of evil companionship are so terrible, let me beg of all the readers of this magazine to be on their watch against bad company. I might, perhaps, warn you against many things for which no warning would be necessary, as these temptations may not come in your way; but each one of you is morally certain, at some time or other, to be in danger from evil associates. Companions you must and will have—companions at school and companions at work. But be very careful in choosing them.

Bad company is often very pleasant and fascinating, and hence all the more dangerous and seductive. The merry face, the bright eye, and that frank open manner which always possesses such attractions, are too often associated with qualities and practices which must be avoided with scrupulous care. Disobedience often puts on an appearance of bravery and courage. Profanity and obscenity frequently assume the garb of wit and humour. Blasphemy and infidelity sometimes appear in the guise of argument and logical disputation. And not unfrequently these appearances appeal so strongly to our feelings as to half compel our admiration. But do not imagine that courage, wit, and logic are always associated with evil company. Indeed, all that is good in them is to be found among the good. The assumed cheerfulness and merriment of the vicious only hide the self-reproach and dissatisfaction they feel; while the cheerful spirits of the good arise from pure lightheartedness and an acquitting conscience.

Some folks may mix familiarly in evil company, and deceive themselves with the grand idea that their presence and good example will be sufficient to reform the others. As a rule, they will find out their mistake too late. It is like sending a beautifully clean white sheep into a dusty, dirty flock, hoping in that way to incite them to cleanliness. Instead of that, the clean one would soon be lost sight of, for by going to and fro among the others, he he would soon be as black as they. No! if any one feels so assured of his purity, so certain of the firmness of his principles, that he fears no contamination in mingling with the wicked, let him do all he can by kind entreaty and earnest rebuke to lift from the mire those that have fallen from the path of purity and truth; but by no means let him descend to their level by choosing such for his intimate acquaintances. If one should do so, he would do it at his great peril.

To those of my readers who are at home, and have the benefit of the advice of kind and wise parents, I would say, have only

such companions as your parents approve of, for this is your only safe course. Have no friends whom you are obliged to meet by appointment some distance from home, and part from at the corner of your street. Do not have a companion whom you would slink away from if you saw your father or mother coming. I hope you are all too English for such contemptible tricks. It is a triple wrong. A wrong to yourself, to associate with one you are ashamed to be seen with; a wrong to your companion, by letting him see your contempt; and a wrong to your parents, by doing in their absence what you are ashamed to do in their presence. We are thought as a nation to be honest, straightforward, and outspoken; but what would become of our national character in the next fifty years if the English boys of to-day were to condescend to such meannesses.

But it is to those who are away from home that I would speak most particularly. They have but few friends whose advice they can ask—perhaps none. They go to a strange town, and are cast among strangers of whose characters they know very little—indeed, scarcely anything. Of course, they make acquaintanceships, and these, in course of time, ripen into friendships; and on the choice of these friends their moral success or failure may be said to depend. Oh! if our youths could only feel the full importance of this step; if they only saw the long string of consequences that follow this act, they would tremble at the terrible responsibility. A youth away from home decides for good or evil in choosing good or evil companions. At home others would advise and give opinions upon a new acquaintance; but away, there is no one to correct a false estimate of character. At home, the influence of a bad companion, though powerful, may in a measure be counteracted; but away, there is no power to check it. At home, only part of the leisure time is devoted to a friend; but away, all is thus given.

The temptations to evil company which beset a youth away from home are so great that he is rarely able of himself to withstand them. His society is quickly sought by those wishing to lead him astray, and his pride is flattered by their attentions and well-directed compliments. They do him many little services, treat him with kindness, and thus call forth his gratitude. And then, having excited his gratitude and pride, two of the most powerful movers of human nature, they gradually introduce him to their captivating but seemingly innocent pleasures, carefully hiding all traces of wickedness, until he develops a love for such things; when they conceal no longer, but openly indulge in all kinds of dissipation and sin, laughing to scorn all his objections, and sneering at his fears.

I could if I wished give many examples of the dangers and fearful results of evil company, but it is quite unnecessary to do so. Every town and village has numbers of well-known cases of ruin brought on in this way, and most of my readers, at any rate the

older ones, will be able to remember at least one case of this kind which has come under their own notice.

It is impossible to give rules for the choice of companions which shall apply to all; but, perhaps, a few words of advice may be useful. Be careful how you receive the advances of a stranger. Treat every one with civility, but do not allow yourself to take great pleasure in the society of one of whose principles you are ignorant. Choose a person for your friend, not because he is handsome, or rich, or clever merely, but because, whatever else he may or may not be, he is upright and conscientious. Trust no man who scoffs at Sabbath observance or obedience to parents. Do not associate with those who find their greatest pleasure in smoking, drinking, card-playing, or theatre-going. It will be far better for you to have no acquaintances, and thus be compelled to spend your evenings rather drearily at home than to indulge in the society of the dissolute and the vicious. Remember what Solomon says—"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

A FEW WORDS SPOKEN TO YOUNG MEN ON THE RELATIVE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME AND RICHES.—I.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."—Prov. xxii. 1.

THIS is one of those short and sententious utterances often met with in the Book of Proverbs. There is no rhetorical flourish about it. It is a clear, bold, strong, plain statement of moral truth. The meaning of the author is as plain as language can make it. It is "sound speech that cannot be condemned." This sentence does not need "cutting down," the art of condensation cannot mend it, and if you add any words to it you will spoil it. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Were I to close this Bible and say no more than that, I should send you young men home with something worth thinking about—a lesson which, if you "inwardly digested" and embodied it in your social and domestic life, would do you more good than if you read and studied a whole treatise on morality and religion. There is nothing like outspokenness, straightforward utterances respecting the moral duties of life and the concerns of the soul. Truth does not need ornamentation. Truth is a sword, and if you must do any execution with it you must unsheathe it and strike with the naked blade. Truth is a fire, and if it must burn up the stubble of error and the dross of sin, it must have "free course." Truth is a lamp to be hung in the world's darkness, but the oil must be *clear*, that the flame may be bright.

Though an honest outspokenness of the truth is always the best in the end for both those who speak and those who hear the truth,

it is not always pleasant to hear the truth told. If you strike home to the roots of a man's sin—if you tell him plainly that he is a rebel against God's moral government, and that unless he gives up his vicious habits he will inevitably and everlastingly perish—in nine cases out of every ten the human heart will show signs of warfare. All men are not like David, who, when the faithful prophet smote his conscience with the sword of truth, bowed himself in penitence before the Lord, saying, "I have sinned against the Lord." No, "the carnal mind is enmity against God: it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be;" and the enmity of the carnal mind erecteth itself against such statements as this—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

That is a doctrine which many worldly men do not relish; that is by no means an article in their creed. Some men are eager to be rich; they make haste to be rich; they intend to have money at all hazards. It is useless talking to such men about principle, about honesty, about fair and square dealing. To be rich is the height of their ambition. They mean to have their "pound of flesh," whoever suffers. You may say to them, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and they will say, "Well, you can take the good name, I prefer the great riches." You know the life of many a man says that. They would reverse this text and say, "Great riches are rather to be chosen than a good name;" so contrary are the desires and the practices of men to the utterances of the Word of God. It is admitted that there are exceptions to this rule, even among those who possess great riches. The author of this text was an exception. He was not a poor man. He was not one of those men who, because they cannot amass wealth, affect to despise it. Neither was he of the class who by their extravagance reduce themselves to penury, and then rail against the riches of the world. No, he was a rich man—an immensely rich man; he was one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest king, that ever reigned over Israel. He had very extensive possessions. By his political and mercantile arrangements he strove to raise himself to a pinnacle of unapproached isolation. He had a magnificent palace and court, a luxuriant table, and a harem of a thousand inmates. His revenue must have been immense to support all this glitter and pomp and show. He brought the wealths of the world into his exchequer—"The king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones; silver was not anything accounted of in the days of Solomon." This was the man who said, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." He was well fitted to speak of and declare concerning the relative value of riches and character. And Solomon does not, I imagine, by giving his judgment, depreciate the true value of riches. He would not tell men to cease the whole of their exertions in the mercantile world and despise all worldly gain. Doubtless riches have their uses. They give the man who possesses them the power to support the various insti-

tutions whose object is the alleviation of human suffering, to contribute to the spread of that Gospel which is for the "healing of the nations." They enable a man to give his children a fair start in life, and to provide, in a temporal sense, for those he leaves behind him. When riches are judiciously put to those uses, they are a blessing to the man, to his family, to the church, and to the community at large. The wise man would say—common prudence would say, "Get on in life as fast and as far as you can, but with all your getting on, preserve a good name; let all your progress be regulated by the principles of morality and religion. Never sacrifice conscience and principle for a ten-pound note. If you can get rich, and at the same time preserve your good name, you are justified in getting rich; if you can't be a rich man without compromising your moral dignity and sully your religious character, let riches alone; be content with little and a good name, for "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Some men have neither a good name nor riches. As to temporal, moral, and religious matters they are paupers. They never had any money in the bank, and they never will have. They never had any standing in society, and they never will have. They never had any moral dignity, and, to all appearances, they never will have. They are "hard up," in every sense of the term. When they die society feels relieved, and Christian men weep when they think of the character of the life those men must live beyond the grave. The Saviour died for such men that they might be lifted out of the depths of moral and social debasement, but through life they grovel in the filth of sensuality, and lust, and beggary, and sin, and at the last they are "driven away in their wickedness." You young men may have seen an expressive picture in connection with the issue of "Cassell's Popular Educator." Part of the picture gives the various phases or developments of vice in the life of a man. There is the child, pure and innocent as the morning light; then the lad in the streets, learning the first impresses of evil; then comes the young man, with haggard countenance, smoking a dirty pipe, his whole appearance betokening frequent visits to the beershop; then you have the man in middle life, "on full stretch for the kingdom" of darkness; and to complete the picture, there is an old man, the very personification of vice, and misery, and beggary, complete. The original of that picture is found in many a town, in many a street, and in many a home.

Some men have "great riches" but no "good name." These are the privileged sons of wickedness. Their riches enable them to prosecute their course of evil unobserved by the vulgar mass. They appear respectable in public life, so far as house, and dress, and equipage are concerned. They are unblamable. The ignorant and unthinking multitude applaud them, but the thoughtful among men know they are not enrolled among the "excellent of the earth." They have sovereigns by thousands, land by acres,

and houses by the score, but they have no principle, they have no moral dignity, they have no spiritual force.

Other men have a "good name" but no "riches." Their character is transparent, but their purse is empty. They have no dealings with the "upper ten thousand;" nay, the "upper ten thousand," with marvellous condescension, call them "the working classes," the "common people;" but they belong—I speak now of honest, Christian working men—they belong, by a second birth, to "God's nobility," to "heaven's aristocracy." Their hands are hard and horny by reason of toil, but they have hearts that beat with generous impulse and noble sentiment. "Mr. and Mrs. Lofty" gather up their garments as they pass them by, fearing lest they should be defiled by their touch, but the Great Saviour, who, though rich became poor, that he might invest the poorest with untold wealth, looks down from his mediatorial throne on high—nay, comes down, walks by their side, and in loving accents calls them "brothers," and tells them he will exalt them to an everlasting throne.

Some men have both great riches and a good name. They are great as to temporal wealth and as to moral worth. They are respected in the commercial world as men of honour. They are regarded in the social circle as men of genial manners and generous sentiment. They are almost venerated in the Church as men whose religious character is unimpeachable. When all these qualities are found in a man you may say, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright." The number of such men is but small; but such men are to be found who have a strong religious life, notwithstanding their abundant riches, proving that the grace of God can operate in all conditions of life and achieve its victories in the hearts of rich as well as poor.

The good name spoken of in this text is a matter of choice. "A good name is rather to be *chosen* than great riches." Character is not hereditary. There is many a man of godless habits whose parents were deeply pious. A man cannot bequeath his good name as an heirloom to his children. No man would ever think of saying, "I am an honest man because my father was." No woman would ever think of saying, "I am a pious woman because my mother prayed." It is certainly a blessing that you young men have godly fathers, and for you young maidens to have praying mothers, but that fact will not of necessity stamp you with moral excellence. No, after all, you must choose it for yourself. You might not have riches if you would. You may continue to be poor notwithstanding your longings for wealth, but you may all choose and possess this good name. No man is forced to be wicked. No man is compelled to be mean, and wicked, and dishonest. It is true that example has a wonderful influence over men when they are young. If a father is drunken and vicious, he need not be surprised if his son becomes drunken and vicious. If a mother take,

to evil ways, there is no cause for wonder if her daughter treads in her steps. Parents have a wonderful power in moulding the characters of their children. But young men have been known to rise above the example, and circumstances, and education of home. They have overleapt these barriers, and breathed a purer atmosphere, and lived a holier life. The Gospel of the grace of God has been magnified in their moral emancipation, in their full deliverance from the thralldom of evil. They have been held in good repute of all who have known them, though their fathers before them were notorious for unmanliness and sin. They had the choice between the good and the bad, and they "chose the good part," which was never taken from them.

This text states the relative value of a good name and riches, and decides in favour of the former. "A good name is *rather* to be chosen than great riches." As though the wise man said, "Now, young men, I place two things before you—riches and character—a good name and the wealth of this world; you shall have as much money as you like, for they are *great riches*—the character is as perfect as any human character can be. Now make your choice. I know which is the best; I know it by experience. I have heaps of money, I have vast possessions, I have all that a worldly man might reasonably desire, and I tell you solemnly that I would rather be a good man without the riches, than I would have the money without a good name. As the result of my experience, I say to you, a good name is *rather* to be chosen than great riches."

(To be continued.)

"AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO BE."

I OVERHEARD two or three little boys talking together very earnestly, and one of the sentences I plainly heard was the one at the head of this article. It was uttered by a little boy who was wanting very much to have his say. One of the boys, I should think, had already given them a glowing picture of what he would be when a man; and this little fellow felt quite sure that he had a purpose as big and every way as worthy to be told, and so he spoke out for a hearing. I wish that for your sakes I had joined their little circle: perhaps some instruction might have been gained from it; but as my intention of writing to you was an after-thought, suggested by these words, I can give you no idea of the pictures they were making, for I did not know the children, and I heard only a few words.

I don't think these children are quite alone in their tendency to make pictures of the future. And I suppose it was because I felt something like them in this that I immediately thought, "It is a very pleasant thing to dream about the great things which in the future we intend to do." Now I know that you boys and girls know something about this; and I dare say you have built many a castle

in the air, each one of you. And for my part I should not like to spoil your dreams, if they are sensible ones, because I believe that you may do a great deal to make them come true.

Sometimes we hear it said of a boy, "He has too many likes and dislikes." Of course it is meant that the boy in question is very hard to please. Now it is both a pity and a shame when this is the characteristic of a boy. Always avoid such a name. But while this may be true, I would strongly urge upon you the importance of having your likes and dislikes well founded. If a boy gets thoroughly to like the good, and hate the bad, it will do much to establish him in after life.

Your wishes may lead to their own fulfilment: many a boy has wished to become useful, pious, honourable, to be a good workman, a good scholar, a useful man; and the wish has been sustained and accompanied with effort—with God-assisted effort—and the boy has been even more successful than he ever dared to hope.

So it may be with you. Remember this when you think of what you would like to be. I can see no objection to your having one sensibly planned "castle in the air."

You have a right also, having such a picture, to hang it up in a conspicuous place in your mind, that you may often look at it. But having got it, don't go into raptures about it! It is only a dream yet. Let it be a truthful, living picture, and then there will be strength in your rejoicing; but until then this bright vision of the future must only stimulate you, and cause you to work the harder for the object you would attain. Like the architect working to his plans, and satisfied only when he sees the building erected, and finds that men think it worthy of admiration, so must it be with you. When you dream of the future, therefore, and say, "That is what I would like to be," remember that a dream is an airy castle, and cannot be anything more without toil, and faith, and continuance. But while I would say, have a wish, which perhaps interprets itself in a dream, or what we style "a castle in the air," I would also say, have a care that dreaming is not a habit with you. To form a habit of dreaming is a fearful mistake. I have read of a boy who in this manner often dreamed, and people used to say of him, "He is a very studious boy," and he was nothing of the kind. He was only a poor shallow dreamer! How did people make this mistake? Why, he seemed to be always thinking, so much so that he did not care for play; and certainly he was thinking, but what good came of it? None, but a great deal of harm to himself.

Once he was out walking, separated from his school-fellows, and in pensive raptures, I suppose, over some grand dream, in which all the world was aglow at his wondrous achievements, and he suddenly felt something wet and cold to his feet, then a splash, and another. Thoroughly aroused, he looked about him, and found that he was in the middle of a stream! The only practical conclusion of that dream was a good wetting. The great injury this fault did to him

should be a warning to other boys, and to girls also, for if I do not often name them, I am intending the girls as well, when I say "boys." He wasted the present golden and precious opportunities in foolish castle-building, and thus never did anything good, or great, or useful. And so when you have a picture of the future, and say to yourselves, and to others, what you would like to be, do not absurdly dream over it, but remember that God helping you, you must shape your own future, and you must strive to bring this desirable thing to pass.

There is a wonderful story told of a youth who thought he would like to be a scholar. He was only a gardener's son, and he did not even know how to read before he was eight years of age; but remember, if you would like to be scholars, how he brought his wish about. The story of his silent endeavours was somewhat curiously brought out. His father was a gardener to the Duke of Argyle, and one day the duke was walking in his garden and saw a book lying on the grass. Picking it up and looking at it, he found that it was one of Sir Isaac Newton's books, written in Latin. Concluding at once that it was from his own library, he directed some one near him to return it to the library. What was his surprise, therefore, when it was modestly claimed by the gardener's son. The duke replied, "What! geometry, and Latin, and Newton? And this yours?" He pressed his inquiries further, that he might know how a youth of eighteen, in his own service, was so strangely gifted. Edmund Stone—for that was the boy's name—said, "I was taught, your lordship, by one of the servants to read ten years ago. Having learned to read, I saw the architect using compasses and measuring, when the masons were at work upon your house. I inquired about this, and found that there was a science called arithmetic, and that books were published about it. I bought one, and learned arithmetic. I afterwards heard about geometry, and purchased a book upon it, and learned that also. I was informed that excellent works upon this science were written in Latin. I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I was told also of similar works in French. I obtained a French dictionary, and learned this language also. This is the way I have done, your lordship, and it seems to me that anything may be learned if we get to know the alphabet."

The duke was charmed with the intelligence and simplicity of the youth, and at once placed him in a position where he could more freely prosecute his studies. The youth grew up to be one of the best writers upon mathematical subjects, and became a Fellow of the Royal Society.

I must now leave you, because space will not allow of me saying more. Allow me, however, in conclusion, to commend to you what I would like to be, as something that we can all strive after: it is found in that beautiful school hymn commencing, "I long to be like Jesus."

W. WILLANS.

Hull.

Editor's Table.

Tivendale, Sept. 23rd, 1872.

REV. SIR,—Seeing your willingness to throw light on different portions of Scripture, I beg to ask your opinion on a passage which I cannot clearly understand. I find in Rev. ii. 17 as follows:—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." An early answer in your next valuable INSTRUCTOR will greatly oblige,

TIVIDALE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

ANSWER.—If our correspondent should ever be able to read Greek, we refer him to Alford's Greek Testament, Vol. IV., pp. 571, 572, where he will find six different interpretations of the passage he refers to; and if he can make up his mind to any of the six, it is almost more than we can do. Dr. Clarke was a very great divine, who knew almost everything, and he devotes a large space to the explanation of this passage, giving us an extract from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," from Pindar's "Olymp." and the *scholia* there; to the collections in Wetstein and Rosenmüller's note to a pretty large extract from Plautus, which commences with—

"O mi popularis, salve!"

which means, "Hail, my countrymen!"

Amidst so much Latin and learning one almost fears to give an opinion, but it seems—

1st. That he that overcame was to eat of the hidden manna—that is, spiritual food, which Christ gives now, and will give more plentifully in heaven to faithful and conquering souls. Christ is now the bread of life to them; and his work, his character, and his influence over and about them will be food for their inquiring and adoring minds for ever. This is the hidden manna—the spiritual food which he will give to them that overcome.

2ndly. Those who overcame were to receive a white stone, and on the stone a new name, &c. Well, about the stone, we understand it to be a figurative expression (for we do not know that there will be any literal stones in heaven), descriptive of some token they will receive from the Saviour of their worth, welcome, and passport in heaven, and a new name will be engraven upon it, by which they will be known to the Saviour and to themselves. For instance, they will not be known as John, William, or George, but by some new designation, known to the Saviour and to themselves. That is all we know about it, and we suppose there is no impropriety in quoting Dr. Clarke's Latin, and asking, "O mi popularis, salve!" have we made ourselves understood?

Stockton-on-Tees, Oct. 4th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—In 2 Chron. viii. 4, we read: "And he (Solomon) built Tadmor in the wilderness." Now Tadmor is half-way between the Euphrates and the borders of Syria. Could you tell us the reason he had for building a city in the midst of a desert so far distant from his own kingdom? An answer through your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige, yours truly,
A. S. S. T.

ANSWER.—We do not know his reason particularly, for he never told us, but it was doubtless for much the same reason that many cities and strongholds have been built far away from the metropolis; namely, to be a bulwark against the inroads of warlike people. Tadmor, or Palmyra, was on a great highway for trade and traffic in those days, and it was on the borders of the Hebrew kingdom. Solomon built it as a place of defence against the raids of the Bedouins, and also for the purposes of the immense trade coming from the east to the west. It rose to be one of the most splendid cities of the world. Zenobia, that strong-minded woman, lived and ruled there at one time. It became the capital of the kingdom founded by Odenathus, which included, under the reign of Zenobia, Mesopotamia and Syria. It was attacked and conquered by the Emperor Aurelian in the year 275, and was soon after nearly destroyed in revenge for the slaughter of a Roman garrison. It has never recovered from its ruin, and a village called Tadmor, occupied by a few Arab families, now occupies the site.

May 28th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give an explanation of the following passages? We read in Prov. xx. 1, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." And in the 31st chapter of the same book, and 6th and 7th verses: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." And in 1 Tim. v. 23, we read: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." An early answer to the above through the medium of your JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will oblige, yours truly,
A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.—We did explain these passages in Proverbs in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for 1871, page 156; and as to the passage from Timothy, it needs no explanation. Paul gave Timothy this direction; and under the limitations given and for the purpose stated, we do not know that Paul said anything wrong. Nevertheless, read our former explanation above referred to.

Old Hill, Aug. 19th.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly favour me with an explanation of the following in John iii. 5: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God?" And does the term "born of water" mean baptism? An explanation of the above will oblige, yours obediently,
A LEARNER.

ANSWER.—Yes, it means baptism by water, as we understand it, though it is one of those general laws which must not in every case be pressed absolutely; as, for instance, the heathen. It supposes opportunity to be baptized, which some may never have had.

Cobridge, *Sept. 19th*, 1872.

SIR,—You would oblige me very much if you would try to explain this question. We find in Galatians i. 19: "But other of the apostles saw I none, save James the Lord's brother." Your answer would greatly oblige

GEORGE EVANSON.

ANSWER.—Well, we will "try." But, first, what is there to explain? Paul says, "Other of the apostles saw I none, save James the Lord's brother." Now we do not realise any difficulty. Will our correspondent explain himself more fully, and we will try to explain the difficulty?

Spennymoor, *Sept. 18th*, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—I read in Numbers xii. of Balak sending princes to Balaam, to curse the people of Israel. In reading the 20th verse, I find that the Lord told him to rise up and go with the princes; and I read in the 22nd verse that God's anger was kindled because he went. This seems rather strange, that God should tell him to go, and then be angry because he went. Please to favour me with your opinion in the next JUVENILE.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

ANSWER.—God was not angry because Balaam went, but, as is said in the 32nd verse, "because his way was perverse before him." That is, Balaam had begun to tamper with his conscience. He had begun to think of the rewards and honours promised him, and God, who knew his heart and its workings, was sure that he (Balaam) was not going with a pure motive. That was what God was angry with him for.

Some one sent us a question respecting Ezekiel's vision. By some means the note has been mislaid and we cannot find it. Will our correspondent please repeat his inquiry.

Memoir.

WILLIAM HOPSON, JUN.,

OF SWAN VILLAGE,

OLDBURY AND TIPTON CIRCUIT.

THE subject of this brief memoir was born at Woodsetton, in the county of Stafford, October 20, 1853.

William's parents were then Wesleyans, and their children attended the Wesleyan Sunday-school.

In the year 1858 there was begun in Swan Village an interest of our own Connexion. Mr. and Mrs. Hopson threw in their lot with us, and their children were withdrawn from the Wesleyan Sunday-school, and attended ours of the village.

After several years of patient toil and much prayer, William's teacher observed in him signs of

thoughtfulness and evident concern about the matters of another world, which resulted in his conversion to God.

From this time his conduct, both in the school and out of it, was very exemplary. He became a member of the Church, was a regular attendant on all the means of grace, and gave unmistakable signs that his religion was not vain. His religious experience, as related by himself, was simple, but always to the point, and, although the youngest member of our small Church, he had an influence for good.

His day of life was but short. He was suddenly laid by with small-pox, which has been exceedingly prevalent in this village of late, and after a few weeks' illness, borne with Christian resignation and patience, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, May 28, 1872, aged 19 years.

W. HESSEY.

Alice Cartwright.

ALICE CARTWRIGHT was born at Swan Village, May 10, 1852. At an early age she became a scholar in our Sunday-school here. She was of gentle disposition,

naturally quick in gathering information, and a close student of Scripture.

In the year 1867 she gave her heart to God, and identified herself with the people of God.

She was an active and intelligent Sunday-school teacher, and a zealous member of the Church.

With a commendable perseverance she held on "the even tenor of her way," but some of her companions made shipwreck of faith.

Last July she was stricken with small-pox, which ended fatally. She met death with the utmost calmness and fortitude. She was the same in death as in life: her last moments were spent in preparing herself and others to appear before God. July 21st she expired in the arms of a friend, and languished into life—

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past,
And dying find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

The death of our late sister Cartwright, and also that of William Hopson, were improved by the writer in our chapel at Swan Village, to a very large and affected congregation.

W. HESSEY.

Our Children's Portion.

SWEARING IN HEBREW.

A LADY riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen, occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for a vacation.

He used much profane lan-

guage, greatly to her annoyance.

She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favour?"

"With great pleasure. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

The lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

THE DYING GIRL'S PENNY.

At a missionary meeting a little girl was sitting upon her father's knee, listening with deep interest. She wept as she heard of the miseries and cruelties of the heathen.

On her return home, she said, "Father, could I not do something to send the Gospel to the heathen?"

"What can you do?" said he; "you are but a little girl, and have nothing to give."

"Mother gives me a penny a week; I could give that."

"So you shall," said the father, "and I shall buy you a little box to put it in."

He bought the box, and she put in the pennies for seventeen weeks, and then was taken ill and died. But when the box was opened eighteen pennies were found in it. Where did the last penny come from? It was afterwards found out that the day before her death a lady had given her a penny to pay for an orange, and though it would have been very refreshing to her in her fever, she would drop the penny in the missionary box.

Poetry.

WHAT THEN?

After the joys of earth,
After its songs of mirth,
After its hours of light,
After its dreams so bright—

What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—

What then?

Only a sad farewell
To a world lov'd too well,
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world loved too well,
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—

What then?

Oh, then the judgment throne!
Oh, then the last hope gone!
Then all the woes that dwell
In an eternal hell!

After the Christian's tears,
After his fights and fears,
After his weary cross,
"All things below lost"—

What then?

Oh, then a holy calm,
Resting on Jesus' arm!
Oh, then a deeper love
For the pure home above.

After this holy calm,
This rest on Jesus' arm,
After deepen'd love
For the pure home above—

What then?

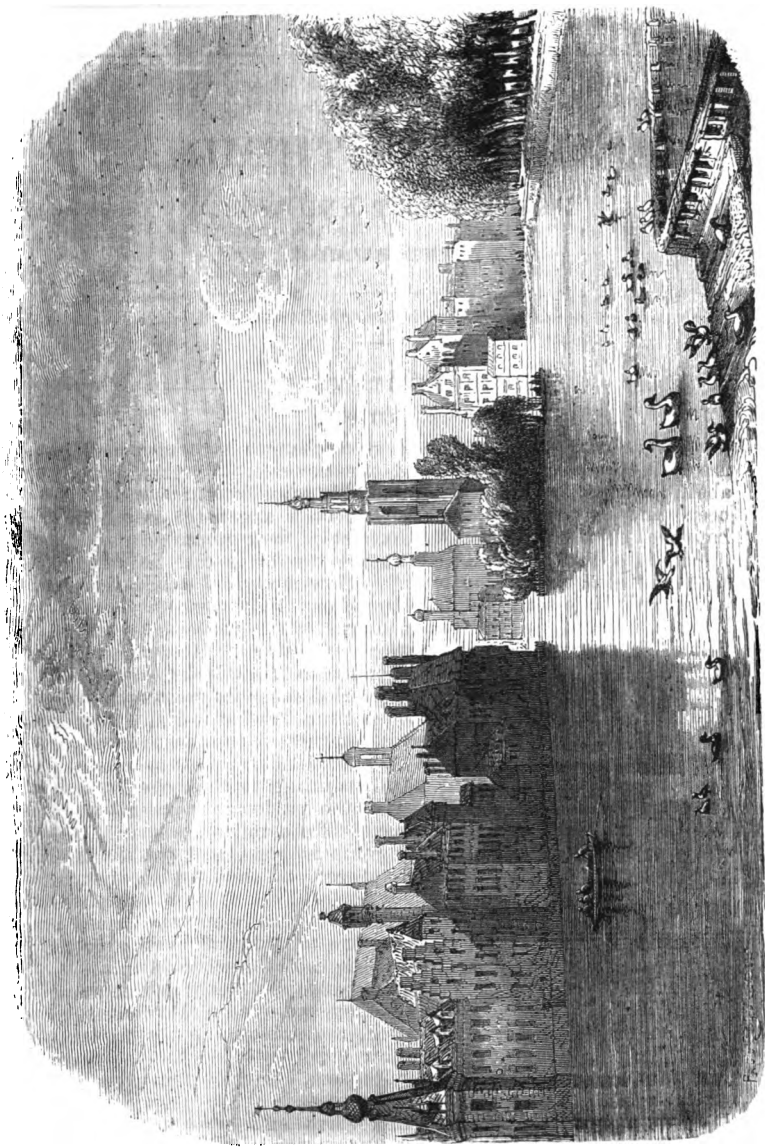
Oh, then work for him,
Perishing souls to win,
Then Jesus' presence near,
Death's darkest hour to cheer!

And when the work is done,
When the last soul is won,
When Jesus' love and power
Have cheered the dying hour,

What then?

Oh, then the crown is given!
Oh, then the rest in heaven!
Endless life in endless day,
Sin and sorrow passed away.

Old Jonathan



THE HAGUE.—See page 317.

JAMES FAITHFUL:

HOW HE LOST AND WON.

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE SOLUTION.

Two years have rolled away, and great changes have happened in the political world and the world of commerce. Slavery has been abolished by Act of Parliament, and twenty millions of pounds have been paid to the slave-owners, but such a general smash has happened among them that few have stood their ground.

It is to be lamented that no great reforms can be effected without "somebody being hurt." How many old coach-drivers and guards have been "ruined" by railways! How many pleasant-looking, cleanly, cheerful roadside inns, where the coach used to "dine," have been shut up for want of custom! How miserable the "Great North Road" from London to York looks, where one can get a glimpse of it as we are whirled along its great rival, the "Great Northern," at forty miles per hour, to what it did in former years when the "London Express," harnessed to spanking greys, with the red-coated guard and his cheerful horn, used to astonish the villagers, and send their blood mantling to their cheeks with the pride and excitement they felt as the handsome team and their vehicle rattled through the village at fifteen miles an hour! All this cheerful, healthful travelling life is gone, and we sit in a wooden box, greasy, smelling of tobacco, and choked with dust, in our journeys now. At London at ten, at York at twenty minutes past two, and where else in the interval hardly any one has any distinct recollection of. Thus we are all "hurt" by this great railway creation, which has turned English life upside down.

The very horses have lowered in rank and dignity by this great change; for whereas formerly they were seen harnessed to beautiful vehicles—the stage-coach, the nobleman's posting carriage, and the like—they are now chiefly wanted for the farm drudgery, or for the dray, the "Hansom," or the "four-wheeler" of our large towns.

Then there has been another slave emancipation, that in America, and how many have we seen—young ladies, grey-headed

old gentlemen, and, worst of all, grey-headed old ladies, who had been reared and had lived in the enjoyment of every luxury in "the South," brought to absolute want by that great measure in whose success we must all rejoice—the abolition of American slavery!

It is always so in human affairs. We all have to take the fate of the interests and systems among which we live. Pestilences, famines, and wars smite alike the good and the bad, the innocent and the guilty. Spicer and Co. were honourable gentlemen and humane men, who had no thought that they were doing wrong in owning slaves. But Spicer and Co. had to share the fate of the system, and they lost enormously in the general crash, and were saved from bankruptcy only by the skin of their teeth.

James had come home for his holiday "out," and temporary employment obtained in the island after he left Spicer and Co. had terminated. He had, as we have stated, lost his situation with Spicer and Co. for a sentiment; sacrificed his income and position for a conviction of duty; and where and what was he now? At Grimside of course. Where should a man be who needs to recruit, but in that wild country? Where should he be when brooding over a not very promising destiny, but among the hills and rocks, the wild flowers and heather? What is the use of staying in a city when you are out of a situation? Go into the country, get some fresh air, see your old friends, and see what will turn up. And so James went—went to see his mother, as he ought to do, and his aunt, and the "Lady of Grimside," not the mad lady that was, but another lady (for of course this story must conclude, like all proper stories, with a marriage), whom he had thought of a great deal—years ago, before he left England, and afterwards. All his friends looked upon the fine young man that he was with admiration. His manners had been polished by intercourse with good society; his understanding and his knowledge had been expanded by travel and a large business experience. He had seen Nature in a different garb to what she wears in England, and consequently he had come home a better educated and more mature being than he was when he left home.

He had saved money too; for he was not one of those foolish persons who, if they can live for the day, and indulge themselves for the day, care little about to-morrow, or who pays for their indulgences. He knew that if he would make his way in the world, and maintain his independence and character, he must be prudent, self-denying, and industrious. He knew that looseness about money, about its value and use, was generally the forerunner or the fruit of looseness in morals and good conduct. It is all right to preach about deadness to the world, but when it comes to indifference about paying our debts and earning our own living, it is a deadness to the world which somebody else who is not quite so dead to the world will have to pay for—prudent and hard-working parents perhaps, or perhaps the board of guardians. With a full

consciousness of the superior claims of spiritual things over carnal things, we do not hesitate to say that it is a good sign for a young man or woman to have put by something against a rainy day. We like to know that young persons who are earning wages, are cultivating a savings-bank deposit-book. We do not expect that they will be less liberal than others to any good cause, but the mere fact of their saving something is a proof that they are prudent, and not self-indulgent; that they regard life as a serious reality; that they have formed a dignified and worthy idea of their own responsibility, and are ashamed, as they ought to be ashamed, to live so that in any emergency they will be a tax on the care, the industry, and economy of others. James Faithful had so lived and acted, and though now out of a situation, he was able to maintain himself till he could obtain another.

Miss Middleton saw him and rejoiced in him as the living proof, as she considered, of the efficacy of her warm interest in him, and her efforts to mould his character and keep him right in the way of life. His mother and his aunt rejoiced in him as a fine, well-behaved, and good young man. His early acquaintances and schoolmates felt honoured by the respectability of his appearance and character, and he who kept canaries and taught Latin in the village school went almost beside himself with exultation, that he who had returned for a season among them was once his pupil.

So he spent six months very pleasantly and profitably among his old friends and acquaintances.

At the end of this time he returned to London again, and as he was now perfectly master of the business with which he had been connected, both in its commercial and manufacturing departments, he had no difficulty in obtaining another situation in the same line. His integrity, and business tact, as well as his knowledge and experience, fitted him for a leading position in his line of business, and he was rather sought for by others to accept a situation than that he had to seek one for himself. It is always so—at least it is very generally so in this world when we have anything in us. We cannot be very well spared, and certainly numbers who hang about society having nothing to do, and numbers more who are ever complaining that they are not appreciated and are not put in their right sphere, have generally themselves to thank for their lot. It is not always idleness, or want of general capacity, that is the matter with us; it is some question of temper, patience, tact, or sobriety of mind, that throws us out of joint with society, and with ourselves, and makes us what we are.

James had almost concluded an engagement with another firm, when he received the following letter from Mr. Spicer:—

"DEAR SIR,—If it suits your convenience I would like to see you at the office to-morrow. I am far from being well. You are aware of the anxiety of mind which the disasters in our business must

have occasioned, and I am sorry to say I have no one to look to with any confidence, to take hold of that part of our business which you were connected with, and which I am bound to say you managed to our entire satisfaction. We have been badly used by the person who succeeded you, and the truth is, our whole concerns in Jamaica are in a state of disorganization, and I am not able to go there myself to attend to them. I think it will be worth your while to come and see me as I have above intimated.

"Yours truly,

W. SPICER."

Of course, James went to see his old master, not more from a business consideration than from a kindly feeling which he had ever entertained for Mr. Spicer, who in more ways than one had been a friend to him. In some respects the interview was painful, for the old gentleman had been much shaken by the anxieties and labours he had had since James left. He almost spoke to James as a father would to a son. He told him that he respected the motive on which he had acted in leaving the firm, but at the same time reminded him that, as things had turned out, there was no need to have left, for this question of slavery had settled itself in a way that no one expected, and much sooner than was anticipated. The upshot of the interview was, that he gave James the option either of a fixed liberal salary, or a full partner's share in the profits, if he would undertake to reorganize the business, and bring it out of chaos. He fully explained the position of the firm, of whom Mr. Spicer was now really Spicer and Co., for the other partner had died; and James saw that the fixed salary would for the present be the best for him, because it was somewhat doubtful whether a partner's share would at first amount to as much as the offered salary. But James saw, to use an American phrase, that there was "money in the business," if only it were managed right for a few years, and he therefore accepted the partnership, with the full knowledge that it was a sink-or-swim question, but he believed he should swim out of present difficulty into prosperity and wealth; and he *did*—he won! By integrity, industry, good conduct, and right principle, he won. He did his duty, and maintained his principles, and though he lost at first, he afterwards amply won.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

THE first step he took in his new position was to reorganize the "home department," to see that there was a proper working staff at home. This was managed after some difficulty, and his next step was to return to Jamaica to rectify the more disorganized affairs of the house there. He wrote to the person in charge, informing him by what vessel he intended to sail, and when he

hoped to arrive in the island. He also requested him to inform Aunt Augusta (who was still on the premises, as were most of the old hands, notwithstanding the great change in their relations to their former owners) that she must have the house put into nice order, for that he should bring a lady with him when he came, to share her hospitality with himself. If correspondence is to be believed, which passed between the "clerk of the works" and James, Aunt Augusta looked taller by an inch or two, her face became more glistening, her white teeth more conspicuous, her demeanour to her girls of the kitchen and to the boy Jako far more authoritative than ever when she became aware that James, her "massa," was about to return and bring his bride to her house. Her pride and joy knew no bounds. She danced with delight, and sang and shouted by turns at the thought that she should see him again, and his bride! "Gals," she said, "stir about and look lively, for here is Massa Faithful coming back, and our new missus. She is the grandest lady in all England, and I hear she comes from Grimside, the greatest place in England; and you, Jako, don't stand grinning there like a frightened monkey, but spruce up and put eberything in order. Don't let us be disgraced in the eyes of the new missus. Fatten up the fowls, clean up the place, let us have the painters and paper-hangers, and make things nice for the new missus. Oh, dear! what a sight it will be, the finest lady in England coming from Grimside, worth a great fortune, and me to be lady's-maid to missus! Well, I knew that 'merits' would be rewarded in the end! Here have I been this twenty year, working among a lot of low niggers, shouting and scolding to get a lot of lazy husseys to do their duty; but honour is coming at the last, and missus is coming at the last, and I am to be lady's-maid to the new missus from Grimside!"

Thus the good, kind soul rambled on night and day, scarcely able to sleep for the excitement, and when she did sleep it was a fitful dream about the new missus and Grimside. The news flew like wildfire all round the plantations. Many of Aunt Augusta's acquaintance came to gossip with her about the grand event. Aunt Celina, from the next farm, came. She had been a dress-maker and lady's-maid to her "missus," and knew how everything should be fixed for the occasion. She knew that a gentleman of Mr. Faithful's character and taste would show them, in the person of his new wife, what a gentleman's wife ought to be, she was quite sure of that. She dilated on the splendid orange-blossoms there would be in her hair, the magnificent veil she would wear; she knew the colour of her wedding-dress; it wasn't to be white—white wasn't fashionable now-a-days—but a delicate lavender, to suit the climate, and contrast with the greens and purples and other striking colours of the island; and she was sure she would bring a "pianor," for every lady now had one and knew how to play it; and a lap-dog with a purple ribbon round its neck; in short, there was

not an item which a lady ought to have in her wardrobe on such an occasion but Aunt Celina could give an inventory of, and tell how it should be made, and what it should cost. Thus Mrs. F. that was to be, was pictured to the mind of these kind-hearted, imaginative, and excitable daughters of Africa. They lived for weeks in a whirl of excitement, in anticipation of the grand event; and, to do them justice, there was not one of them on Spicer's place but worked with a will to put everything in the most perfect order for the distinguished guests when they came.

And so the chronicles of the time reported that on such a day (we regret that we have not a copy of the *Grimside Gazette* of that day to certify the date) there was married at the parish church, James Faithful, Esq., of the firm of Spicer and Co., of St. Mary Axe, London, to Hannah, second daughter of James Selby, Esq., of Grimside. "We understand," said the editor, "that the happy pair intend to proceed immediately to Jamaica, where Mr. Faithful intends to reside for some years, to manage the estates of the firm in that island."

Mr. Faithful had asked for the schoolboys at the village school that they might have a holiday and a treat at his expense in honour of the event, which was readily granted by the schoolmaster, and thus everybody rose an inch or two higher in their own estimation, in the thought that Grimside had raised and educated a son of its soil who, by sterling qualities, had risen to a position of influence, and conferred honour on all concerned with him. Even the canaries in the schoolmaster's room seemed to sing louder, and hop from twig to twig with greater sprightliness, on this auspicious day. The schoolmaster boasted that it was the combination of ornithology and an excellent grounding in Latin that had done the business in James's case and had made him what he was; "for what," said he, "are dull studies without cheerful associations to young people? You have to beguile them onward in their course, and it is the chirp and song of birds constantly sounding in the ears of schoolboys which enchant them into *propria quæ maribus* and *as presentis*." This philosophy of education we must leave to the consideration of school boards. If it is correct, it might be an excellent substitute for the hauling up of unwilling parents before the magistrates, for neglecting to send their children to school; for a room full of canaries, attracting the children to the place with their sweet songs, would certainly be better than a fine of five shillings and costs, or three days in prison.

The bridal journey to Jamaica was without event worth any note, except that one strange creature intruded herself upon the travellers just before they were ready to start, and said to James, "I shall go too—not now, but I shall go. I have not watched over you all these years to let you go out of my sight now and for ever. I shall come to see you when you are settled." Need we say that the speaker was Miss Middleton?—she who had been to

James a second mother, who had found in her love to him a resting-place for her clouded mind and her troubled heart; whom he as a child had charmed and fascinated into sanity and sense, when all other appliances had proved worthless. She would go to this far-off place to see him, and, as she said, "take care of him" in his new home.

"An excellent idea," said James, "and no one except my mother and my aunt will be more welcome; indeed I cannot see why you cannot all come together, or if you like it better, go with us now." This latter suggestion, however, could not be carried out; there was not sufficient time to make the needed arrangements, and therefore James and his bride left as they intended, and arrived safely in their distant home.

"Massa is come! massa is come!" rung out a shrill voice, on the morning when the ship which had carried Mr. and Mrs. Faithful to the island neared the port of Kingston. "Massa is come, and our new missus; de ship is in de harbour, and dey will be here in half an hour." This was the voice of Aunt Augusta, who never in her whole life had been so pleased and excited as now. "Gals! Jako! is eberything ready? Are those fowls roasted, and de turkey, and de leg ob lamb, and de punkin pies, and all de tarts, and de dessert—is all ready? I tell you massa is here, and de new missus. Go and dress yourselbs in a minute, and let us all be ready to receive dem at de gate."

And sure enough in half an hour a lady—fresh-looking, graceful in her person, simple but elegant in her dress, whose every look was kindness—and a gentleman alighted at the house he so well knew before, and there stood in respectful attitudes to receive them the whole household of domestics, foremost of whom was Aunt Augusta, who modestly approached the lovely English girl as she came to the porch of the door, made her best curtsy, took her hand and kissed it, and with tears of gladness, and feelings almost of a devotee, looked upon the graceful creature as one almost to be worshipped. "Welcome, massa; welcome, missus, to our place," said Aunt Augusta. "We be all your people; 'mancipation makes no difference to us—we be all your people, massa, and come in and see how nice we have made eberything for you."

And they did go in, to admire the thoughtful care with which everything had been done to promote their comfort, and to spend some years of as much happiness as the case admitted of.

James Faithful is dead since then. He returned to England in due time, after matters had been put straight in the estate in Jamaica. He prospered in his whole business, and left behind him an ample competence for his family. As he began, so he ended a career of honest industry, and the Lord was with him in all his ways.

UP THE RHINE;

OR, THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF A TWO WEEKS' TOUR.

NO. II.

You know the old adage, "Don't set everybody's dial by your watch?" Good. Now the question is, whether shall we set the Dutch clocks by our watches, or our watches by the Dutch clocks?—one or the other is imperative, for between us is a difference of some twenty minutes. As we are late, this may prove fraught with inconvenience; so being forewarned we forearm, and slowly push round the pointers of our time-measurer, thus giving him credit for having done more work than he really has. This in itself minor matter attended to, we start in high glee for the Hague. Call at Schiedam, a place doing a large trade in gin, &c. The country through which we pass is very flat; though the monotony is somewhat relieved by the large quantity of willows grown hereabout, and the great number of cattle pasturing along the line. At this point we are somewhat amused, if not alarmed, as the train rattles along, to see the *conducteur* open the carriage door and coolly step in. His purpose is to collect the tickets of those whose destination is the next station. Having accomplished this same, he departs, leaving us to watch him along the foot-board of the van, whilst our thinking is that the game is *rather* too risky, and that we would much prefer to be passenger than guard—especially in winter. But here we are: straight for our hotel—The Hotel du Vieux Doelin. What a peculiar name! Ah—as the old yarn spinners say—"thereby hangs a tale." It has a singular and interesting history. Peter the Great once stayed here. Do you ask, like the Duke in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," "What is her history?" By no means a blank—at least, so says the proprietor. Doel is the Dutch word for bull's-eye in the target; and Tournooiveld a camp of tournament. And the Dutch people have been very fond of archery in the past, and used to resort to this inn or hotel for the purpose of exercise, whilst here the best shot was decided. Indeed, brotherhoods of knights existed extensively in Holland in times ago, whilst they claim St. George as their founder. Anyhow, the hotel in this old shooting-place is very pleasantly situated. In front is a large, open, airy space, and over the way the Voorhout, the thick-foliaged trees of which form a number of long and graceful avenues, and afford a cool and shady retreat on these lazy summer days; whilst in the midst, half hidden by the overhanging bending boughs of the lindens and other trees, stands the monument of Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar.

Having refreshed, we stroll down into the wood, where we find the *élite* of the town. Being Wednesday evening, the military

as is their wont, as also on Sundays at two p.m., give a concert under the pavilion of the Literary Society. Unfortunately, we are only just in time for the last part of the last piece, which is executed with such thrilling effect that we are half bursting with impatience to applaud. We shall not easily forget its exhilarating influence upon the mind. The place, in a wood, and under the illuminated trees, surrounded by the beauty and chivalry of the land, listening in mute ravishment with eager spirit to the tender strains of the military band, seemed for the moment to carry us out of and beyond ourselves; and we fain would stay. But time won't, nor the multitude now, which streams thickly away and retires; so will we.

Morning. Being early birds, we are up betimes to catch the worm—that is, if he'll let us. Having seen a number of troops march by from our dormitory window, we make haste and complete our toilet to march after them, wondering whither bound. Over the bridge, by Princeas Grache, on to the plateau, where we find them manœuvring to our heart's content. On this beautifully bright summer's morning the field which forms the drill-ground looks splendid. It is about three furlongs long by one wide, thus forming a parallelogram lined on all sides by chestnut-trees, &c., but which are not yet in bloom. The military—as we survey the soldiers from the opposite side of the ground to which we have crossed—we think are a fine, smart-looking lot. But we prefer peace to war, and so wend our way from this mimic field of battle to the depository of the trophies and triumphs of the art of peace—

The museum. Here, for a wonder, there is nothing to pay: so leaving behind our stick, we trip up-stairs to the picture-gallery, and immediately find ourselves in front of the veritable far-famed, longed-after, Paul Potter's picture of the Young Bull. It is worth a trifle to see. There it stands, life-size and life-like, so much so that if one wore a red rag about him the safest plan he thinks would be to obey one's natural instinct of self-preservation, and "cut and run." But he's only on the canvas, you see, and that makes the difference. And so the bull only stands looking at you with brazen face beside the willow-tree, and the jolly-looking, who-cares-for-you faced farmer standing by encouraging him in his impudent tricks. There too lie cow, and sheep, and lamb, with goat, and the landscape in its beauty below—cattle browsing in the field, and the little village with the spire of the church rising in the distance from the background. It is a magnificent production, and we lack adequate expression of its worth; especially when we remember that it came from his easel when only twenty-two years of age. He died at Amsterdam, in 1654. Another painting which certainly merits a moment is the "Study of Anatomy," by Rembrandt. And as it happens, here is another artist—a disciple of his—making a copy, and, as far as we can judge, a pretty fair one too. Place, dissecting-room; subject, dead man. But only look at those doctors' faces as

doctor-in-chief, instrument in hand, proceeds to the *post-mortem* examination. How close the attention! The more we gaze we seem almost as if in the room with them. What a fine fellow Ryn van Rembrandt must have been! And, singular coincidence, he too died, like Potter, at Amsterdam, in 1688. Wandering into another room, we find a portrait of Van Dyck, done by himself by means of the looking-glass, and clustering round on the same canvas a bevy of children, all his sons. The face of the father looks worn and haggard, those of the youngsters intelligent and interesting. Other paintings there are in the gallery well worthy of your visit if you have the opportunity; but some not suited to our taste, and, as we consider, unworthy of the position they occupy. But let that suffice. The museum contains also a vast variety of interesting curiosities, many of them noteworthy; but we have little time for them, especially as the like things can be seen at any time at home. Here, however, is one on which we bestow just a passing glance—a model of the frontier town of Breda. It is very strongly fortified, as the model shows, and was one of the first taken in the War of Independence against the Spaniards.

Ah! those Spaniards were a cruel lot, as the relics of their barbarities in the old prison abundantly show. Let us step over. Here we are groping in the torture-chambers, looking at the thumb-screws, knee-buckles, wrist-knives, brands of different letters, racks, wheels, head-chopping machines, axes, and inquisition tools of all shapes and sizes, enough for a whole continent, and some to spare besides. But they tell a sorrowful tale. What wonder at rebellion! Yes, about there hundred years ago they rose—did these Dutch—fought and won their independence. And may the proud banner of freedom long wave over the high-spirited little country!

A short but pleasant ride brings us to the palace in the wood, where we see what is to be seen, and then return by another route to the Parliament Houses, which stand beside the Vyver Water, in the centre of the town. These houses resemble in constitution those of our own country. In the House of Commons a place is provided for reporters, ambassadors, and diplomatic corps. Over against the seat of the president of the house is a dais, on which stands the throne; over this a canopy, surmounted by a gold crown. Whilst ensconcing ourselves upon the throne, we think of Longfellow's King Robert of Sicily—

"There, on the dais, sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet ring."

Happy thought: we are safer off than on, and so decamp, self-deposed, as self-exalted. On the whole we like the Hague, bating being duped a little; it is a nice place. To Scheveningen, the fashionable watering-place, we cannot go; no time. So we pack up our traps, and wishing the folks "Good-bye,"

depart for Haarlem. This place, distinguished for its flowers, is the tulip and hyacinth garden of Europe; and times have been when as much as 10,000 florins have been paid for a single tulip. One thinks that he who paid the price had more money than sense; but then some people sometimes pay even more than that for the gratification of a whim. But even now a hyacinth root will sometimes sell for 25 to 100 florins. But let us not forget that our stay here is only a break in the journey for two or three hours; so we seek out the "lions" of the place. Here we are, then, standing before the monument of Laurence Coster, whom the Dutch claim as the inventor of printing by wooden blocks, in the year 1430. In his arm he holds a book, and in the right hand the letter A. Standing with the back to the face of the monument, you see the house in which Coster lived. It is not, however, a matter that seems over clear that Coster did invent printing; Gutenberg, in 1440, at Mayence, and several others, being entitled to that honour. Now we are inclined to say with the chameleon—

"When first the creature found a tongue,
You all are right, and all are wrong."

That is, the invention belongs to no *one* man in all probability; but that one started the idea, another caught it, another borrowed and improved it, so that by degrees printing has reached its present high state of perfection. How we could have got on without it we don't know; thanks to Coster, Gutenberg, Faust, and others. Coster died about 1440. But the principal purpose of our visit to Haarlem is to inspect and hear if possible the grand organ—one of the finest on the Continent—of St. Beven. Thither we repair, and knocking at the side door, find admittance. Fortunately for us, our visit happens at a time when a private performance is going on, for which the charge is £1. Being inside, and blissfully ignorant of all conditions, we march forward with the utmost nonchalance into the interior of the church. When just preparing to feast our eyes on this grand instrument of 8,000 pipes and 60 stops, and allow our souls to revel in the glorious strains that were sweeping along the vaulted roof, we were suddenly "brought to" by a lady, who stepped from her resting-place and said in French, "It is not permitted." We knew its meaning, and politely retired, though we did not see how our pleasure could detract from hers. Anyhow, as she paid for the performance and we did not, we thought it right to retire—but under the directions of the person in charge, only into a side room. Here we stand and listen, and admire, and exclaim, "Grand!" "Exquisite!"—it was so affecting, tender, and pathetic; now sad, like a sorrowing human voice, as the melting music floats along the top and softly dies away in the distance, whilst one's own heart feels softened and subdued. Such is the power of music, and we say with Longfellow—

"Temptations, evil thoughts, and all
The passions that disturb the soul
Are quelled by its divine control,
As the evil spirit fled from Saul
And his distemper was allayed
When David took his harp and played."

We gather further that this same organ has some of its pipes 38 feet high and 5 feet in diameter, also four key-boards; and that it was played by the great composer Mozart before he was twelve years of age. Satisfied with the pleasure and profit of our diversion, we return to the station in time to catch our train for Amsterdam.

E. H.

A FEW WORDS SPOKEN TO YOUNG MEN ON THE RELATIVE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME AND RICHES.

(Concluded from last Number.)

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."—PROV. xxii. 1.

THE writer of these words does not state why he makes a statement like this. He gives his opinion, and then leaves us to think about it. I will give you three or four reasons why a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

1. *It obtains the respect of men.* That is something to start with. Young men like to be respected, and other men who are not so young desire it. None of us like to be thought ill of by others, and notwithstanding the fact that sin has turned everything almost upside down, it has not robbed men of the sense of right, of what ought to be. Ungodly men are tolerable judges of character; they make mistakes sometimes, but in the main they are not very far wrong. If a person sets himself up as a religionist, these men have a common-sense view of the qualities a religious man ought to possess and manifest. They do not ask, "Is he a regular communicant? Is he demonstrative at meeting? Are his beliefs according to the Thirty-nine Articles? Is he liberal in his contributions for benevolent purposes?" No, they ask, "Is he a man of upright and downright, fair and square dealing? Does he hate the mean and little and sinful?" And if they find that his general bearing comports with his professions, they accord to him their respect. I have heard many a wicked man say of a solid Christian, "Ah, that is a good man if you like; I love that man; I do not think he would do a nasty trick if you paid him for it." And I have heard the reverse said of other characters. If you young men will keep your hands clean and your hearts pure, if you will manifest the graces of manhood and the qualities of Christianity, the ungodly part of the community will accord to you their respect; and maybe, by the silent eloquence of a holy life you will win some of them over to the side of virtue. Better still, you will have the high regard of the "excellent of the earth." Men who love and fear God will promote your welfare. You know of what importance it

is to have a good character. If a young man applies for a situation of responsibility, the first question asked respects his character. No "property qualification" will serve here. They ask, "Where was he last? Why is he leaving? What does his last employer think of him? Get his character." You see in newspapers advertisements for persons to fill various offices, and sometimes the words, "*None but good characters need apply.*" When a young man applies for a situation—a better situation, a situation commanding larger stipend and a more respectable position—how well it is for him, what confidence it inspires him with, as he lays his credentials on the table. He has that which money could not buy. The fact is, that part of the community whose opinion is worth having do not and cannot pay respect to mere riches. They know that men without brains and without principle can be rich. I tell you, young men, try to get the good opinion of good men, and one way to get it is to choose and retain a good name. Never let men see you in the company of those who do evil. Never let it be said that you visit places of ill repute. "Flee youthful lusts" as you would the fever. Remember that "a good name," even in this life, "is rather to be chosen than great riches."

2. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches because it secures the approbation of God.

You may not succeed as you wish with reference to the respect of men. Men may misunderstand you, men may misinterpret your motives. The tongue of slander may spit its venom and impoison your character. Not so with God. "He searches the heart," He analyzes the motives of men; and if your heart is right, if your motives are honest, God will approve. His judgment is never at fault. He values a man for what he is, not for what he seems to be. When He sees the manifestation of goodness in a man He delights in it, because He is good, and cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance, no, not even in connection with great riches. All the riches of the world, all the treasures of the earth belong to Him; "the silver and the gold are His, and the cattle upon a thousand hills;" it is not likely, therefore, that He will value a man because he manages to scrape together a heap of these things. He approves and signifies His approval when men do their duty.

There is a voice in you, young men, called the "conscience." It is the voice of God in the soul, approving or condemning your doings. If you step aside from the paths of virtue and of truth; if you "touch, taste, and handle the unclean things," that voice will be loud and distinct in its warnings and condemnations. If you preserve your integrity—if you "flee the appearance of evil"—if you cultivate chastity, honesty, sobriety, religion, God is on your side.

3. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches because it will be a solace in death.

When death comes to a man he proves the emptiness of riches. You may speak to him of his broad acres, of his vast possessions, but such observations will not yield him solid comfort—

“He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.”

Money cannot buy the favour of God, nor peace of conscience, nor hopes of a happy future. But if a man has a good character, if he is high up in the estimation of God, he has peace and comfort, even when “the world recedes and disappears.”

You young men will come to die.

“You too will gather up your feet,
And die, your father’s God to meet.”

Your eye, now sparkling with intelligence, will be quenched in darkness; the arm you lift in labour and in recreation will become paralyzed; the colour will fade from your cheek; your heart, pulsating with high hopes and lofty aspirations, will cease its beatings. When that time comes you will remember the words of this text, which I repeat in your hearing, “A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.” “Millions of money for an inch of time,” said the dying queen, but the inch of time could not be had.

4. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches because *it will be a passport to the company of the good for ever.*

None but the good dwell in the presence of God in heaven. There are bright intelligences who have “kept their first estate.” They are strong in their uprightness. Their obedience to the will of God is perfect. “They do His pleasure, hearkening to the voice of His word.” And those human souls raised from the earth and introduced into their midst, wear “white robes,” indicative of the spotlessness of their character.

Nothing but a good name will procure for you an introduction among the “first-born sons of light.” You might have the treasures of Egypt and the wealth of the Indies, but they would be lighter than vanity in the scale. When you present yourself at the gates of the “Eternal City,” the question will not be asked, “How much are you worth?” No, but “What is your character?” and if you can lift up your face and say, “I am one of the King’s own; I lived and died in His service; I followed Him through evil and through good report; the blood of Jesus Christ hath cleansed me from all sin;”—if you can say that, you shall have an “abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

To conclude: Whatever you get, see to it that you choose a good name. Whatever you lose, cling to your character. Cultivate your manhood. Be a man. Let your life be an embodiment of goodness. Stick to principles. Let the “Word of God” be “a lamp to your feet and a light to your path.” Look at the perfect

man—the “man Christ Jesus.” He is your pattern. He shows you how to live, by His matchless life. Remember that He died to obtain for you pardon for your past offences and “grace to help in time of need.” Place yourself in His power. Honour Him with your confidence. Let Him direct your energies. He shall lift you into dignity and blessedness and everlasting life. You shall be happy in life, peaceful in death, and blessed for ever. POPE.

Wakefield.

Our Juvenile Missionary Agency, &c.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT MEETING, CRADLEY FORGE.—SIR,—Will you please insert a few facts in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR? I read in our Large Magazine for the present month an article entitled “Mutual Improvement Meeting,” by Mr. Henry Marsden, which not only pointed out the advantage to be derived from such meetings, but filled my heart with gratitude to God that mutual improvement was being taken up by our Connexion; and I pray God it may go on till every place of worship has established a Young Men’s Mutual Improvement Society, for I am persuaded that they will prove a lasting blessing to the churches in general. Not only from what I have read, but from my own experience as a member of the Church and of the above society, I have thought, Sir, that a few facts which I know would, perhaps, stimulate some parties to start at once a Mutual Improvement Society, and also encourage those who have commenced to go on. We began one at the above place, April 8, 1871, with a few young men out of our school who were desirous of bettering their condition in the world, morally and spiritually, and I am glad to say that they have not been disappointed, for we now have from twenty to thirty members, and a neat class-room 18 feet by 13 feet, which cost us from £20 to £30, which is now paid off; also a library of 109 volumes; and best of all, we have six of the young men joined the Church, and promising jewels in the cause of Christ—two are teachers in the school, and one a candidate for the plan. Sir, if you think the above would be of any service to the young in our Connexion, by giving it a space in the above you greatly oblige a teacher in the Sabbath-school, a constant reader, and a member of a Young Men’s Mutual Improvement Society.

QUIET STREET CHAPEL, BATH.—On the 12th of May last our Annual Mission Services were held, when the Rev. John Ramsden preached two very appropriate sermons, and also attended the juvenile meeting in the afternoon, the gathering at which, although not numerous, was hearty in spirit, and the various incidents evidently created much pleasure. Mr. Maund, on receiving the invitation to again take the chair, had expressed doubt as to the desirability of his doing so on three consecutive occasions; but his opening address fully convinced us that we had done right in pressing him to accede, as he spoke of the missionaries of different countries and the effects produced by

their work. The report was then read, and it showed the amount collected in boxes during the year to be £6 18s. 1d., and the sum appearing in collecting books £8 14s. 4d.; these amounts we give to the Foreign Missions, after deducting 8s. 5d. for expenses, thus leaving a clear contribution of £15 4s. The amount of our collections at Mission Services and Juvenile Meeting was £4 6s. 7d., to this is added 2s. 6d. specially given; and allowing 6s. 7d. for expenses, the gift for Home Missions amounts to £4 2s. 6d., so that our total contributions for the year to Foreign and Home Missions are £19 6s. 6d. We are happy to say that our invitation to those willing to work was very generally responded to, and we commenced another year with the hope that both old and new workers will continue in the same missionary spirit then evinced. After reading the report we listened to the effective recital by four of our scholars of poetry suitable to the occasion, and also to the address of Mr. Moore, who made a suggestion that the best day for holding mission meetings throughout the land would be Ascension-day, to especially commemorate the time when our Lord gave the command to his disciples to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Mr. Ramsden then interested us by relating some incidents connected with mission workers both at home and abroad, and concluded the meeting with a prayer for God's blessing on our labours.

J. F. G., Sec.

Memoirs.

GEORGE GOWLAND.

THE subject of this memoir was born August 9, 1859, in William Street, St. Peter's Quay, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. He attended the Sabbath-school at a very early age, and was a boy who won the love of all in the school by his kind genial temper, and sweet smile. This disposition placed him high in the esteem of both teachers and scholars. He not only attended regularly at the school, but his attention to the lesson and his conduct were such as to encourage our teachers in their work of faith and labour of love. Like most other boys, he was very fond of bathing, and on the Saturday afternoon after he had finished his work he was called upon by one of his school com-

panions to go and bathe; but being engaged working in the back-yard for his mother, he told him he could not until he had finished it. The other, being wishful for his company, joined in, and both started with a will, and soon completed the work. At that moment his mother called upon him to have his dinner, but not being wishful to keep his companion waiting, he told her that he would take it as soon as he came back, and that he wouldn't be long, little thinking that he would never return alive, for after having swum out from the shore, and on his return journey, his strength failed him, and he sank to rise no more. Every effort was made to recover the body, but without effect until after days of anxious suspense it

was found floating down the river.

On the Sunday morning following the accident had any stranger entered the school he would at once have seen that something unusual had occurred, by the gloomy countenance of each of the scholars, who, during the opening prayer, broke out into sobs and cries. After the lesson had been gone through in an unusually quiet manner, Mr. Forster was called upon to address the scholars, and in his address he very touchingly dwelt upon the sad end of our young friend, and such was the effect that I shall never forget the scene, for both teachers and scholars were bathed in tears, and some time elapsed before all could be calmed down again. We hope that his sad end will be a warning to others to prepare to meet their God.

His mortal remains were followed to the grave by a great number of his school companions, to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory. R. MCKAY.

ELLEN ROVUM.

OF Ellen Rovum it may be said, as of Josiah, that while she was yet young she began to seek after the God of David. Early piety is of great advantage, for it prepares us for either life or death, and every instance of it shows its immense worth. It is peculiarly pleasing to God, and saves its subjects from many of the dangers of life. This religion was exemplified in Ellen. She was born January 4, 1856, at Dawley. At four years old she was taken to the Wesleyan Sabbath-school, where she remained a scholar for several years. She

afterwards became a scholar in our Brandlee School, which she attended for six years. She was both regular and punctual in her attendance, and nothing would have caused her more uneasiness than to have been too late at school or chapel. Ellen was naturally reserved in her manners, and said but little to people generally about religion, but would often talk to her mother or aunt privately. She had a strict regard for truth and honesty, and would not be guilty of fraud or falsehood. She had a profound respect for the Word of God, and made it her daily study; and being of a quiet, thoughtful disposition, she was often inquiring into the meaning of it, anxious to understand, not the letter only, but the spirit. Her knowledge of the Scriptures was wonderful, for she knew most of the main facts of sacred history, and would often perplex herself with mysteries past finding out, asking questions which it was either difficult or impossible to answer. Unlike most girls of her years, she avoided wearing anything which she thought looked showy or gay, and would always appear in the quietest colours and neatest dress. She was a modest, retiring, but dutiful and loving child. But the youngest and most amiable do not escape affliction. Ellen first took cold, which, despite all the medical aid which could be obtained, and all the care which her parents could exercise, developed itself in consumption. Her quiet, studious habits accelerated the disease, and she gradually wore away. The last three or four months of her life were spent in earnest devotion. She became the subject of anxious doubt, and would

sometimes express a fear that she was not right after all, though she had previously thought so. The Enemy took advantage of her feebleness, and she had many days of hard struggling, but by faith she finally overcame. She was visited during this time by Mrs. Hollis, Mr. G. Powis, myself, and others, and we were all perplexed to know how to argue her out of the power of the wicked one, until one day, when Mr. Powis was visiting her, she gained a holy confidence of salvation through Christ. She had no sooner gained this happy reassurance than she began to sing, as well as her failing strength and feeble voice would allow, that beautiful children's hymn,—

"Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,"

concluding with those beautiful words—

"Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me," &c.

I often after asked her if she loved Jesus, and she always answered "Yes." "You do not fear now?" "No; I am sure of heaven." This confidence she retained to the close of life. She dwelt much on the love of God, and would often exclaim, "What love! what love!" The well-known hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," &c., was exceedingly comforting to her, and she once said, "I should like to die singing that hymn." She gave her mother her Bible, and told her not to weep, as she was going to a better home. Not long before she expired, her mother asked her if she would have a little wine and water, and she said, "No, mother, I will have no more wine

till I drink it new in my Father's kingdom." Her aunt asked her if she felt Christ precious, and she replied, "He is indeed." "Is Christ near?" "Yes," she said, with great emphasis. These were the last words she uttered, and she soon passed quietly away. We speak of her as dead, but we may say with the Saviour, who, when he "came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels and people making a noise, said unto them, "Give place; for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth." Thus many have passed away who have been taught in our Sabbath-schools to join the angelic throng. Let every child who may read this memoir try to follow them.

"They are waiting, waiting, waiting,
Waiting on the other shore;
Waiting to receive the ransomed,
When the storms of life are o'er."

— J. HAMNETT.

ROBERT STRAW, BREASTON.

DERBY CIRCUIT.

OUR beloved friend was born at Breaston, on the 13th of April, 1853. Very early in life he became a scholar in our Sabbath-school. He seemed always to have a reverence for the Divine Being before his conversion. I do not know that he ever went to bed at night, or got up in the morning, without offering some kind of prayer. So far as I know, he did not form any bad habits; he was a very good lad at work, was very quiet, and much respected by his workfellows, yet he did not experience a change of heart until the 7th of August, 1870, when, according to previous arrangement, a camp-meeting was to be held at Breaston. The morning service was held in the open air; the weather proving unfavourable, the afternoon ser-

vice was held in the chapel, when four brethren, all natives of the same place, addressed the congregation. A public love-feast was held in the evening, after which a prayer-meeting was held, at which he remained with his younger brother, both being deeply convinced of sin. When a form for penitents was set they knelt by it, and sought forgiveness, and were enabled at that meeting to rejoice in Jesus as their Saviour. He at once united himself with the Church, and remained a member until his death. During the same month he was taken to the doctor, being unwell, and we soon understood his affliction to be consumption of the lungs. Before this he had been very weakly; he had to leave two different kinds of employment because he was not able to remain. After an interview with the doctor he worked but very little. He had several attacks of vomiting blood. I remember during one attack the pain was so acute that his eyes filled with tears. He suffered much at times, but he never murmured. At another time when he was suffering he broke out singing—

"I hope to praise Him when I die,
Glory, glory, glory," &c.

Sometimes there would be months between these attacks, when he seemed to get a little stronger; and then he would attend diligently the means of grace, and his friends thought he might get better again. He wanted to get better himself, but was always resigned to the will of his heavenly Father. He would often manifest great concern for the unconverted around him; some of these were his own friends. This was one of his most promi-

nent characteristics, sympathy for souls. He fully understood that precious souls could never be annihilated. He often exhorted them to seek the Lord, as he had the privilege; not being confined to his bed, he was glad to hear and also to tell of Jesus. The Bible was his constant guide, its promises being very precious unto him. These were some of his duties and his delights until Saturday night, May 4th, of the present year, when he had the most severe attack of vomiting blood; a second attack he had on Sunday. His friends now began to expect the worst; he appeared to be approaching his end—his words, his experience, his counsels, gained weight and importance; friends gathered round his bed, to listen for what might drop from his lips, and to render any little service they could. Members of the Church visited him, and also the minister, the Rev. D. Sheldon, to whom he bore testimony to the sufficiency of Divine grace. To one friend in the room, calling him by name, he said, "I wish I could sing." After some little delay, he began singing, though very weak—

"He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
And my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land."

At another time he prayed audibly for all the members of the family, calling all by name. Very earnest were his petitions for two unconverted brethren. It was evident to his friends that he was getting weaker, yet he made another effort, and sang these words—

"Oh, the blood of Jesus, the precious
blood of Jesus!
Oh, the blood of Jesus, which cleanseth
from all sin "

After this he became very restless, especially so at about six o'clock on the morning of his decease. Friends gathered around his bed, for it was evident to them that his end was near. After watching for some time, one brother observed a change in his breathing; he breathed but a few times after this, and very far between. Thus he peacefully

passed away, at half-past ten, May 20th, 1872, aged nineteen years, without a groan or a struggle. If the young leave the Church militant to join the Church triumphant, we would put this question to those outside the Church, "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

W. S.

Our Children's Portion.

SORROW.

Joy is a great beautifier; it sparkles in the eye; it curls the lips with bewitching smiles; it makes the step light and buoyant, and the throb exultant. But sorrow, its twin sister, although seldom welcomed, seldom appreciated at its coming, does more. Like the refiner's fire, it purifies and exalts the spirit, and although the waves may seem to overwhelm it for the time, it rises above them and rests in the perfect calm, "the peace which passeth all understanding."

The blossom, when crushed, yields its sweetest fragrance; the swan breathes its most thrilling melody in its death song. No character, however lovely, is perfected until it has passed through the ordeal of suffering. It spiritualizes the whole inner life; it detaches the soul from earthly things, to which it has, perchance, clung heretofore, and brings it nearer to the things invisible.

SCRAPS.

PASSION is at first like a thin thread; by-and-by it becomes like a cable.

Aim to do some permanent good, that your existence may be crowned with usefulness.

One step backward is equal to two steps forward; hence retreating from duty is a compound loss.

Those should not venture on slippery places, who can scarcely stand on the firmest ground.

Fretting and vexation generally originate in pride and self-conceit; but humility preserves from this conduct.

Little things test the heart. If we will not do a little thing to please God, we will not do a greater.

It is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, only by thought that labour can be made happy.

Be ashamed of your unbelief; it damps your joy, brings a dark cloud between you and the blessed Sun of righteousness, and withholds the glory of your heart. "Be not faithless, but be believing."

Holiness and humility are inseparably connected. The nearer the soul comes to God, the more completely it is humbled, subdued, and overpowered.

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